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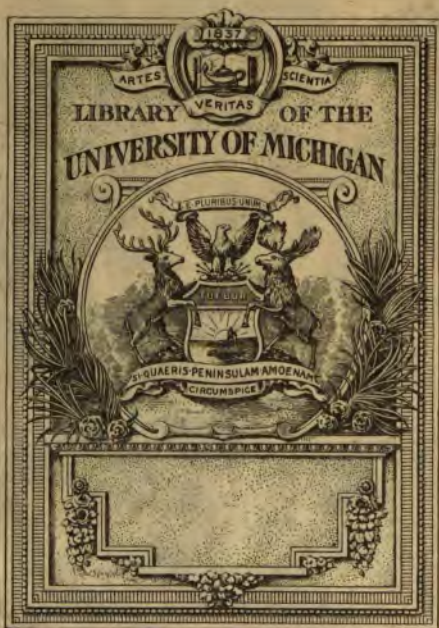
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THE
BLACK CABINET

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THE
40140
BLACK CABINET

(Le Cabinet Noir)

BY

M. LE COMTE D'HERISSON

AUTHOR OF

'THE JOURNAL OF A STAFF OFFICER' 'JOURNAL OF AN INTERPRETER IN CHINA'
ETC.

Translated from the Original Documents and Manuscripts

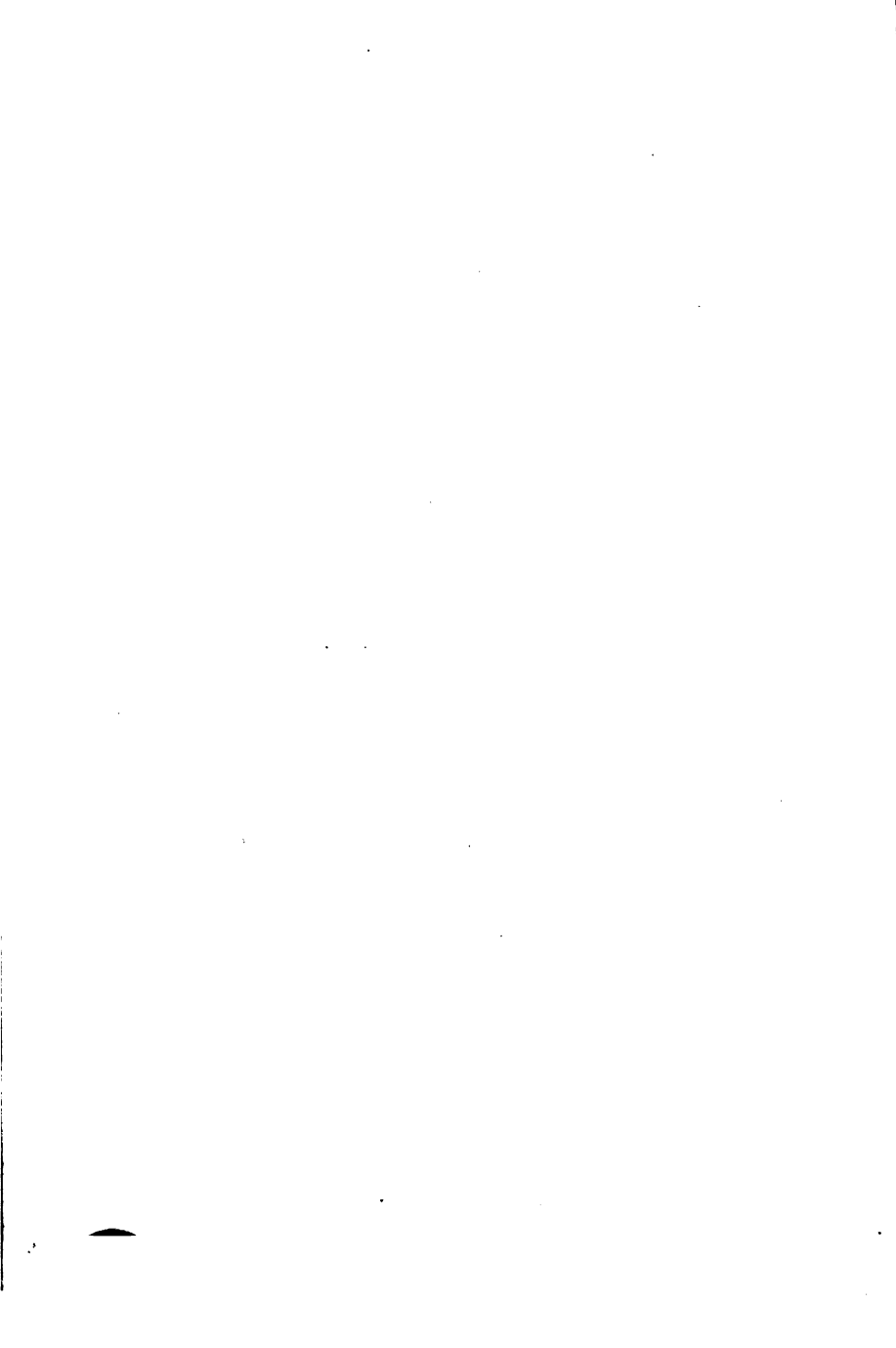
BY

C. H. F. BLACKITH

LONDON

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1887



TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE task of a translator is always a thankless one. He has to avoid betraying the text of the original. The result is that foreign constructions and cumbrous sentences have to be retained, so that the reader may thoroughly realise the value of his references. In works of fiction the translator is free to leave the letter of the text,—in order, perhaps, to preserve its spirit. In the present case the documents take rank with State papers, and the first shape in which the revelations of the 'Black Cabinet' saw the light has been advisedly adhered to.

C. H. F. B.



PREFACE.

EVERY government has denied the existence of the 'Black Cabinet.' But it is a fact that since letters have been written every government has had a 'Black Cabinet' of its own.

Even to-day, in spite of all it pleases interested persons to say on the subject, no correspondence, however unimportant, escapes the administrative inquisition. The police uses the information so obtained for its own ends. It serves to control the reports made by the police agents, who are taken from all classes of society, and paid according to their rank and the services they render.

The 'Black Cabinet' displays a special activity with regard to politics. It is evident that it may often be of capital importance for one nation to know the instructions conveyed to

a particular ambassador or the contents of his despatches.

Certain governments have recourse to ciphers to ensure the secrecy of their communications. But the officials of the 'Black Cabinet' are so accustomed to all sorts of hieroglyphics that these despatches are deciphered as easily as if they were *en clair*. This is an expression used in the 'Black Cabinet' to signify ordinary writing.

All governments are aware of this occult supervision; yet they all avail themselves of it. It is with a view of obviating the inconveniences of the system that ambassadors are in the habit of sending any despatches of an exceptionally important nature by special agents, who are called diplomatic couriers.

Although this is a useful precaution, it is not in sufficiently general use to greatly diminish the richness of the 'Black Cabinet' in precious documents. What unexpected discoveries may be made by anybody permitted to cast a glance at this unknown side of history! What sudden light may be thrown upon mysteries until now impenetrable!

A most happy chance has rendered me the possessor of a considerable number of these documents out of the portfolio of a police director under the Restoration, Baron Mounier.

The reader will, I trust, appreciate my having permitted him to enjoy the startling or strange revelations contained therein.

Baron Mounier was the son of the Mounier of the 'Constituante,' who became celebrated by the oath of the *Jeu de Paume*, and flashed like a meteor across the political world of the time. His strict integrity and great talents have left their glorious trace in history. He was for ten years secretary to Napoleon I., and Director of Crown Domains. Brought up in too good a school to be unworthy of his father, his political career was a model of rectitude and honour. He rallied to the Bourbons at the time of the Fontainebleau abdication, was faithful to them during the ephemeral hundred days' reign, and became under the second Restoration the Duc de Richelieu's right hand and the General Director of French provincial police.

His papers, which he preserved with the

greatest care, have, I repeat, by a happy chance come into my possession. They are *souvenirs* written by him daily, some thousand of police reports, as many letters intercepted by the 'Black Cabinet,' and a large number of original private letters. From these I have extracted the matter for this volume. My *rôle* is a very modest one. I have simply chosen the most interesting documents, and connected them in a manner calculated to allow men and things to be seen in their true light.

Notwithstanding all that has been written about Napoleon I consider myself very fortunate to be able to produce some of the personal appreciations of one of his secretaries which have not yet been published. They are written with all the impartiality of a man who possessed great justness of mind combined with a remarkable independence of character.

I have also given some curious letters from St. Helena, which are little known, although published in London for the first time in 1817; and I have thought well to quote divers passages from my father's manuscripts. My father never

served any government, nor had he ever any particular sympathy for any cause except that of liberty. He was, therefore, even more independent than Baron Mounier. The reader will be able to judge for himself.

One word more. These few pages will create some astonishment, and may perhaps rouse some anger. It must, however, be remembered that the author is not responsible for this.

Resting upon undeniable material proofs, these revelations, so irreverent for certain idols, are not his own, but proceed from the implacable severity of history.

COMTE D'HERISSON.



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THE BLACK CABINET.

LOUIS XVII.

CHAPTER I.

THE NAUENDORFFS.

Jules Favre's Ring—Nauendorff—Louis XVII. and Holland—
'Fatidical' Likenesses—The Duchess of Angoulême's Opposition—Letters and Declarations of M. and Madame Marco de Saint-Hilaire—Opinion of the Dauphin's Nurse.

JULES FAVRE had just signed the capitulation of Paris in the house inhabited by the 'Iron Chancellor,' No. 18 Rue de Provence, at Versailles, the property of Madame Jesse.¹ We were both returning, sad and dejected, in the modest carriage that brought us to the Sèvres bridge, where we took the boat in which we had to cross the river.

We were speaking of the fearful drama. The curtain had just fallen upon its last act and left

¹ See *The Journal of a Staff Officer*. Ollendorff, Paris, 1883.

no place for hope in our wounded hearts. We spoke of the incident that had taken place a few hours previously, when, after having signed and sealed the conventions, M. de Bismarck begged Jules Favre to do the same.

‘But I did not bring a seal, your excellency,’ said Jules Favre.

‘That makes no difference,’ replied the Chancellor. ‘Put opposite your name your seal, no matter which; the imprint of the ring you are wearing will amply suffice.’

Jules Favre took off his ring and placed its imprint beside his signature.

Speaking of this incident, and of the awkward position in which his forgetfulness to bring a seal had placed him, Jules Favre said to me—

‘The ring I used as a seal has a curious history. You are aware, doubtless, that I assisted Nauendorff with my counsels, and that during many years I exerted myself in endeavouring to elucidate the truth in favour of that honest man so unjustly persecuted. I even pleaded for him in 1852. As I would never accept any fees, and Nauendorff desired nevertheless to testify his gratitude, he gave me this ring, which I have worn ever since.’

‘Then it is the impression of the ring belonging to the pretended grandson of Louis XVI. which countersigns the capitulation of Paris?’

‘Exactly, as you say.’

I have read since these sad events, in a journal, of which I can easily give the name, a most dramatic history on ‘Bismarck and Jules Favre’s ring.’ The story—which, to be of any value, ought to have been written by one of the actors or one of the witnesses of the scene—states that the ring given to Jules Favre bore the three ‘fleurs de lis’ of the escutcheon of France. This is not the case; and the statement is as fantastic as the details given by the writer of the article. Jules Favre would, with reason, have thought it ridiculous to wear on his finger the arms of the Bourbons.

The engraving represented simply an allegoric ‘Fame’ or ‘Victory’; it was an ancient stone simply set in a thin circle of gold.

‘May I ask you a question?’ I said to the minister, who seemed evidently desirous of dispelling, by no matter what diversion, the gloomy ideas with which he was beset. ‘I am aware that a lawyer’s duty obliges him often to defend persons about whose culpability he has no doubt, and whose innocence he, nevertheless, must endeavour to prove. But with regard to this Nauendorff, did you really, and do you still really believe that he is the grandson of Louis XVI.?’

‘I am firmly convinced of it; and I pleaded

his cause, not from a sense of professional duty, nor, it may easily be understood, from interested motives, but from pure love of truth.'

'Were not your Republican sentiments affected by the task you had undertaken?'

'Why? Truth has no political opinion; and when I believe a thing true, I proclaim it thus against the whole world.'

I admit that this conversation afforded me much food for reflection, and I was not surprised in 1873 to see Jules Favre again apply to the French tribunals, without however any success, for an examination into the pretensions of the Nauendorffs. Notwithstanding his talent and authority, notwithstanding his confidence in the justice of his client's demand, notwithstanding the services that the Vice-President of the Government of National Defence had rendered the Republic, the inquiry was refused.

Why? I ask myself still. An inquiry ought never to be denied, especially in such a case, where the light brought to bear upon the question would serve to either confound an impostor or to rehabilitate an honest man.

I know, of course, that had it been discovered, proved in an undeniable manner, that Nauendorff was the grandson of Louis XVI., the fact would have caused an enormous perturbation, not only in France, but in the greater number of

the European courts. I am aware that were it proved that Louis XVII. did not die in the Temple, but that he escaped and lived, the fact would annoy and inconvenience many persons. But ought justice to preoccupy itself with the consequence of its decisions? Ought upright magistrates, freely exercising their mandate under a Republican Government, and supposed by that fact to be free from all despotic influence, to trouble themselves to know whether the judgments they are called upon to render will interfere with the paltry combinations of his Majesty This or her Majesty So-and-so.

A high authority, the director of a Loyalist journal, remarked to me not long since :

‘If the rights of the Nauendorffs could be proved, it would be a calamity ; it is better to deny the evidence. The unhappiness of one man is preferable to the misfortune of a large number.’

So long as such theories are enunciated it must be admitted that everything is possible. The interest with which Jules Favre had inspired me in his client and his family led me to read most carefully his touching pleadings ; and I must admit that several points of this celebrated case struck me in an especial manner.

In the first place, how is it that on the death of him who claimed to be the Dauphin of France, the Dutch Government, cold, sceptic, and but

little sensible to the marvellous, authorised the death certificate to acknowledge the quality of the deceased as 'Son of France'? How is it that he was allowed to be buried in consecrated ground, and under the following epitaph, he whose life had been but one continued series of frightful persecutions, who, always speaking without being able to obtain a hearing, writing continually without finding any to read what he had written, was a sort of Iron Mask with the visage uncovered, wandering through his life a victim of the cupidity and bad faith of his nearest relatives.

HERE LIETH

LOUIS XVII., KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE,

CHARLES LOUIS, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

BORN AT VERSAILLES THE 27TH OF MARCH, 1785.

DIED AT DELFT THE 10TH OF AUGUST, 1845.¹

The following is the certificate of death :—

Dutch Consulate.	[Translation.]	Commune
Province of Holland,		of
Meridional.		Delft.
	Registration.	

¹ ICI REPOSE

LOUIS XVII, ROI DE FRANCE ET DE NAVARRE

CHARLES-LOUIS, DUC DE NORMANDIE

NÉ À VERSAILLES LE 27 MARS 1785

DÉCÉDÉ À DELFT LE 10 AOÛT 1845.

*Extract from a Register of Deaths of the Commune of
Delft.*

In the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-five, at six o'clock in the evening of the twelfth day of August, there appeared before us, Daniel van Koetsveld, Sheriff, registrar of the town of Delft ; Charles Edward de Bourbon, aged twenty-four, gentleman, and Modesto Gruau, Count de la Barre, aged fifty, ancient king's prosecutor at the first tribunal of Mayenne in France, both living here—the first son, and the second friend of the deceased hereafter named ; which persons declared to us that on the tenth of August of the present year, about three o'clock in the afternoon, in the house situated in the second quarter, number sixty-two of the street called Oude, Delft, there died Charles Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Normandy (Louis the Seventeenth), who was known by the names of Charles William Nauendorff, born at the castle of Versailles in France, the twenty-seventh of March, seventeen hundred and eighty-five, and therefore aged over sixty, lately living in this town, son of his late Majesty Louis the Sixteenth, King of France, and of her late Imperial and Royal Highness, Marie-Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria, Queen of France, both deceased in Paris, husband of the Duchess of Normandy, *née* Jeanne Einert, living here.

After reading, the attesting parties signed the present act with us. (Signed) M. Gruau, Count de la Barre ; Charles Edward de Bourbon ; D. van Koetsveld.

Certified a true copy : Delft, December 10, 1886.

(Signed) A. VAN DER LEEUW, Registrar.

Certified a true translation of said extract : Paris, December 13, 1886.

(Signed) VAN LIER, Consul of Holland.

If the conviction was strong that Nauendorff was an impostor, why not have granted the famous examination? Why not thus have caused the legend to pass for ever into oblivion? Was it feared that, in proving the Dutch Government in error, certain certificates would have been produced that would have established beyond any doubt the right of Nauendorff to the succession of Louis XVI.? It was doubtless in virtue of these documents that the Dutch had based their convictions, and admitted the members of this family amongst the officers of their army under the name of Bourbon.

In any case it is evident that there was no desire to bring light to bear upon the question. Any impartial person will recognise the justice of my assertions.

When lately the Nauendorffs came to Paris, I, in common with many others, desired to see them. The son of him whose body reposes at Delft has inherited the paternal resemblance to the 'Martyr King.' It must be quite understood that I have neither the pretension nor the desire to plead the Nauendorffs' cause. I simply recount what I have seen and the impressions made upon my mind. And it matters little to me that what I have seen and been struck by pleases or displeases one or another political party.

My only desire is to tell the truth. To have in one's family some member bearing the Bourbon family likeness, to have a strong resemblance to Louis XVI., does not prove much. Who does not remember a guardian who for years was on duty near the lake in the Bois de Boulogne, and who resembled Napoleon III. in a surprising manner? The same sovereign had also a 'double' amongst the frequenters of the Paris Stock Exchange. Neither of these persons, to my knowledge, pretended for a moment to belong to the Imperial family. The most striking resemblances are often the result of chance.

Our last Emperor had two natural sons: the Count de la Benne, lately dead, and the Count d'Orx, who is living and in perfect health. Both resembled their father in every feature, and the Count d'Orx not only in features, but in build, movement, and in voice. If the children were 'natural' the resemblance was legitimate; and, as chance would have it, the Prince Imperial, to whom the likeness would have been so precious, had nothing about him to remind one of his father.¹

I thought, therefore, while looking at Nau-

¹ The Emperor was very fond of the Count d'Orx; the child went daily to the Tuileries until the birth of the Prince Imperial. From that moment the Empress caused the visits to cease.

dorff that his resemblance might also be fortuitous. But the strangest coincidence of all is that the daughter of him who declared himself the Dauphin—the Princess Amelia, as she is called by those about her—resembles in an extraordinary manner, not Louis XVI., but Marie-Antoinette, her pretended grandmother, of different blood entirely. In certain cases hazard loses its name of adventurer and becomes a providential manifestation.

Whatever may be her ancestors, the Princess Amelia is a learned and distinguished woman ; she speaks several languages, and her manners are at the same time noble, majestic, and full of grace and benevolence. Her eyes, which in her youth must have been very beautiful, bear traces of much weeping ; she has suffered greatly.

Jules Favre had spoken to me of certain curious letters, produced during the course of his pleading, which had been addressed to the Duchess of Angoulême by ancient servitors of the royal family.

These letters were written with the view of inducing the duchess to receive, if only for a moment, him who called himself her brother. On reading them one cannot but be surprised that she remained unmoved by the prayers addressed to her. In fact the Duchess of

Angoulême—this is historic—*did not see her dead brother in the Temple*. She might then suppose anything. She learns that a man calls himself her brother; that, far from fearing to meet her, he solicits as a favour to be admitted to her presence. ‘Let my sister only say herself that I am not her brother, and I will retire for ever in the most profound obscurity; but let her say it to my face.’

And the duchess, from whom one word would have sufficed to unmask an intriguer, to cover with lasting ignominy an impostor, gets agitated, becomes troubled, and writes to the king; but, despite the earnest prayers of those who had brought the Dauphin up, and who had recognised him, refuses to receive him.

Madame Marco de Saint-Hilaire wrote her the letter which I produce farther on, but without any result. Madame de Rambaud did not content herself with writing; notwithstanding her age and infirmities, she gathered from the love of truth which stimulated her conscience sufficient strength to undertake a journey which at the time of which I write was an undertaking beset with many more difficulties and dangers than in our time.

She desired to throw herself at the feet of the Duchess of Angoulême; she had but one favour to ask—that the duchess should receive

the beloved child she had nursed as a baby, whom she had now met in manhood and recognised. But the duchess took no notice of her request. Not only would she not receive her so-called brother in question; but she would not even admit to her presence this poor old woman, who came trembling with emotion, weakness, and fatigue. Nay, more; she ordered her to be shown the door, and the following day notice was given her by the police to leave Prague within twenty-four hours.

What more could the Duchess of Angoulême have done to justify the belief that she really feared to betray herself—to meet, face to face, him who would have dominated her by all the force of truth, and that she might perhaps have been obliged against her will, notwithstanding all the interests at stake, all political propriety, to recognise him as her brother, and as the legitimate heir to the throne?

The following are the declarations and letters of M. and Madame Marco de Saint-Hilaire, and of Madame de Rambaud :

Madame Marco de Saint-Hilaire's Declaration.

At the time when the report of the death of the son of Louis XVI. was spread in Paris, I was so much the more surprised that I had scarcely heard it said that he was ill. One of my friends, whose name at this length

of time I have forgotten, came and told me not to attach the slightest importance to the report of the death of Louis XVI.'s son, *that she was certain that he had been taken away, that I should see him again one day*, but that I was to keep the fact a secret. Since that time I therefore cherished the consciousness of his existence. All the falsehoods that were propagated could not have been without an object. According to my idea, it was the certitude of the Dauphin's existence; but that the intention was to bring about his disappearance, and so distort the truth that it should never be known, by seizing everything the veritable son of Louis XVI. might have in his possession, which after the impostures of certain authorities must necessarily render recognition impossible. That is what has now happened.

I have often heard it said that different false dauphins were dwelling in Paris, but I never for a moment desired to know them, persuaded as I was that the first thing the son of Louis XVI. would do would be to seek those who had been attached to his father and mother, and who had known him in his infancy.

When M. Geoffroy, living in Niort, came to see me on August 14, 1833, he informed me that there existed at that moment in Paris an individual who called himself the son of Louis XVI.; that he was inquiring of everybody respecting the persons still living who had belonged to his family, and desired ardently to find Pauline de Tourzel, with whom he had been brought up. That lady is now Madame de Béarn, and her mother had been governess to the 'Children of France' at the Court of Louis XVI. This desire seemed to me to merit attention, and in order to succeed in the project

I had conceived, without, however, compromising myself in a conspiracy or an imposture, I wrote a line to my friend Madame de Rambaud to accompany M. de Geoffroy and judge for herself of the sincerity of the person. Nobody better than herself was able to judge, for she had not quitted him from the day of his birth until August 10.

Madame de Rambaud recognised him, spoke to him of us, and brought him to see me on August 19, 1833, assuring me of his identity. She came in first, saying that it was impossible for me not to recognise him.

Indeed my husband and myself had no difficulty in recognising in this person, notwithstanding a great timidity, a little constraint, and his difficulty in speaking French, that he had the combined features of his father and mother, particularly the expression of countenance of Louis XVI.; so striking was it that to us it seemed as if we had the king before us.

Later on, the prince having gained confidence, having found sure devoted friends, his timidity and constraint entirely disappeared. Then all his father's manners displayed themselves more visibly every day.

It was easy to recognise in his physical structure the same child I had so often seen playing on the terrace overlooked by the windows of the apartments of the princess whom I had the honour to serve. I invited my prince to come and see me, to use my house as a retreat until he had found a better; there it was, that in long and frequent private conversations, *the prince reminded me of circumstances known to only his family, but that I knew from communications made to me by my princess.*

The prince called to my mind every article of the

furniture of his mother's apartments, not only the furniture, but its position ; the construction and the colour of the musical instruments his mother used ; in fact, details which could not have been known to any person not on most intimate terms with the royal family, and who had been unable to see them again since October 5 and 6.

After a most scrupulous examination I acquired an absolute certainty which left no room for doubt of the entire truth. It was then that I thought it my duty to write to Madame la Dauphine to inform her that we had had the good fortune to discover her brother. Our family was too well known to Charles X. to permit of our taking such a step had we not been persuaded, M. de Saint-Hilaire and myself, of the truth of what I advanced ; we would not have risked deceiving the royal family on such an important subject, and they could themselves be quite convinced of our being incapable of joining an intrigue.

(Signed) F. MARCO DE SAINT-HILAIRE.

Versailles, July 10, 1836.

Declaration of M. Marco de Saint-Hilaire.

I, the undersigned Marco de Saint-Hilaire, aged seventy-six, formerly chamberlain in ordinary of the king (Louis XVI.), in the service of H.R.H. Madame Victoire of France, declare and certify before God and men :

1st. That the Prince *Charles Louis*, Duke of Normandy, born March 27, 1785, son of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette, *lives*, and that during *sixteen months* I have seen him continually and been in a position to convince myself of the fact.

2nd. That now, on account of the time which has elapsed since the death of the unfortunate Louis XVI., it would be difficult to find ancient officers of the king's household who could prove the resemblance of this prince to his august father; seeing that it would not suffice to have seen Louis XVI., but it must be some one who had seen him *daily* and *at home*, that which to me was rendered easy on account of my functions.

3rd. That Prince *Charles Louis* has the *exact features of his family, the manners, habits, and tastes* of his august father, that he possesses equally all the virtues, and that whoever has seen him but once, and has had the good fortune to converse with him, cannot, unless he has lost all remembrance of his august parents, or be not of good faith, have the slightest doubt as to his *identity*.

4th. That amongst other recollections of his childhood, the prince reminded me of several different constructions which existed in the park of Versailles, and which were destroyed immediately after the king's death, and of which persons *now forty years old* had never any knowledge.

5th. That my conviction is so strong that no power on earth can shake it.

6th. That in making this declaration, I call my soul and conscience to witness that I am not moved by any other sentiment than that of doing homage to truth and justice.

(Signed) MARCO DE SAINT-HILAIRE.

Versailles, December 17, 1834.

To H.R.H. 'Madame,' Duchess of Angoulême.

Madame,—Since the year 1795, I have continually heard it reported that the unhappy Dauphin, son of Louis XVI., had escaped from the Temple, and that another child was substituted in his place. This hope, cherished in the heart of every good Frenchman, had become a religious belief. It was cherished by me at the time I was serving *Josephine, Bonaparte's wife*. I acquired then the certainty that her goodness, her respect and attachment to the Bourbon royal family, had induced her, in connivance with *Minister Fouché*, to remove the unhappy relic of the blood of our kings from the cruel hands of her husband, who had decided his ruin.

I think, Madame, that these rumours must have reached your Royal Highness. But during fifteen years Providence has permitted several impostors to spring up at the instigation of a too guilty police; the truth cannot yet have reached your Royal Highness, notwithstanding all the information you have sought to obtain.

If, Madame, I respectfully take the liberty of addressing you this letter, it is because I have the conviction of having found this prince so regretted by the French. Providence has permitted me to come into contact with him; and for all those who had the honour of knowing the King your august father, and your too unhappy mother the Queen, it is impossible not to recognise Louis XVII. from the striking resemblance of his features to those of the august authors of his being.

Your Royal Highness, who up to the present has

not been in a position to discover the truth, may be assured that God has permitted us to finally reveal it after so many years of research.

At your Royal Highness's feet, I pray you, with all the respect I owe you, to pardon me the liberty of addressing this letter to your Royal Highness; but *God, my conscience, and the salvation of my soul* impose upon me the necessity of informing your Royal Highness that your unhappy brother exists, and that he is with us. I dare to assure your Royal Highness *that I believe in the identity of this unhappy prince, as I believe in God and His divine Son the Saviour of the world.*

I am but a person of small importance, Madame, but the sacred fire of my love and gratitude for your august and too unhappy family has never ceased to burn in my heart. Notwithstanding all my personal troubles, I am still disposed to sacrifice the remainder of my sad existence, if it can be of any service to the son of your august father, whom God in His holy mercy seems to have permitted me to find, to compensate me, at the end of my life, for all the anguish I have suffered from the cruel loss of my august masters.

I am, Madame, with the most profound respect, your Royal Highness's most obedient and humble servant,

(Signed) MARCO DE SAINT-HILAIRE
(Né BESSON),

Formerly in the service of the King's aunt,
Madame Victoire of France.

Versailles, September 9, 1833.

Statement of Madame de Rambaud, widow, in the service of the Dauphin, Duke of Normandy, from the day of his birth until August 10, 1792.

In case I die before the recognition of the Prince, son of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette, takes place, I think it my duty to affirm under oath before God and men, that on August 17, 1833, I have recognised Monseigneur the Duke of Normandy, in whose service I had the honour to be from the day of his birth until August 10, 1792; and as it was my duty to make known this fact to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Angoulême, I wrote to her during that same year. I append to this a copy of my letter.

The special attention I had paid to him, and my absolute knowledge of his person, could not render any doubt possible as to my recognition of him when found.

In his infancy the prince's neck was short and wrinkled in an extraordinary manner. I always said that if ever I met him again, this, for me, would be an indubitable proof. When later he became stouter, his neck, having become very large, remained just as flexible as before.

His head was large, his forehead high and open, his eyes blue, his eyebrows arched, his hair of a lightish grey, curling naturally. He had the same mouth as the Queen, with a small dimple on his chin. His chest was high; *I remarked at the time several signs then but little noticeable, one particularly on the right breast.* His waist was at that time well marked, and his bearing striking.

Finally, he is absolutely the same person, all allowance being made for age.

The Prince was inoculated at the Castle of St. Cloud,

at the age of two years and four months, in the presence of the Queen, by the Doctor Jouberton, inoculator to the 'Children of France,' and of the faculty, and the Doctors Brunier and Loustonneau. The inoculation took place during his sleep, between ten and eleven o'clock in the evening, in order to prevent an irritation which might have caused the child to have convulsions, of which there was always a fear. Myself an eye-witness of this inoculation, I affirm to-day that I have found *the same marks*, which were in the form of a crescent.

Again, I have preserved, as an object of great value for me, a blue coat that the prince had only worn once. I showed it him, and, to prove his memory, told him he had worn it in Paris. 'No, madame, I only wore it at Versailles at such a time.'

Together we exchanged souvenirs, which alone would have been for me undoubted proof that the actual prince is verily what he pretends to be—the orphan of the Temple.

WIDOW DE RAMBAUD,

In the service of the Dauphin, Duke of Normandy,
from the day of his birth to August 10, 1792.

Letter from the Widow de Rambaud to H. R. H.

'Madame,' Duchess of Angoulême.

Madame,—She who would have given her life for your illustrious parents, takes to-day, as a conscientious duty, the liberty to write you respectfully to assure you of the existence of your august brother. I have seen him with my own eyes, and recognised him; hours passed with him have entirely convinced me of the fact. Such a precious preservation emanates from the omni-

potence of God ; on my knees I thank Him, continually repeating to myself that if it has been His will to preserve the child, it is to make him general peacemaker, and a means of universal happiness ; this conviction as well as the hope can only proceed from Him. His long trials, his resignation to the will of Providence, and his goodness are beyond imagination.

Your Royal Highness's forbearance is not the less necessary to assure me that I have not too far presumed in expressing that which my heart feels so deeply for her sovereigns, so justly beloved by all who have maintained faithful hearts.

With respect, I am your Royal Highness's very humble and very obedient servant,

WIDOW DE RAMBAUD.

P.S.—Madame is aware that I had the honour to nurse her august brother from the day of his birth until August 10, 1792.

CHAPTER II.

THE TEMPLE MYSTERY.

Substitution of Child—Louis XVI.'s Linen Chest—False Dauphins—Note from the Director of the Police—Martin de Gallardon—La Rochejacquelein and Doctor Martin.

DID the Dauphin escape from the Temple? Was Nauendorff this Dauphin? These are two entirely distinct questions. Those who desire to thoroughly examine them, and know whether, sacrificing Nauendorff to family interests, Louis XVIII. and Charles X. would never recognise in him a nephew, or the Duchess of Angoulême a brother, have only to read Jules Favre's pleadings, of which I have spoken above. They abound with documents, and, much better than I could, will enable those who peruse them to form a judgment for themselves.

As to the escape of the Dauphin, I think it is an undeniable fact. There was a substitution of children; the doctor of the 'Petit Capet,' Doctor Desault, perceived it, and could not refrain from communicating his discovery to his

friend, Choppart, the chemist. They both died suddenly, while in perfect health, of an inexplicable illness.

The last visit Doctor Desault paid to the Temple was on May 30. Choppart and he died on June 1, eight days after the death or escape of the scrofulous child who replaced the son of Louis XVI.

Doctor Desault had had a presentiment of what was to happen to him, for, on being unable to hide his astonishment when the guardians of the Temple presented him a child other than the one he had been in the habit of visiting and caring for, he went to his friend Choppart and said,—

‘I lost all mastery over myself; I have just signed my death-warrant.’

That which, however, the doctor had not foreseen was, that by his confidence he had also signed the death-warrant of his friend.

Doctor Abeillé, then one of Doctor Desault’s pupils, thought it prudent to leave France, and went to America, where he did not hesitate to divulge the cause of these two terrible cases of political apoplexy.

It has been pretended that the Dauphin escaped in a linen chest that the washerwoman took away regularly; also it has been stated that he escaped from the Temple in a coffin.

Another version was that the washerwoman carried him away in a large bundle of soiled linen. The last version, although the least poetic, appears to me the most probable.

The post of laundryman to the King, Queen, and 'Children of France' was bought in those days as to-day one buys the practice of a solicitor or notary.

When the Royal family was imprisoned in the Temple the laundrymen brought the clean linen in their chests and took away the soiled. Their service was continued with tolerable regularity until just before the king's death. One day, on arriving at the Temple gate, the guardian thus addressed them,—

'Citizens, I am ordered to ask you to retire and not return again.'

From that day the washing was done by the prison attendants.

Besides, the chests the laundrymen brought—even admitting that they had continued their service—were not of such dimensions as would have allowed a child ten years of age to get inside. From the time the laundrymen were prohibited from continuing their service the linen was taken in and out of the Temple in large bundles; it is therefore quite admissible that the poor child escaped hidden in one of these bundles.

The chest specially used in the king's service, and of which he had himself forged the copper work in his workshop at Versailles, has been carefully preserved. I give here its exact dimensions :—

Declaration.

In the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, on the third of November, at half-past nine o'clock in the morning,

I, Henry Ernest Potage, sheriff's officer of the civil tribunal of Versailles, there living at number 27 rue Satory, undersigned—

At the request of the Count d'Herisson, gentleman, Knight of the Legion of Honour, living in Paris at number 223 l'faubourg St.-Honoré, and in his presence,

Went to Versailles, number 5 rue Gambetta, to a property where is installed the library called Municipal Library, and in a room on the third floor to the left, used by the museum called the Municipal Museum, and in the presence of M. Poulain, superintendent of the said museum, I verified the fact that, to the right on entering this room, there is a trunk covered in calf-skin, and of which the metal work is of copper, having the upper part convex, the said trunk being sixty-six centimetres long, forty-one centimetres wide, and thirty-six centimetres high, and upon it a piece of red leather is glued twenty-six centimetres long and eighteen centimetres deep, bearing the following inscription :—

‘ Chest in which Madame Despagne, washerwoman to the king, carried Louis XVI.'s linen to his prison in the Temple, until she was prohibited so doing,

the king's guardians then undertaking the duty. Given by M. Despagnes Maximilien, doctor at Versailles, her grandson.'

Of which I have made and prepared this statement to serve and be of the value it may have.

Cost, 11 francs 55 centimes.

POTAGE.

Despagne, laundryman to the king, was a native of Mesnil-Saint-Denis, not far from Versailles. He had married a daughter of Vigneron, who supplied fine linen and lace to the house of St.-Cyr. He left a grandson, who died some years ago at Versailles, leaving a widow, now very aged, who was good enough to explain to me in detail the manner in which the laundry service was performed in the royal household.

One of the arguments—one of the arms used by all those who pretended that Nauendorff was an impostor, is that several false dauphins had sprung up, and that there was no reason to believe Nauendorff's claims better founded than those of the other pretenders.

For the general public, for the masses, always unthinking, this reasoning was likely to strike the imagination; but for those who take the trouble to reflect, and who do not form their opinions from hearsay, it is easy to perceive that the arm is double-edged, and as dangerous for those who use it as for those it strikes.

Those in high places must in reality have been prodigiously afraid that Louis XVII. would one day come to claim his right to the crown, and treat as they deserved those who had usurped his throne, to have sought to annihilate his pretensions beforehand by provoking imitators.

But the world is growing old—our civilisation, at least—and experience comes with decrepitude. We know in our days who are the provoking agents, the *rôle* they fill, and the benefits the governments know how to derive therefrom.

The idea was good, the plan well conceived ; impossible to discover a better means of covering the real son of Louis XVI. with ridicule, and even tarnish him with the opprobrium of imposture. His death, at least moral, if not actual, was a necessity ; it was in the good days of ‘civil deaths’ ; and how easy it was to reply to his demands when they were formed :

‘What you say and what you claim, another said and claimed the day before yesterday. He, like you, pretends to be the son of Louis XVI. ; another advanced the same claims last week. Arrange at least amongst yourselves ! Everybody cannot be the king’s son.’

It is curious to see what was said of Louis XVII. by the journal belonging to the Director of the Police.

It was stated on Saturday last at M. Pasquier's house, that while King Charles X. was at Rambouillet he sent M. de La Rochejacquelein to obtain information from Martin, and that Martin replied that the king had only to abdicate as soon as possible, as God reproved him for having usurped the throne of Louis XVII.; that this reply hastened the departure; and that thereupon M. de La Rochejacquelein went to Vienna to seek for the legitimate king, whom he had just found in a convent in Bohemia. Three months ago M. Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld said to me—

‘You would be very astonished if you saw Louis XVII. reappear!’

‘I am still more astonished that you admit such a supposition,’ I replied.

Bastard assured me this morning that he was certain that M. de La Rochejacquelein went to Rambouillet to speak to Martin. M. de Pradel, whom I questioned on the subject (he was at Rambouillet with the king), replied that he believed the journey to have really been made, but he ignored whether it was by the king's order; he rather thought it was a whim of M. de La Rochejacquelein's, who was a person with much imagination and little sense.

Charles X. therefore attached importance to Martin's advice, and there is but little doubt that M. de La Rochejacquelein had acted upon his orders.

It is also beyond doubt, according to what the Director of Police wrote with his own hands—a main point—that M. Sosthène de La Roche-

foucauld, Charles X.'s brilliant minister, and father of the present Duke of Bisaccia, knew perfectly well that Louis XVII. was alive.

Martin, the peasant of Gallardon, who played so strange a *rôle*, this messenger of Providence, unlettered advocate of the rights of the oppressed, who was to converse with Louis XVIII., to advise Charles X., and return to his village to follow his plough, to tend his cattle—Martin was an honest man.

In fact, if this strange prophet had not been sincere, if he also had been an impostor, who better than the king would have been able to unmask and confound him? Far from this, he went to the king and addressed the sovereign in his homely country language, and the king avowed that he revealed things that God only could have known.

The few lines cited above seemed to me of particular importance. They are the result of a conversation which struck the author's imagination, and I wished to thoroughly discover what sort of man was the peasant thus admitted to the honour of a royal audience.

Martin's names were Thomas-Ignace. He was, as I have just stated, a native of Gallardon, and he had visions in which he was commanded to go and tell the king he was usurping his nephew's throne. That he did.

Had he been a knave, he would naturally have attempted to derive some profit from his knavery. Did he do this? Never.

He did not for a moment seek to take advantage of the extraordinary things which he said were passing within him; he did not divulge them, nor did he derive any profit therefrom. He refused any presents offered him when he suspected they had any relation to the events with which he had been connected.

He did not attempt to make partisans, but returned to his village as simple and unpretentious as before, never speaking of himself or even of what had happened to him; in a word, he was natural, discreet, and disinterested.

The 'Journal de France,' dated January 20, 1817, said that the physicians acknowledged 'that it would be impossible to be in the enjoyment of better health than his was until the end (end of his stay in Paris), nor was it the least impaired. This latter observation, made by the masters of science with reference to the moral and physical state of Martin, leads to the conclusion that there is no reason to suppose that this villager was the object of an illusion of sense or imagination.'

Besides, the brave man who reproached Louis XVIII. with being a usurper, who dared to tell him that one day while hunting in the

forest of St. Hubert, under certain circumstances, and in a certain spot, he had had the idea of killing his brother, Louis XVI., and had only been hindered by the branch of a tree—a revelation which caused the monarch to shed tears—had not arrived direct at the Tuileries, but he had been obliged, before being received by the king, to undergo the examination of many persons. Some of them encouraged, while others scoffed at and rebuffed him.

He first confided the fact of his visions to Laperruque, vicar of Gallardon, a worthy ecclesiastic, sixty years of age. The vicar had him examined by the mayor, who conducted him to Versailles to Msgr. Charrier de la Roche, the bishop—an ancient constitutional bishop—who, on account of his past life, thought necessary, before going farther, to closely examine the case himself with most special care. He made the matter one of police, informed Decazes, and sent the poor man to the Count de Breteuil, Prefect of the Department of the Eure and Loir.

The count was a virtuous, kind man, of a very calm temperament. He in his turn interrogated Martin; then he charged M. André, lieutenant of the gendarmery at Chartres, to conduct Martin to Paris. Decazes, then Minister of Police, received him. Every police and governmental intimidation was brought to bear; but

they were of no effect against the persistence with which Martin declared that his duty was to speak to the king, and to the king alone.

He was asked what he had to say. He did not know, the words would come to him when in the king's presence.

The assistant-physician at Charenton made a study of his mental condition. Doctors Pinel and Royer-Collard did the same, but they could only affirm that Martin was as sound in mind as in body.

Then the Grand Almoner of France, the venerable Cardinal de Périgord, desired to see him. He received him, and was even more struck than all the others who had seen Martin, with the nature of the impression preying upon his mind. He at last caused the door of the cabinet of the King of France in the Tuileries to be opened to him.

We know the rest; but it strikes me as interesting to remark that just before the termination of the audience Louis XVIII. asked Martin his advice on the manner in which he ought to reign.

Imagine this countryman and the king conversing like two comrades.

Martin was very temperate. He simply told the king to act according to his previous counsels, to beware of those who surrounded

him, especially of one of his ministers, who, he said, would later be accused of a horrible crime; and finally, as the king insisted, he said on leaving the royal presence:

‘Never be crowned; you would die during the ceremony.’

Louis XVIII., in fact, was never crowned.

In the course of my researches on the subject of Martin, I made a discovery I was far from expecting.

I found his son.

Doctor Martin is a fine old man, seventy years of age, whose head is silvered with years. When quite a child—he was then only fourteen years old—he was present at the interview between his father and M. de La Rochejacquelein when the latter was sent by King Charles X.

I have thus been enabled to converse with one of the ear-witnesses of the interview referred to above. I took advantage of the good fortune which had brought me in contact with a man whose father had played in our history a rôle so strange and so little known, who is himself a most honourable man, to ask him whether a manuscript in my possession was really written by him. He affirmed that it was, and signed a declaration confirming its authenticity. I give it textually. The reader will appreciate its importance.

To Count Gruau de la Barre.

As son of Thomas Martin I bring you a testimony of the highest importance in favour of the august family so dear to us all, and to whom you have consecrated your life. I had this precious testimony from General La Rochejacquelein's own mouth in quite an unexpected manner. It was at Orleans on February 18, 1857. The general was staying with his nephew, the Marquis de La Rochejacquelein, Senator. He learnt from his *protégé* Captain Blon, a relation of Cathelineau's, that I was at Orleans on a visit.

The general profited by the occasion to send his servant to fetch me, asking me to go as soon as possible to see him. I replied verbally to the messenger: 'Tell the general that, having but a few hours to see my friends, I could not do as he desired.'

Immediately afterwards the same servant brought me a note from the general begging me to make an appointment with him for the evening, no matter at what hour, because he said he had a most important communication to make to me. I appointed eight o'clock, at M. Breton's, Captain Blon's father-in-law, rue de Bourgogne.

The general was exact to his appointment. On entering he complained that I had no consideration either for his age or his legs. That was what I expected; I had long had a grudge against him, and the opportunity was favourable to tell him my mind. I said dryly: 'I also, General, have to complain of you, and I desire to state the fact here before everybody.'

(We were at table, there were about ten or twelve persons.) 'You have been very unjust towards my father; you made false statements and made injurious and untrue remarks about him. But, patience! these untruths will be visited on those who have been guilty of them.' 'How! what do you mean? I! never!' he said. I replied, 'General, you have stated in society that you frequent in Paris and elsewhere, when you have been questioned about your application to my father at Gallardon, that you had never been to his house, neither on your own account nor sent by Charles X.; whereas you asked my father (it was on the night of July 31-August 1, 1830), on behalf of the King, what his Majesty was to do under the disagreeable circumstances in which he found himself at Rambouillet; and, if my memory serves me faithfully, you were three together.' 'No,' he replied, 'there were only my aide-de-camp and myself.' 'It seems to me, however,' I said, 'that there were three horses and three men.' 'Ah, yes, there was my servant.' 'And I remember very well that, in speaking of the King, my father told you that his time had come to an end, that he would be responsible before God for any blood uselessly shed, if he resisted.' The general replied: 'All that you say is perfectly true; but there was a certain propriety to be observed.'

'Yes, yes,' I said, 'you wished to keep in good odour with M. de Chambord.' I was still under the painful impression of my anger when the general took me aside and asked me:—

'Have you any news of Louis XVII.? Do you know where he is?'

‘No, I know nothing; and even if I did I should not tell you. You have rendered yourself unworthy of such a cause, and it is not reserved for you to bring about its success.

‘Come, come,’ he said, ‘do not get into a passion; when you know the importance of my communication you will hear me with attention.’ The general continued: ‘The Dauphiness called me to her death-bed, and in an almost inaudible voice said, “General, I have something serious, very serious, to reveal to you; it is the legacy of a dying woman. My brother is not dead. It has been my life’s nightmare; promise me to take all possible steps to discover him. See the Holy Father; see Martin’s children; search by land and sea to discover some old servitors or their descendants, for France will never be happy and tranquil until my brother shall be upon the throne of his fathers. Swear to me” (here she wept abundantly) ‘that you will do all I ask. I shall at least die more easy in my mind, and it seems as if the weight I have on my breast is lighter.’ The general cried as he related this touching scene; but it was too late. Nevertheless, I said to him: ‘I am happy to learn from you of this supreme revelation; it again confirms my father’s words, for he often said that the Duchess of Angoulême would be the most stubborn, and the last to recognise him.’

Please receive, Count, my very humble and respectful salutations.

ANTOINE MARTIN.

I, the undersigned, certify the preceding document authentic, and that it emanates from me, and I make this declaration with pleasure to the Count d’Herisson

that he may use it as he thinks fit; he may publish it if necessary.

ANTOINE MARTIN.

Paris, November 20, 1886.

Seen to testify to the genuineness of Martin's signature, opposed elsewhere.

The Commissary of Police of the
6th Ward of Paris.
(Signature illegible.)

Paris, November 22, 1886.

CHAPTER III.

THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY.

Occult Engraving—The Secret of the Bourbons—Louis XVII.
Medals—The Pope and the Expiatory Chapel—Louis XVIII.
and Mr. Perlet—M. Cathelin's mission.

MEDAL engraving is a special art, and requires in the composition of the motive almost as much care and preparation as is necessitated by the actual material work.

The artist must be inspired by the subject he will treat: he must create something new, and at the same time follow accepted traditions. A large number of medals have a double sense: that which appears to the crowd, and that which is understood but by the initiated few. Some are veritable puzzles; to be able to decipher them one must be a regular conjurer.

When a study is made, not of one particular medal, but of a series corresponding to different epochs, to a reign, or to a certain person, it is very interesting to observe points of correlation between them, and the clearly defined influence of tradition to which I have just referred. There

is nothing more beautiful than to medal the great epochs of our history.

All that refers to the reign of Louis XIV. is graceful and imposing at the same time. So also is that referring to the reign of Napoleon I. The work is influenced by the circle in which the artist moves, and, however little he belongs to one of those occult associations which have guided the politics of the last two hundred years, he often finds a means of denying that which he is charged to affirm, and to give the mysterious clue to events he has to immortalise. A sovereign who has a medal struck in his honour does not suspect that it often bears on its surface a slur upon his reign.

All that have been struck on the subject of Louis XVII. are not only curious, enigmatical, and with a double meaning, but this duplicity of signification is particularly apparent. The medals which come from abroad are, amongst others, of such clearness that the least far-seeing person can read therein proofs of the escape from the Temple.

Those which date from the Restoration, and which had all interest to affirm the death of Louis XVII., do not the less convey the affirmation of his existence, and testify to the usurpation of the throne.

The medal struck on the occasion of the

birth of the Duke of Normandy is charming. The king and queen are happy ; France is supposed to be ; and the medal is, if I may so express myself, honest. All the others are quite different ; they suggest mystery, uneasiness, the truth distorted, and divulge, as far as it was possible to do without actually writing the words, 'the Bourbons' secret.'

The Dauphin was imprisoned in the Temple. News arrives in Berlin that a substitution of children will take place, and Loos hastens to fix the date by consigning to bronze the mysterious event, which is spoken of more freely abroad than in France.

Is not the author's idea sufficiently clear? On one side of the medal the two children in prison ; on the other, a large curtain which hides all the mystery. Below

QUAND SERA-T-ELLE LEVÉE? (When will it be lifted?)

Similar to the Dauphin's death, which was nothing but a comedy, this medal has a most doubtful register. Nobody knows the exact date of its birth. Lenormand, in the 'Trésor de numismatique et de glyptique,' attributes it to 1793. Henin pretends that, although classed as of 1793 in Loos's catalogue, he believes it to date from the end of 1794. In short, nothing positive is known, and when the wise men have spoken we

are less advanced than before—as it happens very often.

Then comes another medal by Loos, this one supposed to record the Dauphin's death, but in a manner no less curious or explicit than the former ; it proves, on the contrary, the escape. On one side is engraved—

LOUIS, SECOND FILS DE LOUIS XVI.
NÉ LE 27 MARS, 1785.

The reverse side has the same curtain which in the previous medal hid a mystery, but which is now raised ; an angel is writing with a graving-tool :

REDEVENU LIBRE LE 8 JUIN, 1795.
(Became free again June 8, 1795.)

The angel is standing ; one foot rests on a lighted torch, the flame issuing therefrom representing life ; the other rests on a coffin, against which is an open book in which is written :

LOUIS (LE PREMIER DAUPHIN).
LOUIS XVI. ANTOINETTE. ELIZABETH.

These are the names of the four members of the Royal family who are already dead, as testified by the coffin. The date June 8 renders the second Dauphin his liberty, thanks to the death of the substituted child. Independently of the words 'Redevenu libre le 8 Juin, 1795,' this

truth is again represented by the author's care to oppose 'life' to 'death'; to indicate as clearly as it lay in his power, without at the same time doing so too openly, that the Dauphin had survived his brother, father, mother, and aunt. And the curtain now lifted shows four dead and the Dauphin alive.

Here is a medal struck in England; it is by William Manwaring. On one side the head of Louis XVII., and around—

SITÔT QU'IL HAIT UN ROI
DOIT-ON CESSER DE L'ÊTRE ?

Beneath the head, 1793. Can anything more strange and troubling be imagined?

It was at the castle of Ham that the brothers of Louis XVI. learnt of his death, to which this medal refers.

They proclaimed Louis XVII.; 'Monsieur' took the title of Regent, and appointed the Count d'Artois, Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom.

In 1794 the inhabitants of the Vendée wore as a decoration a medal, on one side of which was graven—

VIVE LOUIS XVII., ROI DE FRANCE 9^{TOUR}, 1794;
and on the other, a large 'fleur de lis,' almost similar to that on the arms of the town of Florence, with these words—

LOUIS XVII., ROI DES FRANÇOIS.

After the pretended death of the Dauphin, a large number of Royalists in the south of France wore in 1795 a medal decoration, engraved only on one side; these, which to-day are almost undiscoverable, represented an eagle thrown on its back, the wings outstretched, the claws in the air, and above—

A BAS L'ANARCHIE! VIVE LOUIS XVII.

Then came the official medals of the first Restoration 1814–15. The double meaning, although better hidden, exists none the less. On one side is a head of Louis XVII., and on the other a broken lily, with the inscription—

CECIDIT UT FLOS, VIII JUNII, MDCCLXXXV.

(He fell like a flower, June 8, 1795.)

Only the artist took great care to represent a flower which is not dead, but, on the contrary, absolutely living and endeavouring to raise its head.

Flowers whiten and dry, but nothing in the Dauphin's apparent death, attributed by the doctors to scrofula, justified the violent character of a broken flower. The artist wanted the comparison to preserve, in that which officially represented death, a symbolic vitality.

To say that the Dauphin was dead, to be paid to portray his death by Louis XVIII., and to

engrave a medal proving the contrary, was not an easy task.

See how the artist acquitted himself with the following medal :

He represented, of course, the head of the son of Louis XVI.; and on the reverse side a composition almost partaking of the character of freemasonry. Three separate inscriptions appear each to have a distinct sense, although a literal translation is impossible. The first on the front, 'Regni tantum jura;' the other two on the reverse side, above and below a 'genius' flying from the Temple prison with a crown: 1. 'Quam reddat hæredi;' 2. 'Ludovicus XVII in vinculis occumbit.' Together these inscriptions read—

LUDOVICUS XVII IN VINCULIS OCCUMBIT QUAM REDDAT
HÆREDI REGNI TANTUM JURA.

The only possible translation of this legend, from a grammatical point of view, is, 'Louis XVII. dies in prison sooner than that *only* royal rights should be restored to his heir.'

It clearly results from this that at the time this medal was struck, 1815, Louis XVII., living and imprisoned, had offered to renounce his rights, provided his son should be 'jura regni,' have the right to reign, an offer which was refused.

The artist has placed three dead lilies on the

funereal monument, representing three royal victims; he would have put four had he wished to indicate that Louis XVII. was dead also. They are the three victims for whom the expiatory chapel was erected, where again there is no question of Louis XVII. Finally, Depaulis, the royal engraver, has resumed all the strangeness of the medal he was ordered to make, by placing on the sarcophagus supposed to contain Louis XVII. the arms of France in a reversed position. It is just as if, ordered to represent the *Fluctuat nec mergitur* of the escutcheon of the arms of Paris, he had put the masts downwards and the hull in the air. Depaulis took great care to dissimulate his Parthian arrow to the ordinary observer; it requires a sincere desire to discover the truth to perceive it.

Several European Courts possess in their secret archives incontestable proof of the escape of Louis XVII. Pius VII. was quite aware of the truth, and if an authorisation could be obtained it would be of the greatest interest to examine at Rome the curious correspondence which passed on the subject of the expiatory chapel when, on Chateaubriand's proposal, the Chambers decided in 1816 to erect a monument to the memory of the death of Louis XVI., Marie-Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and Louis XVII. Several times when in

the capital of the Christian world I have asked, without obtaining, permission to cast a glance in the *sanctum sanctorum*. I wish some one else more success than I had.

The Pope made some observations to Louis XVIII., who, of his own personal authority, modified the decisions of the Chambers by a royal decree. This decree consecrates the expiatory chapel exclusively to the memory of Louis XVI., Marie-Antoinette, and Madame Elizabeth.

Nothing in this monument, commenced under Louis XVIII. and terminated during the reign of Charles X., alludes in any way to Louis XVII. The Pope is supposed to have said that he would not authorise mortuary prayers in favour of a living being. The political compromises might pass, but the Holy Father could not permit a sacrilegious comedy.

The Court of Berlin possessed, and doubtless still possesses, undoubted proofs of the Dauphin's escape. It has a certain casket which was abstracted from Louis XVIII. on his departure from Mittau, in which are all the necessary proofs, as well as those of the existence of the unhappy child, who had at that time become a man.

It was whilst he was in Mittau that he who was one day to become Louis XVIII. attempted

to bribe, to buy, and incite the largest possible number of French generals to treachery. The marshals' staffs he generously promised were, in his mind, but the steps of the ladder which would permit him to ascend the throne. The Duke d'Avaray was the principal agent in all these negotiations and machinations. I reproduce here a few letters, the originals of which are in my possession. These in their laconic way say more than would a volume of personal comment. M. Perlet, the writer, knew himself all about Louis XVII., and his mouth was really closed very cheaply.

To his Excellency Count Siméon, Minister of the Interior.

Monsieur le Comte,—I have the honour of sending you, prepaid, by this courier, a printed pamphlet containing my complete justification. If you take the trouble to read it you will be convinced of my perfect innocence, and you will see that I am entirely the victim of my constant devotion to the King and his august family.

No power on earth can call in question the fact that it was I *alone* who saved the unfortunate daughter of Louis XVI. from certain death; 'Madame,' the Duchess of Angoulême, owes to me her life. Have the goodness, Count, to read the first note, page 30, containing the article that I published in my journal of June 16, 1795. The National Convention, forced by public opinion strongly manifested by that article, rendered, fourteen days later, a decree granting their liberty to that princess

and the other members of the family of which the Dowager Duchess of Orleans was a member. The King was unaware of this devotion until the month of May, 1806. His Majesty caused the Count d'Avaray to write to me on the subject. In the letter he communicated to me the sacred words of the King; *that he preserved the remembrance of such a service in his heart until the day of recompense.* The King confirmed this royal promise with his own lips at Gorfield, Sussex, adding that in the event of my becoming a victim of my zeal he would take care of my family. By what fatality am I forgotten, and why cannot my just demands reach his person? I have never received any recompense, and I should not ask for any were I not in want; that my conduct has always been loyal and disinterested, I have given enough proof.

When I devoted myself to saving 'Madame,' I only consulted my zeal; I have suffered the greatest persecutions in regard thereto, and it is a miracle that I have not succumbed. Royal recompenses have been awarded to everybody who contributed to the arrest of the execrable assassin of Monseigneur the Duke of Berry, and he who really saved 'Madame' remains forgotten! I am so fully convinced that the King is not aware of this forgetfulness of which I am victim, that I am ready to sacrifice the remainder of my life for him, *and perhaps I shall give him proof of this before long.*

Notwithstanding my extraordinary poverty, and the pressing solicitations made me, I did not wish yet to render public the printed pamphlet which I have the honour to address you; all the copies are in a safe place, and nothing can hinder their publication if I am

forced to it. More than this, I have in my possession the whole of the correspondence of Count d'Avaray and other lords, amongst which are, *in their entirety*, all the documents emanating from the King relative to the secret negotiations which took place with a view of gaining over Prince Berthier. If my attachment to the King were not carried to excess I should have published all these documents, which will form a large octavo volume, and for which I have been offered a good sum. This cannot astonish you, Count.

But my fate must at last be decided.

I offer to surrender all these documents, and all the copies of my printed memoirs, if I am given immediately, that is to say in a fortnight, the moderate sum of 6,000 francs ; after which I shall rely entirely upon the justice of the King, who cannot refuse me the means of existence, seeing that by my devotion to his august person I have lost a very large fortune as well as my health ; that I was condemned to death at the time of the 13th Vendémiaire, transported to Cayenne the 18th Fructidor, imprisoned, &c., &c., and that I offer to justify my whole conduct, which has never had any other end in view but the King's service. Let attention be paid, Count ; this is not an ordinary affair, it is of the greatest importance under present circumstances. I should never forgive myself for having been the means of serving the King's enemies.

I feel honoured, Count, to have shared with you the proscription of the 18th Fructidor ; you were fortunate enough to escape the execution of the decree, while I was conducted to Cayenne, where I remained twenty months.

I have the honour to be, with profound respect,
your Excellency's very humble and devoted servant,

PERLET.

Geneva, March 31, 1820.

Rue des Belles Filles, No. 12, at Geneva.

P.S.—If you honour me with a reply you may address it to care of Messrs. Sestié, Son & Co., printers and publishers, of Geneva, at Ferney-Voltaire.

Letter to Count Siméon, Minister of the Interior.

Monsieur le Comte,—Eight days ago I had the honour of writing you a letter of the greatest importance, accompanied by a printed memoir, sent post paid. I know I cannot yet hope for a reply; but I am tormented for two good reasons: the first, my want of money; the second, *the fear of doing anything that might injure the King*; for, if I give up the manuscripts in my possession, *a part of which emanated from the King during his stay in Mittau*, there is no doubt that a bad use would be made of them, especially in the critical state of affairs existing at present. I resist with all my force, but I find myself in an extraordinary position. The persons who have aided me during the four years that I have, by the greatest injustice, been forced to spend hidden in this town are soliciting the reimbursement of their money or the delivery of my memoirs and manuscripts. The sum I require is very trifling; it will prevent an unpleasantness which would become irreparable. *There are things of the greatest importance which I could communicate to you, but . . .*

After much difficulty I have obtained a delay of twelve days.

I have the honour to remain, with profound respect,
your Excellency's very humble and devoted servant,

PERLET.

Care of Messrs. Sestié, Son & Co., printers and
publishers, of Geneva, at Ferney-Voltaire.

Geneva, April 7, 1820.

*Letter to M. Cathelin, staying at No. 7, Balances,
Geneva.*

Geneva, April 19, 1820.

Sir,—I have to thank you particularly for the courteous manner in which you presented yourself at my house, and for the kindness with which you listened to my just demands. The Minister could not have confided so important a mission to any one more capable of fulfilling it. As you were sent by his Excellency the Minister, Count Siméon, I expected that you would hand me 6,000 francs. I should not have changed my mind but for the discussion we had together, and my invincible repugnance to do anything which might be displeasing to the King, for whom I would shed the last drop of my blood. I have given you two packets of written matter of the *greatest importance*, which would have formed the basis of a large volume, to have been published in less than a month. I gave you also all the copies of my memoirs and the notice concerning M. Pasquier. I agreed to accept the 1,500 francs you offered me. In doing this I have sacrificed the 6,000 francs which had been offered me for the papers I have handed you. The absolute destitution of my position would have forced me to accept that sum, notwithstanding my repugnance. It would have been the

first time I had ever done anything against the King's interests, but my necessity and the forgetfulness of which I am victim would have been my excuse. You combated the idea and gained me to the good cause, and I yielded. I received the 1,500 francs, and I signed an engagement which I shall fulfil. But, sir, in what a position do you leave me? A prey to eager creditors, who know that I could have satisfied them had I given up my manuscripts! What shall I say to them? No position in the world could be more painful than mine. I perfectly believe that you were not able to do better for me; it would be very painful for me to think otherwise. But in aiding you to accomplish your mission in the manner most advantageous for the King I have not renounced the intention of making my just claims. You are going away, you will render an account of your mission to his Excellency, you will hand him the *very important* documents I have given you, and I hope that he will send me *at once* the complement of the 6,000 francs that you did not feel authorised to give me. In handing you these documents I have made a fresh sacrifice for the King, for by delivering them to the persons who offered me 6,000 francs I should have furnished matter to the King's enemies to publish a book. . . . I showed you my repugnance to this course; but if his Excellency does not send me the balance, what will become of me? . . . You told me that this sacrifice would be appreciated; I hope so. You were good enough to take charge of all the papers concerning myself personally; I venture to hope that his Excellency will confide to some one he may choose all these papers which contain my entire justification, and that, once

being fully convinced, he will speak to the King, from whom I ask no favour, but who owes me justice.

My whole life has been employed in giving proofs of my devotion to the King and his august family; nothing has been able to shake this devotion. It is now undergoing its greatest ordeal.

You were kind enough to say that my fate would change; if so, it must be soon. I rely, sir, upon the promises you made me, and ask you to believe that I am very grateful in anticipation.

I have the honour to be very sincerely,

Your devoted servant,

PERLET.

This letter is annotated in the following manner in M. Cathelin's handwriting:—

I have promised M. Perlet that (so far as it lies in my power) I would interest the authorities, from whom I received my mission, in his favour, by bringing to their notice the reiterated assurances that he gave me of his devotion to his Majesty's interests. I told him that it appeared to me that the loyalty he had displayed on this occasion would be the best argument in favour of his protection, but I took care not to promise him more than this.

CATHELIN.

At the same time M. Cathelin handed the Minister the receipt for the first fifteen hundred francs, and shortly afterwards sent M. Perlet the balance of the six thousand.

I, the undersigned, acknowledge having received the

sum of 1,500 francs, and declare upon my honour that I have faithfully and truly handed to M. Cathelin all the documents I possessed relative to a correspondence with M. d'Avary, and I acknowledge that if I had kept back one or many, or that if I were to publish anything that might have the slightest relation to the aforesaid documents, I should have broken my word of honour, and rendered myself unworthy of the protection of any Government whatever.

PERLET.

Geneva, April 19, 1820.

CHAPTER IV.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF BERRY.

Why was the Duke of Berry assassinated?—Louvel and the Duke
 Decazes—Documents from the 'Black Cabinet'—Opinions of
 Foreign Diplomats—A usurping King and an unscrupulous
 Minister—The Duke of Reichstadt Emperor of Buenos Ayres
 —'Les cordons bleus.'

At the end of 1819 Nauendorff wrote to nearly all the members of the royal family of France: all his letters remained unanswered. The only one who desired to elucidate the mystery that his correspondent undertook to unravel was the Duke of Berry, and it is affirmed—unfortunately statements without proofs have but small value in matters of history—that a violent scene took place on this subject between Louis XVIII. and the Duke of Berry.

I must acknowledge, nevertheless, that the fact appears to me probable enough. The Duke had a large heart, such as is too seldom met with on the steps of a throne, and everything leads to the belief that, had he really found Louis XVII., he would not have hesitated to

become his most valiant defender, and to have declared himself his first subject.

The assassination of which he was victim—Louvel's attempt—was to cause to disappear in the tomb his generous opposition, and render for ever silent that mouth from which might have proceeded words of reproach and of sublime abnegation.

Louvel was the arm which executed this crime, but all France designated the head—the Duke Decazes; and, notwithstanding the quieting influence of time, history has never cleared him of the suspicion.

Did such a state of things cause the favourite to lose royal favour? Not in the least. Driven from the Ministry, and even from France, by public opinion—which even royalty cannot resist—the duke was momentarily exiled to a position of honour and profit—the Embassy of England. But the King did not think it sufficient to merit the favourite's pardon for the removal he had been compelled to impose upon him. He created him duke; he had him granted, thanks to his royal influence, a considerable sum that Decazes had demanded in vain; he sent him the Order of the 'Holy Spirit' (*Saint-Esprit*).

It is not uninteresting here to consult the 'Black Cabinet,' and to give an account of what

was thought at that time of him who was soon to become more powerful than ever.

The Duke Decazes, after having raised the indignation of England by a plot hatched with the view of placing the Duke of Reichstadt on the throne of South America, and thus causing a grave prejudice to English trading, becomes the ally of England.

Together they combated secretly the so-called legitimate monarchy, and strove to place upon the throne of France the son of the regicide Philippe-Egalité, the prince whose assassination of the Duke of Berry was to render more easy his access to the throne.

Report of the Count Goltz to the King of Prussia,
No. 10.

Paris, February 19, 1820.

Sire,—The Ministerial journals and those of the two parties contain all the details known until now of the assassination of H.R.H. the Duke of Berry. I think it unnecessary to repeat them in this report. Besides, what is stated of the first examinations of Louvel is still uncertain, and the trial, which has just commenced in the House of Lords, constituted as a high court of justice, will alone put an end to uncertainties respecting these statements. The moral complicity in the crime, shared by all the revolutionists and ultra-liberals, is but too evident, but the monster has not yet avowed any actual complicity, and as he knows that nothing can

save him from punishment, he will perhaps die without having made this avowal. *There appears, however, no doubt that he lied in declaring that the crime was planned by himself alone*, several years ago; for the Duke of Berry was in the habit of going to Bagatelle almost daily, early in the morning, and accompanied only by one servant, and devoting himself so often to the pleasure of hunting, the assassin could have found a thousand favourable opportunities for the accomplishment of his design. The eye-witnesses of the harrowing scene that took place inside the opera after the unhappy prince had received his mortal blow have confirmed the touching account given of the circumstances by the 'Journal des Débats.' Not even the fables of Greek tragedy offer anything which can be compared to the frightful reality of the misfortunes which have never ceased to follow this royal family. In the short space of twenty-seven years this is the eighth member of the family who has ended his days by a violent death.

Last Tuesday I seized the occasion of a meeting with the Baron de Vincent, at the General Pozzo di Borgo's, who is still ill, to induce his two colleagues to deliberate with us. This confidential deliberation having taken place, we thought it our duty to consign to paper the following conclusions:—'That the death of the Duke of Berry increases the natural and political probabilities of seeing the crown of France leave the branch of the Bourbons, who are essentially anti-revolutionary.

'That in this case, the crown passing to the Duke of Orleans, the elevation of this prince to the throne would be considered in France as the complement of the revolution, because he is the son of a regicide, and

that, although he may be innocent of it, his call to the throne would have been facilitated by a murder.

‘That the French monarchy under such a chief, and with such antecedents, will necessarily find itself in antagonism with every throne, as well as with the public peace.’

The proposition of M. Clausel de Coussergues to take Count Decazes into custody has been placed on the table of the Chamber. It will probably not be taken into consideration, but it is one scandal more.

Report of the Count Goltz to the King of Prussia,
No. 11.

Paris, February 22, 1820.

Sire,—I hasten to profit of the occasion offered me by the departure of a courier to announce to your Majesty that my conjectures as to the impossibility in which Count Decazes appeared to find himself of remaining in the Ministry have not been long before being realised.

Your Majesty will vouchsafe to see by the royal decrees published by the ‘Moniteur’ of yesterday that Count Decazes has resigned the posts of President of the Council of Ministers and of Minister Secretary of State for the Home Department, but that his Most Christian Majesty has accepted it in an extremely gracious manner, in elevating him to the dignity of Duke, and naming him his ambassador to the Court of St. James.

The terms of the two decrees relative to the Duke Decazes, and even that concerning the Duke of Richelieu, indicate that the former is still maintained

in the King's favour; and yet they convey but a faint idea of the almost passionate predilection shown for him by this sovereign at the moment when the united solicitations of the members of the royal family and the force of circumstances have finally decided him to part with this Minister.

Post Scriptum.—I have just returned from St. Cloud, where the members of the diplomatic corps as well as all persons of the high classes go to inquire after the health of the Duchess of Berry. The interior of the castle resembles a tomb from the silence which reigns and the profound mourning of its inmates. I have again seen the two princes and 'Madame' the Duchess of Angoulême, as they quitted the unfortunate widow's chamber. 'Monsieur' is almost unrecognisable; his figure is excessively pale; he pressed my hand affectionately without being able to say a single word.

I learnt, on this occasion, from the Duchess of Reggio that H.R.H. the Duke of Berry always believed that he would one day be assassinated; that he even expressed his belief some days before his death to M. de Mesnars, one of his aides-de-camp, when informing him that he had been warned by anonymous letters; but the prince added that he would not take any precautions, which would be probably useless, and lead to the belief that a Bourbon feared death.

General Walterstorff's Report to M. de Rosenkrantz.

Paris, February 27, 1820.

Sir,—Your Excellency will permit me to converse a moment about the Duke Decazes.

So long as this Minister was in office I seldom spoke of him, not wishing to appear to boast of the friendship

with which he honoured me. Now that he is pursued by calumny, wickedness, and hateful passions I take a pride in rendering him justice, and I desire that the archives of the Legation shall preserve at least a small testimony of the esteem in which I hold him, and the life-long friendship I have vowed him.

After having taken leave of the King last night, the Duke Decazes set out with his family for one of his properties in the suburbs of Bordeaux. His friend, M. Mirbel, formerly *Maître des requêtes* and Secretary-General of the Ministry of the Interior, who has resigned all his positions, accompanied the duke, and will remain with him some time previous to undertaking his proposed journey to Italy.

Although I have called three times upon M. Decazes since he quitted the Ministry, I did not find him in. But his Royal Highness the Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg, who saw him last week, and a friend of mine who met him some days ago at M. de Richelieu's, say they found him very changed; his health appeared so bad that they feared his lungs are attacked. I share their fear. There is also another danger to the duke's life, which is difficult to shake off, seeing the prejudice some journalists seek to inspire against him. I know that honest tradespeople have asked their friends, 'Tell me, sir, is it true that M. Decazes assassinated the Duke of Berry?' 'How can you believe such an absurd story?' 'But, sir, how would they dare to print it were it not true?' Besides, the Duke Decazes has himself received semi-anonymous threatening letters. In one was written, 'Do you know that your life is in our hands?'

The so-called ultra journals affect great moderation

with regard to the new Cabinet, and yet they write, especially the Drapeau Blanc, the most infamous things about him who was the former colleague of the present Ministers, and who is still their friend.

I cannot believe that the change in his position has altered the friendship and esteem they professed for him. I know that he was sincerely attached to them, and they were amongst the number of persons whom he was always glad to meet when he did me the honour of dining at my house.

He always spoke of the Duke of Richelieu with the greatest respect, and when sometimes I expressed a hope that he was friendly with that Minister, he always replied, 'As far as I am concerned, he is perfection.'

Counts Siméon and Portalis, Baron Mounier, and M. de Rayneval were amongst the persons whom he consulted with the greatest confidence. How is it that a man against whom not one single trait of ill-nature can be cited can be attacked with such tenacity by these miserable pamphleteers?

There are too many examples which seem to excuse the indelicate means sometimes resorted to in politics in order to supplant a Minister. But there is no political or moral code which authorises the calumniating a Minister after he has given up the direction of affairs, or preaching in favour of his assassination; for to such it amounts.

Whatever faults the Duke Decazes may have committed during his term of office (and who would not have committed some in his place?), history will render justice to his talents, his loyalty, and the excellence of his heart.

I am, &c.,

WALTERSTORFF.

If the Duke of Berry was warned that he would be assassinated there is little doubt but that the secret police had itself cautioned the Minister that the attack would take place soon. Here is a report, dated March 3, which clearly shows that the Minister had really been informed of the preparation for the crime :—

Police Report of March 3, 1820.

We have performed our respective duties in giving information which may prevent great misfortunes.

It remains now to be seen whether the author of the reports you know of can be convinced.

We have shown you the impossibility of proving them, for the good reason, that as they were made to persons who had the same ideas as their author, and who are culpable because they did not reveal them, they have consequently the strongest interest to deny everything Although the facts in question cannot be proved, we have none the less done our duty, and given a proof of our devotion to his Majesty and to his august family.

JULLIEN.

Let us return to the documents emanating from the 'Black Cabinet.'

[Translated from English. Delivered by English courier.]

Unsigned letter addressed to Mr. J. H. Ward, Member of Parliament, London.

Paris, March 16, 1820.

I have little to tell you in the way of news, my dear Ward. The gossip-mongers here are very active, but up to the present time they have not yet exhausted the everlasting subject of Louvel, his plot, and the murder. Many arrests have been made, but none of anybody of celebrity; the murderer persists in denying that he had any accomplices.

The remains of the unfortunate duke were deposited in the vault of his ancestors, at Saint-Denis, the day before yesterday. The ceremony was most imposing; you will find an account of it in the papers. The King was present, and appeared the least affected of all the assembled crowd. He is said to have already another favourite in the person of a doctor, whose name I forget. A thousand ridiculous stories are spread about his affection for Decazes, and his despair at losing him. Would not one think that it was Decazes who was dead? Here are four anecdotes which are given as true:—

In the King's bedroom there was a very fine portrait of François I. The King much surprised the Duke d'Avary, gentleman of the chamber, by saying to him one morning:—‘Duke, I make you a present of this fine portrait of my grandfather.’

The portrait was immediately taken to the duke's house, and the same evening that of Decazes was put in its place.

The King of France gives the password every day.

It is generally composed of the name of a saint, and of a provincial town. The day of M. Decazes' departure the passwords given by the King were *Elie* (the Christian name of M. Decazes) and *Chartres*, the name of the town in which he was to sleep the same night.

M. Lally-Tollendal made a touching speech in favour of Decazes in the House of Peers. Some days ago the King complimented him publicly at the Tuileries, saying, 'It is worthy of you, M. de Lally, to remain always faithful to an unhappy friend.'

Lately 'Monsieur' wished to speak to the King again about M. Decazes' faults. His Majesty replied with vivacity, 'Brother, do not let us speak of this again; his faults are mine, since I knew all. We are living in very difficult times. Have things improved since M. Decazes' departure? Perhaps we shall be very happy to find him again one day.'

According to these different anecdotes it is evident that the King preserves all his affection for Decazes, and that the latter's political rôle is certainly not yet played out.

The Count Goltz's Report to his Majesty the King of Prussia, No. 16.

Paris, March 18, 1820.

Sire,—I had the honour to receive the rescript No. 10, that your Majesty's minister addressed me, dated the 11th of this month.

. . . The Duke of Richelieu confided to me that he had seen the letter that the present King of England wrote with his own hand to the King of France, to assure him of the pleasure he had experienced in receiving the Duke Decazes as ambassador to his court,

and that, amongst other things, the letter contained this extraordinary phrase, 'That he received the Duke Decazes not only with willingness, but with cordiality.'

[Translated from English.]

Extract of an unsigned letter to Count Arcourt (under cover to Robert William, Esquire).

Paris, March 20, 1820.

It is in vain that proof has been sought that that diabolical act (the assassination of the Duke of Berry) is the result of a conspiracy. I can only compare it to Mr. Perceval's assassination. It must, however, be admitted that the assassin's poignard was sharpened and his hand strengthened by the constant reading of irreligious and infamous writings. The large circulation of these writings is all of which the Duke Decazes can be accused in this horrible tragedy. He assuredly permitted and encouraged them, as if to oppose them to certain powerful royalist works in which his administration was strongly attacked. This party caused him so much fear, and so excited his hatred, that a principal branch of the police was devoted entirely to watching the royalists and to the protection of his own person. That branch is abolished; some of the radical members of the last administration have been already replaced. I am referring to persons having the same rank as your Under-Secretaries of State, and who had considerable importance in Decazes' eyes. There will be no other changes until the laws now under discussion have received the royal sanction.

Considered from a general point of view I cannot

but think that the Duke of Berry's assassination has fortified royalty's cause.

Decazes has gone to his property near Bordeaux, and we fear his return to Paris. Far from having fallen in his royal master's favour, he appears to be sincerely regretted by the King. His portrait has lately been placed in his Majesty's cabinet. As he resigned of his own free will, we fear that his return may be in his own power.

In vain 'Monsieur' and the Duchess of Angoulême beg on their knees, or rather implore, the favourite's removal; nothing can shake the King's friendship and confidence.

Secret Police. M. Guyon's Report.

March 23, 1820.

. . . 'Madame' the Duchess of Angoulême has had a sharp explanation with his Majesty with reference to M. Decazes, whose recall she strongly opposes—so strongly that his Majesty became angry, and forbade his guards to allow anybody to approach the duchess without his orders, adding in a severe tone, 'Guards, do you understand me?'

Monseigneur the Count d'Artois informed the King that he would quit France in case M. Decazes were recalled; this threat produced little effect, and his Majesty did not pay the least attention to it.

The Duke of Fitz-James, who appears to be the declared enemy of Decazes, threatens to kill him if he returns to Paris, and says that he would force him to fight.

*General Walterstorff's Report to M. de Rosenkrantz,
No. 67.*

Paris, July 7, 1820.

The Duke Decazes will certainly leave to-morrow; the greater part of his things are already packed. Yesterday he had a conference of nearly four hours' duration with the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Some of his friends, particularly amongst the Peers, wished him to mount the tribune before leaving, and to state that, having the honour to belong to so distinguished a body, and an accusation as absurd as atrocious having been made against him in the Chamber of Deputies, without his being in a position to force his accuser to follow up his accusation, he thought it his duty to declare publicly that M. Clausel de Coussergues is a slanderer. But it is stated that the King wrote him a letter in which he said '*that as his king he ordered him, and as his friend he begged him, not to pursue his intention, and to prevent his friends from carrying it out.*'

Count de Goltz's Report to the King of Prussia, No. 37.

July 8, 1820.

Duke Decazes, who has continued to go to the King's palace every evening, is at last to leave for London to-morrow evening or the following morning. It appears regretful to me that his Most Christian Majesty has not felt that he placed himself in a most false position in the eyes of the public, and that he injured his own interests in bestowing upon the ex-President of the Council such distinguished, *and perhaps such little merited*, marks of particular favour.

*Despatch from Count Munster to Count de Grote at
Paris.*

London, July 11, 1820.

Since his too hasty acceptance of Duke Decazes as French ambassador, our Sovereign has already more than once desired to find a pretext for refusing this suspected Minister. The intrigue lately discovered in view of establishing a kingdom in South America for the Buonapartes was quite a sufficient reason, seeing that the intention was to destroy the influence of English commerce in that part of the New World. But unhappily this occasion was allowed to slip.

M. Clausel de Coussergues has stated that he undertakes to prove the truth of his accusation; that between the sessions of 1820-1821 he will publish the facts upon which he based it; that the work shall be printed, and a copy distributed to each member of the Chamber; that he had already the first printed proof-sheets, and had shown them.

Count de Goltz's Report to the King of Prussia, No. 38.

Paris, July 15, 1820.

(Ciphers.)

Your Majesty will doubtless have learnt from your London mission what political jobbing has been going on here between the French Ministry, presided over by the Duke Decazes, and some unaccredited deputies from Buenos Ayres, with the view of making the son of the Infante Marie-Louise, Duchess of Lucca, sovereign of Buenos Ayres, on condition of an almost exclusive commercial liberty between France and South America.

Sir Charles Stuart has, to his great surprise, only obtained knowledge of it through his Cabinet about eight days ago.

Such conduct on the part of a mediating court, and in the midst of negotiations which should only aim at the interests and reconciliation of Spain and Portugal, is certainly as rare as it is blameable, and it is to be supposed that it will prepare for Duke Decazes a much less agreeable reception in London than that he flattered himself he would receive.

From M. de Joinville to Count Munster, in London.

Paris, September 1, 1820.

. . . M. de Coussergues has just divulged his opinion that M. Decazes is one of the most dangerous instruments of the incendiary sect, seeing that he enjoys the confidence of the King of France.

Nevertheless, for kings, ministers, and ambassadors M. Decazes is but a man like any other. In London, with his spies and his treasures, he is looked upon and regarded as would be an honest man and a faithful subject of his master. The police of France, which is devoted to him because it is that of Buonaparte, is directed during his absence by his tool, Anglès. *It is known that it was the police that made away with the papers found at Louvel's house, under the pretext that they were of no importance; it is known that they are informed of everything, and that nevertheless the authorities were unable to find a clue to lead to the discovery of the chiefs directing all the political crimes lately committed.*

September 21, 1820.

. . . The suspension of the Queen's trial gives you a little breathing time; but all will recommence stronger than ever. Besides, I believe the Government to be in a better position, since the Queen by her replies to the addresses has allowed her intention of revolutionising to be perceived. Everybody who has twopence to preserve should join with the authorities against that vixen. I should not be astonished if her friends the radicals lead her on to such a point as to render themselves capable of rebellion and worthy of the scaffold.

Three women deputed by the Bordeaux market women brought a cradle for the future child of the Duchess of Berry. They went to see the King; they embraced him, and in the effusion of their caresses said to him, 'You are surrounded by knaves, you must send them away'; but the King only made a grimace at the words.

Letter from the Abbé Ledanois to the Count George Adam Starhemberg, at Vienna.

London, September 27, 1820.

. . . We have the famous Decazes for ambassador here; nobody sees him. He has taken a country-house at Harrow-on-the-Hill, whence he comes very rarely to Portland Place. Up to the present nobody except Lord Castlereagh has invited him.

Letter from M. de la Tour du Pin to Sir Charles Flint, at London.

Paris, October 2, 1820.

My dear Sir Charles,—It is not to inform you of the excellent news of the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux that I write you, for you are aware of it; but I am as

glad of it as you. We wept together the cruel death of the father you loved; let us sing and celebrate together the happy entry of his son into the world. On Friday, St. Michael's day, the Patron Saint of France, at a quarter past three in the morning, the Duchess of Berry was delivered almost without pain. At five o'clock, on waking, I had the pleasure of counting the twenty-four reports of artillery announcing the birth of a prince. My heart beat during the first twelve; the interval between the twelfth and following report seemed long to me, and the beating of my heart doubled. Finally, the so much longed-for thirteenth sounded, and I regained a perfect calm which allowed me to count to the last. You will appreciate better than I could express it, my dear friend, the happiness I feel at this great event. You know all the details, and you will have admired, as I did, the princess's great presence of mind in not wishing to be entirely delivered except in presence of the Marshals and other high crown officials, and even the National Guards on duty. But, perhaps, your papers have omitted to mention the energetic manner in which a national grenadier expressed himself, after having carefully examined the newly-born babe. 'Oh! in this one there is nothing wanting.' 'Be quiet,' said his neighbour. '*Ma foi,*' he replied, 'the words are out; besides, what I said is true—look for yourself.'

My son has just gone out, and begs me to present you his respectful compliments. He has just announced numerous promotions of the 'Cordon bleu.' Four prelates and thirty-one knights.

Amongst others: Duke of Laval Montmorency, Duke of Luxembourg, Duke de la Châtre, Duke d'Aumont, Duke of Maillé, Marshal de Dioménil, Mar-

quis de Latour Maubourg, Marshal Macdonald, Count de Blacas, Count François d'Escar; and then: M. Laine! Baron Pasquier!! M. de Serre!!! Marshal Suchet!!!! Finally, the Duke Decazes!!!!

I leave you with the titbit, which will not I hope prevent you appreciating one of the fattest pheasants that we have shot to-day for the first time this year.

Farewell, my dear Sir Charles, &c.

Count de Goltz's Report to the King of Prussia, No. 52.

Paris, October 7, 1820.

The 'Moniteur' of the 1st of this month published the King's decree for the distribution of thirty-five orders of the 'Holy Ghost.' It would have been preferable, in my opinion, if several amongst the recipients had been omitted, and that his Majesty had made certain others wait at least some years before conferring the distinction upon them. Marshal Suchet was somewhat shocked at first that the Duchess of Berry should have called him in preference when she was delivered; but the 'Cordon bleu,' and the flattering remarks of which he was the object, on account of the admiration he had openly shown for the fine character of this princess, appeared perfectly to satisfy him for the present.

It may easily be imagined that Monseigneur the Duke of Orleans does not share in the satisfaction of the Court; but it is worthy of note, although the circumstance is common enough in this country, that at the prince's reception the day before yesterday there were only foreigners present, and not a single Frenchman.

He received at his country-house at Neuilly, where one often meets the most remarkable men of the 'left' of the two Houses of Parliament.

*Letter from Madame . . . to her brother, Count de
Munster, at Vienna.*

Bordeaux, 1820.

. . . We have in Paris in the two Chambers some very eloquent orators. At last they have crushed the ex-Minister of the Interior. What crimes are imputed to him! Always cherished and protected by the King, it is feared that he has not quitted the helm of public business for good.

Would that M. de Chateaubriand might have been right, when he said of him, '*He has slipped in blood and will not rise again.*'

The newly-created duke, after having despotically governed France, has retired to his castle; he boasts of the pleasures of a country life, and affects an extreme simplicity. He reminds me of a Gascon who after falling from his horse exclaimed, 'Well, I wanted to dismount.'

The duke's castle is quite near here.

CHAPTER V.

SECRET POLICE.

The Lieutenant of the Rhone Police and M. Antinori—An Agent of Murat's—The Secret Police—A Police Director's Perplexities.

THE documents which have been read in the previous chapter prove in a rigorously impartial manner the general feeling in 1820 of both private men and statesmen ; they will enable the reader to form a matured judgment on this period of our history, so curious and yet so little known.

I wish to complete this bundle of papers with some documents coming, not from the 'Black Cabinet,' but from the archives of the secret police, a fact which does not render them less interesting. It seems to me that it is well to make known everything tending to prove that Louvel's crime was not unforeseen, that it was not the act of an isolated assassin, but that of a powerful party, who put the poignard in his hand.

Some weeks before the murder of the

Duke of Berry, M. Joseph Antinori warned the Minister of Police that it was to take place. The correspondence exchanged between him and the central police department is very instructive, and indicates that he was aware of the existence of Louis XVII. His first letters were not attended to; but he persisted, sent reports, and, as he was very well informed on many matters, he who was at first called an adventurer, a swindler, and a sharper, was afterwards carefully brought to Paris at the State's expense. There he was doubtless largely rewarded for speaking of certain things, and more liberally still to keep silent on certain others.

The lieutenant of the Lyons police wrote to the Minister of the Interior :—

Minister of the Interior.
5th Division, Private Office, No. 3389.

Lyons, January 21, 1820.

Monseigneur,—I have the honour to inform your Excellency that a certain *Joseph Antinori*, native of Naples, has been signalled to me by the Consul-General of H.M. the King of Sardinia at Lyons, as a suspicious character.

I have discovered the individual. I am having a watch kept on his conduct and doings with all proper activity and circumspection. In a few days, Monseigneur, I shall send you a detailed report on the subject.

I am, with profound respect,

Your Excellency's very humble and obedient servant,

PERMON,

Lieutenant of Police.

Another letter the following day :—

*To the Consul-General of his Majesty the King of
Sardinia, at Lyons.*

Lyons, January 22, 1820.

Sir,—With the letter you did me the honour of writing me on the 18th of this month I received the enclosed copy of a ministerial notice given by order of his Majesty the King of Bavaria, concerning one Joseph Antinori, born in Naples.

That individual arrived in Lyons the 12th of this month from Geneva; he is stopping at the Hôtel du Nord; he was bearer of a passport delivered at Rome August 25, 1819, by his Eminence the Cardinal *Consalvi*, with destination declared as Turin.

I have retained this passport, which I am going to send to his Excellency the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Every foreigner entering France must deposit his passport at the frontier, where he receives in exchange a provisional one.

Since his arrival in Lyons, *Antinori* has not taken the title of Duke of *Brindisi*. He lives in a retired manner; he is not known to have any private relations. He only frequents his hotel, the 'table d'hôte,' two 'cafés,' and a library established in the district he inhabits. His appearance in Lyons has no determined motive; the apparent reason is that he has come to *taste the pleasures of the Carnival*. This seems to me a specious pretence.

It will be possible by means of an active and circumspect supervision to find out the reason of such a journey.

I have the honour, &c.,

PERMON,

Lieutenant of Police.

Antinori, warned that he was being watched and followed, called upon M. de Permon. That gentleman received him, conversed with him, and asked him for a report, which he sent to Paris.

*Antinori's Report.*¹

Attached to Murat by my principles, employment, and by his favours, which retrieved my fortune ruined by the new systems, I made it my duty to return the intimate confidence with which he honoured me by fulfilling energetically, and I may add to his entire satisfaction, the different delicate and political missions with which he charged me, of which the following was one of the most difficult :—

Murat, warned by his secret agents that Queen Caroline of Sicily had opened, and almost concluded, negotiations with Napoleon, through the intermediary of the Archduchess Marie-Louise, his wife, by which he consented to give her back the kingdom of Naples on condition that she drove the English out of Sicily, and received there a French garrison, reserving to himself the right to place Murat upon another throne. Not satisfied with this plan, which did not suit him at all, he warned the English Government, by means of Lord Bentinck, and thus causing the project to fail, and the exile and troubles of Queen Caroline. But he could not rest until he had seized the correspondence between the Queen and Napoleon. I, having succeeded with much difficulty in obtaining possession of the correspondence and handing it to him, he delivered it to the

¹ The reader will not forget that Antinori was Italian.

Vienna Congress at the moment that Queen Caroline was intriguing against it. This was a thunderbolt for her, and having at the same time, through the well-known indiscretion of Murat, learnt that it was I to whom it was owing, she inspired her son, Prince Leopold, who was with her, with her thirst for vengeance.

After Murat's catastrophe, the loss of my employment, and the services I had rendered Murat, caused existence in my own country to be far from agreeable, and I decided to leave it and offer my services to some European Power, as my want of fortune did not permit me to live independently. I believed that the extent of my relations and my influence in Italy might be very useful to Austria. I therefore addressed myself to the Prince de Metternich, who received my offer very favourably; but, unhappily for me, the Emperor, his master, asked for information about me, on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Leopold of Naples with his daughter. The information given by the prince in a spirit of vengeance and prejudice was the cause of my being sent away, notwithstanding the goodwill of Prince de Metternich and the protection of the General Rubna, and I was made to suffer unjust persecutions unworthy of the grandeur and glory of so great a Sovereign.

Repulsed by Austria, I offered my services to Russia through the Count Capo d'Istria, and they were accepted. I have therefore acted according to her views and according to her interests, and I justly flatter myself that she is very satisfied both with myself and my work.

The firm and decided wish of the Emperor of Russia is, notwithstanding all his enemies say, that Europe may

enjoy an unalterable peace ; but he is convinced that to attain this end no innovations should be made, that above all the great Powers must not oppress the smaller ones, nor interfere with their organisation or their rights. Starting from this principle, which is incontestable, the Emperor Alexander cannot regard with indifference the conspiracies of England and Austria, which are perfectly well known to him. And if his moderation hinders him from exclaiming against them, and adopting a tone analogous to his power but contrary to his moderate and pacific principles, it does not hinder him from taking measures to preserve the peace of Europe as far as possible, and to oppose successfully the ambition of any Power wishing to depart from the adopted principles.

That is why I prevailed upon the Court of Rome to oppose the project of Italian confederation proposed by Austria, which would have tended to place Italy in Austria's power ; and I succeeded in giving it the courage required to reject even the treaty of navigation on the Po, of which Austria aimed at becoming absolute mistress. That is why I have had the greatest success with the Turin cabinet, in opposing an insurmountable barrier to Austria's projects with regard to Italy in spite of the Queen's influence.

That is why I wished to penetrate the position and the politics of the Court of Bavaria, whose system is perfectly well known to me, as well as all its most secret means, so that I can make any use desirable of them in case of necessity, without counting the incalculable extent of my relations with Italy, which not only enabled me to know of the Duke of Saint-Aignan's mission to Milan, and the projects communicated by

H.R.H. the Duke of Angoulême to the King of Sardinia, and the Duke of Ressex's information, and the motives of Mr. Hamilton's journey to Rome, and Lord Bentinck's intrigues, but even the three parties or sects which divide Italy, the 'Carbonari,' the 'Adelphes,' and the 'Consistórials'; their spirit, their end, relations, and means; added to which all that a most precise and precious knowledge of its position, politics, and everything relating to the interior and exterior. But the importance of my negotiations, and the secret of the *stolen* letters alarmed Austria, who, knowing my activity and my means, discovered, although but partly, whence proceeded the check she experienced, and the insurmountable obstacles raised to her projects; and judging from the present what she had to fear for the future, she employed every means of thwarting my proceedings.

Consequently, having learned that from Munich, where I was, I intended proceeding to St. Petersburg, she did not hesitate to most earnestly beg the Bavarian Government not only to expel me from its States, on the pretence that my passport was irregular, but even to refuse to grant me a passport for the interior of Germany, and especially for Russia, so as to oblige me to retrace my steps and thus lose my time, perhaps very precious for her. I am inclined to believe that, on account of the fear with which I inspire Austria, she will use all her influence to damage me in the mind of the Emperor Alexander, and I cannot foresee what may be the result of her attempts.

In this state of affairs, when I arrived at Geneva I did not hesitate to write, with my usual frankness, to the Prince de Metternich and the General Rubna, to

ask them in a most forcible manner for an explanation of a conduct which appeared to me strange and improper ; and I indicated Lyons, a more agreeable resting-place than Geneva, as the place to which to address the replies I expect at any moment. But a few days after my arrival here one of my friends informed me that I was watched. I did not hesitate to present myself with confidence to one of the highest officials of the Government, M. de Permon, to clear away any doubts, the more disagreeable to me as neither my missions nor my operations have any relation to France, and that I neither know nor see a living soul in Lyons, which I now visit for the first time.

I therefore thought it proper to make him a confidential and exact report of the position in which I find myself, begging him to submit to his Excellency the Prime Minister, Monseigneur the Count Decazes, and to wait his orders, if he will honour me with them ; and I am ready to give any further explanations on that which I have confided to him, and on many other political relations of the gravest import, all of which are to my hand and well known to me on account of my relations in different parts of the globe.

I hope, and at the same time expect, that entire secrecy shall be observed, and that my confidence and frankness will not be taken advantage of.

JOSEPH ANTINORI.

Lyons, January 23, 1820.

Interviews continued to take place between Antinori and the lieutenant of police, who had received confidential instructions from the capital.

Antinori went to Lausanne, promising to

write to M. de Permon, who received the following letter from him dated March 31, 1820 :—

Lausanne, March 31, 1820.

Monsieur de Permon,—I promised to write you, and I keep my word ; but as I have no desire to incite the enmity of a man who will appear upon the scene more powerful than ever, you will allow me therefore, until I am positively sure of the discretion and secrecy required by these affairs, to speak to you with circumspection and prudence.

Believe me, you are on the edge of a precipice which threatens to open and swallow you. The insurrection in Spain, which will not stop while going on so well, and that which will break out in two months at the latest in another part of Europe, will place you between two fires, which will serve to draw you into the conflagration ; at this time, and not sooner, you will be dreadfully tormented, and will see the realisation of my words. Mina has spoken, and if you knew all he said, if I could communicate to you an intercepted correspondence, you would shudder with horror, you would see your ruin inevitable ; but, I repeat, the enmity of a man who will become more powerful than ever, and who, by I know not what magic, *has fascinated the eyes* of the most clear-sighted, would not suit me at all, nor would it suit my purpose. I must therefore be sure of a discretion proof against everything before entering into more important details.

I flatter myself, sir, you will approve a reserve rendered indispensable by my position, and accept the assurance of my highest esteem, &c.

ANTINORI.

Antinori wrote a second letter on April 4, which, like the first, remained unanswered, M. de Permon acting in conformity with instructions from the General-Director of Departmental Administration and the police. But he advised his chief of them on May 13, and sent him at the same time Antinori's last letter.

General Direction of Departmental Administration and of Police.
Private Office, No. 3945.

Lyons, May 13, 1820.

Monsieur le Directeur-Général,—In accordance with the letter you did me the honour to write me on April 15 last, in reply to that I had written you the 5th of the same month, I abstained from replying to the communications of M. Antinori.

I have received another letter from him, of which I hasten to send you a copy enclosed.

H.R.H. Monseigneur the Duke of Angoulême was no longer in Lyons when this letter reached me.

According to your instructions I do not reply to M. Antinori.

Nevertheless, as these hints he gives have some coincidence with divers reports which reach me from several points, I am carefully on my guard in order to baffle any attempts at malevolence.

I am, &c.,

PERMON.

Enclosure.

Lausanne, May 8, 1820.

To M. de Permon,—Your silence after my letter of April 4 should excuse me from writing to you again; but you know my sentiments, and the extreme import-

ance of a thing which may have the most fatal consequences for your tranquillity, convince me that *the revelations which I could make directly to his Royal Highness Monseigneur the Duke of Angoulême* on his passing through Lyons or elsewhere, if he will grant me the honour of a reception, will be not only useful to him, but I dare to say indispensable to the security of his kingdom, and the glory and happiness of his august family.

I beg you therefore, sir, to inform me whether his Royal Highness accepts my offer, in which case I will proceed immediately to wherever he may order; and if the contrary, while abstaining from importuning you, I shall content myself by wishing, perhaps in vain, the tranquillity and happiness of France and glory of the reigning dynasty.

My position and the immense extent of my relations give me the clue to many mysteries, and the confidence to speak to you frankly.

Believe me, &c.,

ANTINORI.

As later did Madame de Rambaud, and Madame Marco de Saint-Hilaire, so Murat's former agent, to whom Joseph Buonaparte had confided a secret on which he said depended the happiness of France and the glory of the Royal Family—a secret which was none other than that of the existence of Louis XVII.—so Antinori wished to speak to the Duchess of Angoulême. To her he wished to reveal the existence of her brother, or, in default of

her, to the duke himself. But orders were given not to reply to his demands.

Whatever it might be, this secret, a great desire was exhibited at the Tuileries to learn what Antinori knew, in a manner which would be uncompromising. M. de Permon received orders to put himself again in communication with him.

No further hesitation was possible.

The Duke de Berry had been murdered, the police having been warned beforehand. Antinori likewise announced the fresh attempt which was to endanger the life of the child yet unborn, and M. de Permon informed the Director-General of the execution of his orders.

General Direction of Departmental Administration and of Police.
Private Office, No. 4160.

Lyons, June 17, 1820.

To the General Director,—In conformity with the confidential letter you did me the honour to write me on May 29 last, in reply to mine of the 13th of the same month, I wrote on the 5th instant to M. Antinori, and enclose you copy of my letter.

By this post I have received a reply from that person which I enclose also.

According to your instructions I confine myself to referring everything to you, and I shall abstain from all further correspondence with this foreigner, but I write you to-day by telegraph (*sic*).

I am, &c.,

PERMON.

To M. Antinori, Poste Restante at Lausanne.

Lyons, June 5, 1820.

Sir,—I received the two letters you did me the honour to write me. You are free to send me in writing the information you say you can furnish; I shall then be able to appreciate its importance.

But if you refuse to employ this means you will authorise me to conclude that your offers are illusive.

PERMON,

Lieutenant of Police.

Lausanne, June 12, 1820.

To M. de Permon,—Admit, sir, in good faith, that but for the recent events in Paris, which I announced to you two months ago, you would not have had the goodness to reply on the 5th of June to my two previous letters.

Events which might have been avoided if you had communicated my last letter to his Royal Highness—events which are but the prelude to your inevitable and near ruin; but I am too accustomed to affairs to accede to your request to communicate to you that which I could only communicate directly to his Royal Highness, or at least in this moment to one of his Majesty's Ministers. *You have only a moment to save yourselves, and I offer you the means, on which I stake my life.* That moment passed, you are irredeemably lost; but I shall only communicate the danger *verbally* to his Majesty's Ministers, and on their positive and direct invitation to proceed to Paris for that object.

It is for you, sir, after the information I have given you, *and from the sample I have already given you, to*

judge what is advisable for you to do. As for me, I will serve you if you desire it; if you decide to the contrary, I can only pity you; but while sighing over your misfortunes and your ruin, I shall not cease to bear towards you personally the highest esteem and consideration.

Your very humble servant, &c.,

ANTINORI.

P.S.—If you do not have the kindness to reply by return of post, I warn you, sir, that I shall consider myself relieved from all my promises; the more so, as I do not intend to remain much longer here without some definite object.

The lieutenant of police of the department of the Rhone at once invited his correspondent to proceed to Paris. We have not his letter, which probably was kept by Antinori, and M. de Permon did not send a copy to the General Director; but it brought the following reply, dated June 26, 1820:—

Lausanne, June 26, 1820.

Monsieur de Permon,—If I were particular, or less well-intentioned, I could, sir, make some observations respecting your manner of inviting me to proceed to Paris, and as to the person to whom you send me; but I only think of your impending danger, and I seize without hesitation this occasion to guarantee you against it. But you are too reasonable to desire that in acting to render you an *essential* and *inappreciable* service, I should support the expenses of the journey. I ask for no recompense until my information has been

judged, and my services profited by ; but my finances do not allow me to advance money, and you will not, sir, find it out of place if I wait until you are good enough to send me an order for fifty louis, when I shall immediately start.

You would be wrong to suppose that your Government will ever regret this small expense, since it is a question of its salvation, on which I stake my life ; but I beg you to excuse me if I cannot do without it, and you may reckon upon my exactitude and my promptitude to convince you of the sincerity of my promises. For this reason I hand you my receipt herewith for you to use as you think fit.

Your reply will decide the moment of my departure, and I can positively assure you that the nature and importance of my revelations are such as to save your country from the fearful dangers menacing it, and to assure its tranquillity and happiness ; and at the same time I must not hide from you that moments are more precious than you can imagine.

I have the honour to remain, &c.,

ANTINORI.

The police department did not lose an instant. This mar-joy, this bird of ill-omen, was brought to Paris immediately. They naturally paid his travelling expenses, while waiting to buy his silence.

He gave a first receipt.

I have received from M. de Permon, Lieutenant-General of Police at Lyons, fifty louis in gold, which I had asked for in order to proceed to Paris, where I

promise to arrive the of this month of July, in order to present myself to his Excellency the General Director of Departmental Administration and Police of the Kingdom, in accordance with my letters addressed to the said M. de Permon.

ANTINORI.

Lausanne, July 1820.

On passing through Lyons, Antinori called to pay his respects to M. de Permon. He did not divulge any of his secrets to that official, but inspired him with a holy fear, the impression of which was echoed over hill and dale by the great arms of the telegraph posts rising in the air and gesticulating with fright.

Telegraph
d'Argone line.

Despatch from
Lyons, transmitted to Paris.

*Lieutenant of Police at Lyons to the Director-General of
the Provincial Police Administration.*

July 27, 1820.

M. Antinori has arrived in Lyons. He leaves to-day for Paris. He is to present himself to you as soon as he arrives. I beg you to receive him without delay.

Certified copy.

CHAPPE.

Lyons, July 29.

Antinori effectually proceeded to Paris. He was received by the Director-General of the Provincial Police Administration, and by the Minister of Police; he pointed out the dangers

run by the King, and what must be done to avoid them. Doubtless he offered his aid to put these means into execution, and, his mission terminated, he retired into some quiet town in Italy, where under an ever blue sky and thanks to an eternal springtime, he became the founder of a family of honest men and good patriots.

CHAPTER VI.

THE INQUIRY.

The Empress Josephine an Accomplice to the Dauphin's Escape—
A Page from Louis Blanc—His Father and the Civil List—
Louis XVIII.'s Inquiry—What the Count Anglès thought—
A Letter from Jules Favre.

A FEW months ago the Empress Eugenie said to one of her former maids-of-honour, that it was a tradition in the Buonaparte family that Josephine had contributed to the escape from the Temple, and that her death, so sudden and so strange, might well be attributed to some imprudent revelations she had made on the subject.

Was Nauendorff really the son of Louis XVI. ? This is, I repeat, a question which I have no mission to solve. I am simply convinced that the Dauphin did not die in the Temple, but those who denied Nauendorff's identity ought to have established his veritable condition—it was elementary. Why was not this done? When one peruses the numerous documents col-

lected by Jules Favre, one must be of bad faith or very limited intelligence not to recognise in Nauendorff a political personage. He was therefore doubly interesting, and it would have been but child's play for the police to have found his father. Why, again, was not this done?

I am anxious to produce a last attestation, which confirms in the most formal and authentic fashion the fact of which the Empress Eugenie spoke :—

This sixth of July, 1840, before Mr. John Sise Venn, Public Notary at London, duly admitted and sworn, he being at No. 8 Camberwell Green, near London, and the two undersigned witnesses who attested the identity of the appearing party, was present Madame Catherine Hyde, Marchioness of Broglio-Solari, who, appearing in presence of me, notary, and of the said witnesses, solemnly declared as follows, to wit :—

I, Catherine Hyde, Marchioness of Broglio-Solari, formerly in the service of her Majesty Marie-Antoinette, and known as ‘la petite Anglaise,’ declare as follows :—

1. That being in Brussels with my husband, the Marquis of Broglio-Solari, minister of the Republic of Venice, during the winter of 1803, we were invited to dinner at the house of *Barras*, one of the ex-directors of the French Republic.

Conversation between my husband and Barras having turned on the subject of Buonaparte, Barras, a little excited by wine, exclaimed: ‘He will never succeed in his ambitious projects, for the son of Louis XVI. is living.’ This took place in 1803. At this

time Pontécoulant, the Prefect, had received an order to allow none but foreigners to visit Barras.

2. That my husband and myself were present at the sale by the ex-director of the land of Grosbois, *formerly belonging to the Count of Provence*, to General Moreau, a fact which I simply state to prove the intimacy existing between Barras and my husband, whom he called upon to sign the contract of sale.

3. That having passed some time with *Hortense*, Queen of Holland, at Augsburg, towards 1819-1820, she confirmed in several conversations the Dauphin's escape from the Temple, and that amongst other things she told me that when the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia went to visit Josephine, they asked her, '*Whom shall we place on the throne of France?*' and Josephine replied, '*Naturally, the son of Louis XVI.*'

4. That having learned that a person living in Camberwell called himself the son of Louis XVI., I solicited an interview, and, having obtained it, I acquired the firm and settled conviction from facts which came to my knowledge, and from the proofs given me by his Royal Highness, that he, Charles Louis, Duke of Normandy, *formerly known by the name of Nauendorff*, is the veritable son of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette.

I hasten to offer this present declaration to his Royal Highness, affirming before God and men that everything therein contained is the exact truth.

In faith of which I have signed.

CATHERINE HYDE,

Marchioness of Broglio-Solari, native of England.

It is not necessary for me to dwell upon the great importance of this testimony from the

Marchioness of Broglio-Solari, for, coming from the wife of the Minister of the Venetian Republic, it was as worthy of belief as that of Madame de Rambaud and Madame Marco de Saint-Hilaire. This testimony is confirmed by that of M. Lambreti de Fontaine, librarian to the Dowager Duchess of Orleans. In 'Révélations de l'existence de Louis XVII.,' page 25, we read :—

'In 1814 the Empress Josephine received the visit of the King of Prussia and the Emperor Alexander at the castle of Malmaison ; Josephine interceded with them in favour of Louis XVII.

'The King of Prussia did not make any promise.

'The Emperor Alexander promised to exert his efforts that everything should remain in a provisional state in France until the son of Louis XVI. should have been discovered, and that he would then see justice done him. However secret the conversation was kept, it appears that something of it must have transpired, for but few days afterwards Josephine died *almost suddenly*, and the whole of Europe named the author of this premature death.'

Among historians of undoubted authority Louis Blanc may be named in the first rank without fear of contradiction. Not only did he, like every impartial writer, admit the escape from the Temple, but he sought to explain the

reasons which had contributed to keep it a secret, and that Louis XVII. had never been in a position to obtain acknowledgment of his rights.

In 'L'Histoire de la Révolution Française,' edition of 1869, volume xiii., page 100, he expresses himself as follows :—

'The question will doubtless be asked how it is that if it be true that the son of Louis XVI. did not die in the Temple, his existence has never been recognised in a positive manner, or his identity solemnly proved. There is certainly reason for astonishment, yet this astonishment diminishes if it is considered :—

'That at the time indicated as that of the escape the Dauphin was only nine years old ;

'That he was consequently liable to fall into all sorts of snares ;

'That during this period the whole of Europe was in a state of fearful confusion ;

'That the Royalist party was a hotbed of intrigues ; its principal leaders only looked upon the restored monarchy as a prey to be devoured, and amongst the rival pretenders they held themselves ready to support those who offered them the largest number of places ;

'That the Count de Provence, called to wear the crown in default of any direct heir, was a

man in whom profound cunning was combined with a most violent desire to reign ;

‘That he had a powerful interest to allow the destiny of his nephew to remain in the obscurity which events had cast about it.’

Like all who write without the mental reservation of favouring one party to the detriment of others, Louis Blanc was attacked by all. But those who have the least forgiven him for having sought to discover the truth for its own sake are undoubtedly the Royalists. Being unable to combat the writer, they attempted to strike the man in attacking his honour—without, however, any success—in spreading reports that Louis Blanc would have done better to have shown more reserve in his judgment of the Bourbons, seeing that his father accepted a pension from their civil list.

Charles Blanc, senior, was, in fact, on the list of those to whom royal aid was accorded ; but Louis Blanc, wishing to be free of any gratitude, of any moral debt, endeavoured to cause the pension to be discontinued.

The following letters throw the true light upon the facts of the case. They do not appear to be out of place, for they can but serve to elevate the character of a writer whose impartiality we appeal to and respect :—

To Baron Mounier.

February 8, 1841.

Sir,—I learn that my father receives from time to time monetary aid from the funds destined for the ancient pensioners of the civil list.

This does not appear right to me, my convictions imposing upon me the duty of combating the present Government.

My father is poor. I am poor also ; but the half of what I earn by my work has sufficed up till now to assure him an annual pension of twelve hundred francs. That is enough to keep both of us from extreme poverty.

I beg you earnestly, sir, to erase from the list of those who receive succour the name of my father, M. Charles Blanc (of Aveyron).

Nevertheless, as it would not be just that my father suffered from his son's susceptibility, I would beg the permission to hand you for him, at the regular times, the small sum that he is in the habit of receiving.

It would be well that my father ignore completely what I have done ; in allowing him to remain in ignorance of it you will have earned the right to my gratitude.

Receive, sir, the assurance of my highest consideration.

LOUIS BLANC.

To M. Louis Blanc.

February 13, 1841.

You wrote to me, sir, to ask me to strike the name of your father, M. Blanc, off the list of those receiving the assistance accorded to pensioners of the ancient civil list.

It is not possible for me to accede to such a request. M. Blanc fulfils the requisite conditions; he has, therefore, a right to benefit by the measures taken to relieve the position of these ancient pensioners.

I did not reply to you sooner because you omitted in your letter to give your address.

I have the honour, &c.,

BARON MOUNIER.

I have already stated that M. Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld, Duke of Doudeauville, knew what to believe respecting the Dauphin's pretended death. He was not the only person amongst the confidants of Louis XVIII. for whom the existence of Louis XVII. was no mystery, and the King, informed by the police that although not doing so openly, even his confidants discussed the matter, had the idea not to treat this malevolent talk with contempt, but to combat it. The faithful Decazes was charged with the direction of the campaign. Former servant of the Imperial family, he confided to the Count Anglès, who like himself had gone over bag and baggage to the Bourbons' service, the duty of making an inquiry of which the avowed aim was said to be to reward those who had given proofs of devotion to the royal child in the Temple. But the inquiry carefully instituted was intended to furnish the King with the means of confound-

ing those who accused him of usurping the throne.

Here are the terms in which the Count Decazes confided this important mission to the Prefect of Police :—

‘ All those who in those times of fatal memory were able to render service to the young prince have found their reward in their conscience. But this kind of recompense does not satisfy the princes of the House of Bourbon. They have searched with diligence, as soon as they returned to their native soil, any one who during their captivity dared to render the smallest service to the illustrious prisoners in the Temple. It would appear, however, that some, doubtless from most praiseworthy motives, have hidden themselves from the royal gratitude.

‘ His Majesty has appeared to desire that such persons should be carefully sought ; if they are living to inquire as to their residences, their present position, and their conduct, and to find out what would be best to do for their welfare. His Majesty orders that nothing be neglected in order to obtain a prompt enlightenment on this subject. You can address me any information so soon as obtained, as well as any indications which might further the object of the search I am directed to make.’¹

¹ National Archives, F. 7, carton 6,808, dossier 1,496, minutes.

Let us see the effect of the investigation.

The result was strange and quite unexpected ; discovery was made—not of the young prince's body—but of proofs of the most touching devotion on the part of those around him, and certificates of kind behaviour were given to his guards, his jailers, and his executioners.

Even Simon himself—the odious, infamous Simon, he whom history will ever stigmatise as a cowardly criminal, in spite of all the investigations that it pleased Louis XVIII. to order—and Simon's wife, are both found to possess virtues hitherto unknown. Madame Simon was a *second mother* to the Dauphin. The eminent M. Chantelauze, who believed Louis XVII. to have died in the Temple, said (‘ Louis XVII, son enfance, sa prison et sa mort au Temple,’ at page 7) :—

‘The investigation furnished some very interesting particulars on the visits to the Temple made by other physicians, such as Thierry, Naudin, Brunyer, and one Pipelet, a surgical bandage-maker. They will be noticed in due course.

‘The widow Simon, at that time in the Hospital for Incurables, Rue de Sèvres, was the object of a special and more careful inquiry than the others, and the conclusions arrived at were very singular. Without taking any notice of the

universal reprobation and the overwhelming testimony against this woman by the Temple servitors, Count Anglès' agents, founding their belief upon information the source of which they do not mention, expressed an opinion about her absolutely in contradiction with those of their contemporaries. They inclined to the belief that, far from having ill-treated the little prince confided to her charge, she did not cease to bestow upon him almost maternal care.'

I understand the difficulty Count Anglès' agents would have had to say whence they had obtained their information.

It may justly be supposed that it was slightly fanciful; but the end the King had in view was to prove the death of his nephew and the lawfulness of his own reign; and the inquiry was conducted with this aim. All the witnesses found alive of that sombre and mysterious tragedy of which the Temple was the scene, were rewarded in proportion to their affirmations in favour of the prince's death. Some were made knights of the legion of honour, others received money, others appointments; but notwithstanding all the skill exhibited by Count Anglès, history will always consider Simon and his wife two abominable rascals.

And you, reader, who do me the honour of perusing these lines, did you know of the inquiry

made by Louis XVIII., and do you seriously think that the woman Simon behaved like a second mother to the 'little Capet'?

The Count Anglès was not only a most valuable Prefect of Police, but he was, what is preferable, a thoroughly honest man.

What did he think of the *rôle* he was made to play, and of the Government which imposed this *rôle* upon him?

He will answer for himself:—

To Baron Louis.

December 3, 1827.

. . . These are the bitternesses and persecutions that I have suffered during seven years, because I would never share the passions of a party, and be its instrument.

I knew too well all their odious and perfidious manœuvres, and I foresaw as well as any one—perhaps better on account of my position—the harm they were likely to draw upon France. Therefore I did not hesitate to resign at the same time as the Duke of Richelieu. I was at that time the only public functionary occupying an exalted position who had sufficient force of character to resign. . . .

COUNT ANGLÈS.

M. Chantelauze adds (page 234):—

. . . But on the demand made by the General Council of the Commune, January 8, 1794, to the Committee of Public Safety, that it should express 'its wish respecting the nomination of the citizen who should replace Simon, the guardian of the little Capet,'

the committee, with the most culpable want of foresight, and without appreciating the import and the deplorable consequences of its decision, declared *that it regarded Simon's mission as useless, and thought that the members of the Council alone should watch over the prisoners in the Temple.* This was to a certain extent to renounce any sort of control of the interior rules of the prison; it was to permit tacitly and in a cowardly manner that the children of Louis XVI., although still considered by the 'Convention' as State prisoners—since they were kept in a special prison—were to be treated on an equal footing with thieves and assassins; to partake of the same food, and be like them deprived of any servitor; it was, in a word, to hand them over without protection to the brutality and ferocity of the bandits of the Commune. We shall soon see in what an atrocious manner they used the unlimited powers confided to them, in order to cover their responsibility.

In the mean time, the General Council decided that four of its members should be sent to the Temple every day, as commissaries, there to remain twenty-four hours, and keep in future a direct watch over the prisoners.

What more efficacious measures could have been taken in view of an escape?

A child without special servants, whose discretion must be relied upon, visited each day by different persons.

Nothing easier than to effect his escape without discovery, by putting another child in his place for a few hours.

A child was chosen who was very ill; he died. 'Strangers who had never seen the Dauphin' came to affirm that they had seen a dead child, 'who was stated to them to be the little Capet,'¹ and the trick was done.

It is, besides, astonishing that the young Dauphin's body was never found. All the searches ordered by Louis XVIII., with a view of discovering his remains in the cemetery of Sainte Marguerite, were without result. A police force well enough organised to discover that Simon and his wife were honest, nay more, virtuous people, ought, it would seem, to have been able, in spite of all obstacles, to discover the coffin; but it would appear that if the police were prodigal with their assertions, they found it more difficult to produce real and material proofs of the death.

It must be admitted that the King was unfortunate; for if the body of his nephew had been exhumed, the slanderers who pretended that he was still alive would have been silenced.

M. Chantelauze has, it appears, some very important papers, which are to prove, in one of the next editions of the work already mentioned, that the Dauphin's body was discovered in . . . 1846.

Why did not the good Louis Philippe deco-

¹ Certificate of the death of Louis XVII.

rate and pension those who, by such a discovery, had removed an odious suspicion from the memory of the sovereigns whose throne he, in his turn, had so gallantly usurped? And why have forty years been allowed to elapse before we are promised the revelation of a fact of such capital interest in our history?

In getting together the different documents which have been read, I have been brought into contact with numbers of people. Some have said to me, when I told them of the opinion Jules Favre had expressed to me as to the genuineness of Nauendorff's claims:—

‘I do not doubt either the sincerity of your statements, nor the exactness of your memory. But you may be assured that in his heart Jules Favre knew what to think about the pretensions of his clients.’

I am anxious to reply to those who spoke to me thus, and think I cannot do so better than by reproducing the last letter which the eminent lawyer and faithful friend addressed to those for whom he was unable to obtain the justice of an investigation.

To Madame the Princess Amélie de Bourbon.

January 2, 1880.

Dear Princess,—I am deeply touched by your faithful souvenir, and in exchange for your wishes I offer

you the sincere expression of those I form for your happiness. Providence has given you a haven after the violent storms which have agitated your heart. You will find therein the supreme treasure of a loyal and pure affection, the ever fresh intercourse with a fine intelligence worthy of associating with your own, and to share its noble hopes. May God long preserve you this happiness, and above all may He reserve for you, as a recompense for your pious faith and filial constancy, a brilliant and unexpected manifestation of the truth. To say truly, I wish it you without hope. I believe, as you do, that despite resistance and human ambitions, perhaps even because of them, and by reason of their efforts, opinion is sufficiently enlightened to serve as a lamp to history. That is your resource, and the eloquent book you have sent me will powerfully assist you.

I thank you for your letter, which has profoundly touched me, for I am still, and shall remain to the end, the advocate of your heroic defeat. I am buried under the ruins of your cause, and more than ever convinced of its justice.

I beg you to present my compliments to M. de la Prade, and to believe, dear Princess, in the assurance of my respect and devotion.

JULES FAVRE.

During the course of this study I have limited myself to presenting facts and producing testimonies in all their integrity. I have not had to judge the Nauendorffs, who, I am assured, although Jules Favre's letter would seem to convey a contrary impression, have

always been profoundly ungrateful to those who have served them.

This is quite characteristic of the Bourbons. If the Nauendorffs do not really belong to the royal family, they are at least on this account quite worthy of the connection.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST BUONAPARTES.

The Cradle of the Corsican Buonapartes—Sarzane—San Miniato—
Florence—Tombs and Monuments—The Veneration of An-
cestors.

SEVERAL historians have placed Sarzane, the little town where the Buonapartes originated, in Tuscany; this is an error.¹

Sarzane, whither I made a few years ago an historical pilgrimage, is a coquettish little town in the Genoese territory. Its clean and regular pavement gives it a holiday appearance. Notwithstanding the interest presented by its archives, they have been very little consulted. I wished to find there all I could relating to the Buonapartes, and I was greatly assisted by Msgr. Podesta, to whom I desire to address my best thanks.

¹ Colonel Yung, amongst others, says (*Buonaparte et son temps*, vol. i. p. 30): 'The Buonaparte family originated in Sarzane, in Tuscany.'

I received the following letter on August 19, 1885 :—

Sarzane, August 17, 1885.

Sir,—In reply to your favour of the 5th, I make it my duty to send you the enclosed memoir of the Buonaparte family.

It was kindly furnished me by Msgr. Louis Podesta, archdeacon of the cathedral, who joins to an exquisite courtesy a profound knowledge of things which interest our country.

Happy to be again able to render you this small service,

I have the honour to be,

Yours very devotedly,

FIORI,

Mayor.

Notice on the branch of the Buonaparte family formerly residing in Sarzane, and which has since settled in Corsica.

Buonaparte de Cianfardo, imperial notary and notary of the sacred palace, having been driven from Florence during the 'faction' wars, took refuge with his family in Lunigiana towards the middle of the thirteenth century ; shortly afterwards, having come to Sarzane, he fixed his residence there definitely. It is shown from two documents recorded in the Pelavicino manuscript of the capitulary archives for the year 1270, and concerning an action between the said Buonaparte de Cianfardo and the Bishop of Luni, Guillaume, that he had been for some time owner of lands and houses.

Gerini is of opinion that this Buonaparte came to Sarzane between 1260 and 1264, and quotes as proof

pages 16 and 17, vol i., of the old register of the communal records. But a deed registered at page 199, vol. i., of Pelavicino, would lead to the supposition that, on the contrary, he had then been there since 1250. It is the certified copy of a deed of 1180, at the end of which may be read, 'Ego Bonapars, S. Palacii Notarius, autenticum hujus exempli vidi et legi, in quo inveni ut in isto scripsi, nihil addens vel minuens quod mutet sensum aut variet intellectum, et hoc feci auctoritate et de mandato domini Benetti, Vicarii in Lunigiana pro comuni Pisano, mihi facto Sarzana sub anno currenti MCCL Ind. VIII die Mercurii IX mensis Martii.'¹

The Abbé Conti, the very learned dean-rector of San Miniato, deceased a few years since, collected many notes and documents referring to the Buonaparte family, in order to complete a work he intended to publish; but I do not know whether he had the time. He proposed to prove that this illustrious family originated in San Miniato, and that from this common head sprang the branches of the Buonapartes of Florence, Sienna, Trévisé, and of Sarzane.

However this may be, it is beyond question that the branch which took root in Ajaccio sprang from the Buonapartes of Sarzane. That is clearly shown, not only by the statements of members of the family, but also by authentic deeds—statements and deeds quoted

¹ I, Buonaparte, notary of the sacred palace, have seen and read the original of this copy, in which I found that which I have myself written, without adding or curtailing anything which might change its sense or spirit, that which I did by authority and warrant of Sgr. Benetti, vicar in Lunigiana, of the parish of Pisa. Done by me at Sarzane in the current year 1250. Ind. viii. Wednesday, 9th March.

in the historical memoirs on Lunigiana by the above-named author (see page 70 and following).

The first of the Buonapartes who went to Corsica and settled there with his family was Francesco di Giovanni, sent there to an honourable post by the Republic of Genoa, about the year 1512.

He had for wife a certain Catherine de Ser Guidi, relation of the Calandrinis, as is testified by the deed of 1512, forming part of the records of Sarzane, as is stated by Gerini, who, however, does not inform us of the number of the records nor the name of the notary.

Here is the fragment he reproduces of this deed:—

‘Cum alias domina Jacominetta olim uxor domini Ambrosini de Calandrinis, disposuerit per instrumentum publicum, quod Caterina q^m Ser Guidi de Castelletto neptis ipsius dominæ Jacominettæ habere deberet, et sic sibi dedit pro suis dotibus unam possessionem 30 terræ campivæ,—Cumque dicta Caterina nupta fuerit Francisco olim Johannis de Bonaparte de Sarzana, et ad matrimonium transducta et ex qua ipse Franciscus habuit et habet filios legitimos et naturales et pro dotibus suis predictis consecutus fuerit in una parte ducatos quinquaginta auri, exactos per dominum Cesarem et Franciscum fratres et filios dicti olim Johannis de Bonaparte.’¹

The same writer transcribes two other fragments of

¹ . . . Amongst other things the Lady Jacominetta, formerly wife of M. Ambroise de Calandrini, ordered by public deed that Catherine, of the late Ser Guidi de Castelletto, niece of the said Dame Jacominetta, should have, and in fact gave to her for her marriage portion, a property of 30 . . . of lands and fields. When the said Catherine espoused François, of the late Jean de Bonaparte, of Sarzane, by whom the said François had and has legiti-

different deeds, one of 1529, the other of 1567, with the view of proving the departure of François Buonaparte, of Sarzane, for Corsica, and the residence of his descendants in that country.

He declares that they belong to the notarial records. Here is the first:—

‘Cum sit et fuerit quod alias reverendissimus dominus Cesar Bonaparte Canonicus Lunen-Sarzanen : in proprio nomine et nomine et vice ejus fratris Francisci—absentis a civitate Sarzane et in Insula Corsicæ, ut asseritur, stipendiarius—dederit in solutum et titulo pro soluto ser Francisco q^m Antonii Montani pro parte dotium et nomine partis dotis domine Antonie filie q^m Francisci Bonapartis neptis dicti domini Cesaris, et uxoris ser Francisci Montani, &c.’¹

The second is as follows:—

‘Cum ser Franciscus Montanus Sarzanensis tanquam debitos Gabriellis q^m Francisci de Bonapartis, habitatoris Aiaccii Insulæ Corsicæ, de scutis centum quinquaginta auri pro integro pretio domus et iurium alienatorum per dictum Gabrielem dicto ser Francisco Montano, &c.’²

The members of this very honourable Buonaparte

mate and natural children, he had for her marriage portion, in the first place, fifty gold ducats received by Messieurs César and François, brothers and sons of the said late Jean de Buonaparte.

¹ That it be and appears among other things that the Very Reverend M. César Buonaparte, canon of Luni-Sarzane, in his own name and in the name and place of his brother François—absent from the town of Sarzane, and public servant in the island of Corsica, as it is said—gave discharge and as receipt to M. François, of the late Antoine Montani, for a part of marriage portions, and particularly of marriage portion belonging to the Dame Antoinette, daughter of the said late François Buonaparte, niece of the said César and wife of M. François Montani, &c.

² As M. François Montani de Sarzane [paid] as a debt of

family of Sarzane, who distinguished themselves in their adopted country as much by the services they rendered as by the honorific posts they occupied, are, besides Buonaparte de Cianfardo, who was one of the councillors of the Commune—his son Jean, likewise imperial notary and municipal councillor of the Commune, who represented it as ambassador to Lucca in 1296, there to treat for the peace of the 'Sarzanais' with the inhabitants of Carrare, Moneta, Castelpoggio, Serravalle, Sotignano, and was also charged with other important affairs.

Jacques, son of the said Jean, was named Mayor of the Commune in 1324, and in 1327 Sarzane sent him with other notable citizens to take the oath of fidelity to the Emperor Ludovic le Bavarois, who was then in Pisa. The following year, 1328, we see him vicar of Castruccio Castracane in Amelia and Barbazano.

Nicolas, son of the foregoing, also filled the office of imperial notary, as did many others of his house and name. In 1367 he was named procurator of the Marquis Obbizino Malaspina.

He was father of Jean and Jacques. The first was raised in 1405 to the dignity of dean-vicar of the cathedral of Sarzane; the second, having in 1391 married Isabella Calandrini, cousin of Cardinal Philippi, was sent by the Commune in 1404 as Ambassador to Gabriel Marie Visconti, in Milan, to whose father, Jean Galéas, the town of Sarzane had given itself up since 1385. His mission was to obtain in favour of the

Gabriel of the late François de Buonaparte, inhabiting Ajaccio in the island of Corsica, one hundred and fifty gold crowns for the total price of the house and other properties transferred by the said Gabriel to the said M. François Montani, &c.

country he represented more advantageous conditions than those formerly obtained from Galéas. It was following this mission that Visconti named him his vicar or commissioner in the province of Lunigiani.

César, son of Jean above named, having been elected Prior of the Ancients in the communal council, rendered great services, and notably that of obtaining for Sarzane the title of city, and of endowing it with an episcopal palace for the residence of the bishops, who until then had only remained there temporarily.

To César and his wife, Appollonia Malaspina, descendant of the Marquis of Verrucola and Fivizzano, was born Jean Buonaparte, fourth of the name, at Sarzane, who was father of César, canon of the cathedral, and of François, who, sent to Ajaccio by the Genoese Republic, as it was stated above, became the founder of the family of Buonapartes of Corsica.

There still exist several documents of 1293, 1296, and 1305, marriage contracts and others, concerning the alliances of the Buonapartes. We see therein the names of Vita Pasqualino of Sarzane, and of Jeanne Sacchetti.

There are still in the archives other deeds of 1322 and 1327 which mention Jean, son of another Jean, and brother of the above-named Jacques; a deed of 1366 in which mention is made of Nicolosio, and of Angelino Buonaparte, son of Jacques; a deed of 1387, in which are named Jacques and Jean, sons of the said Nicolosio (Nicholas); a renunciation by public act made the 26th of July, 1448, by Appollonia Malaspina, wife of César Buonaparte, of her rights to a house situated in Sarzane, and which guaranteed a small part of her marriage portion.

To these different documents may be added the

municipal deliberations of the years 1319, 1324, 1327, 1328, 1404, 1465, and 1485, relating to the embassies and other important posts confided by the Commune to certain members of the Buonaparte family.

What is very surprising is that there is no sepulchral monument at Sarzane, nor any inscription relating to the Buonapartes. As it must nevertheless be probable that such did exist, it may be supposed that their tombs were in Saint Dominique, and that they were destroyed with that church.

The same is not the case at San Miniato, as may be seen from the following letter, addressed to me November 12, 1886, by the Dean of the Chapter of the Cathedral:—

San Miniato, November 12, 1886.

Monsieur le Comte,—The Chevalier Joseph Conti, who wrote several genealogies of the *imperial* Buonaparte family, was unable to publish them, having died the 6th of November, 1866. Conti, during his life, sent a *copy* of these manuscript genealogies to the Emperor Napoleon III.; they must to-day form part of the Empress Eugenie's private archives.

The Conti family of San Miniato possess the original manuscripts, but they hide them with a jealous care.

We have in the cathedral a monument erected to the memory of Jacques Buonaparte, the poet, philosopher, and historian, who was born at San Miniato in 1470. He published the *Sac de Rome*, work relating to the pillage committed by the troops of Charles V., and during which the High Constable de Bourbon died.

This antique tomb has existed in the cathedral four centuries. It bears the inscription—

NOBILIUM DE BUONAPARTE SEPULCRUM.

San Miniato possesses equally, in the large church of Saint François, another tomb of the Buonapartes, as well as the testament of Messer Giovanni Buonaparte, dated the 2nd of September, 1441, containing this passage:—

‘ Joannes quondam D. Jacobi D. Mocci Bonaparte de San. Miniato . . .

‘ Item elegit sui corporis sepulturam in Ecclesia San. Francisci de San. Miniato ante aedem San. Miniatis ubi sepulta fuit Costantia ejus filia . . . &c.’

Conti read this will in the archives of the Franciscan Fathers, before the Italian Government promulgated the law suppressing religious corporations.

It is recognized and proved that the imperial Buonaparte family originated in San Miniato, for Moccio Buonaparte in 1780 constituted Charles Buonaparte of Corsica, father of the Emperor Napoleon I., his residuary legatee.

Receive, &c.,

MATTEO MATTEI,

Dean of the Chapter.

Florence, where the Buonapartes played an important rôle, contains also testimonies of their passage, and the rector of Santa-Croce has in his turn done me the honour of sending me the following information relative to the members of the family buried in that admirable monument.

Florence, Santa-Croce, August 10, 1885.

Monsieur le Comte,—In reply to your favour of the 5th instant, here is what I can tell you about the Buonaparte chapel, which is in this church of Santa-Croce.

The gift of the said chapel, formerly belonging to the Guigni family, was purchased by Joseph Buonaparte towards 1840, and he chose this one in preference to so many others in this church, because in the vaults corresponding to the said chapel are found the arms of the Buonaparte family of 1300.

The Prince Joseph was buried in this same vault ; and the 12th of June, 1863, his body was exhumed by order of the Emperor and transferred to Paris.

When once the Prince Joseph had acquired the gift of the chapel he founded an annuity of 88 frs. 20 c. for the celebration of twelve masses yearly, to be said on the 7th of each month, and for the oil in the lamp which was always to be kept lighted. This legacy was mortgaged on a house belonging to M. Gaëtano Shigoli, who paid the arrears regularly until 1878. But after this, having sold the house to a certain Mario Vanucci, and he in his turn having sold it to Madame Tigli, the engagement was no longer kept, and the desire of its founder was no longer fulfilled.

Here are the inscriptions to be found in the chapel under the altar :—

CET AUTEL EST CONSACRÉ
À LA VIERGE CONSOLATRICE DES AFFLIGÉS
PAR JULIE-CLARY BONAPARTE
EN MÉMOIRE DE SA FILLE CHÉRIE
QUI REPOSE DANS CETTE CHAPELLE 1839.

A small marble on the wall at the gospel side of the altar bears the following inscription :—

MARIE-THÉRÈSE-ALBERTINE
NÉE LE 12 MARS
DE CHARLES ET ZÉNAÏDE BONAPARTE
PRINCES ROMAINS
MOURUT LE 1^{er} JUIN 1842
BIENHEUREUX
QUI REPOSE AU PREMIER PAS
DE LA VIE

To the right and left of the entrance to the chapel are placed two monuments. On the first :—

À JULIE CLARY BONAPARTE
NÉE À MARSEILLE LE 26 DÉCEMBRE 1779
MORTE À FLORENCE LE 7 AOÛT 1845

On the second :—

ICI REPOSE
CHARLOTTE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
DIGNE DE SON NOM
1839
NÉE À PARIS 31 OCTOBRE 1802

I hope I have satisfied your desires by replying to the questions you put me in your letter of the 5th.

Believe me, &c.,

BROTHER ANTONIO MATASTONI,

Rector,

The ancient arms of the Buonapartes which the reverend rector mentions are not the only ones existing at Florence.

In the cloister of the church of San Spirito, amongst the arms and inscriptions fastened to the wall I found this, about ten steps down the small stairway.



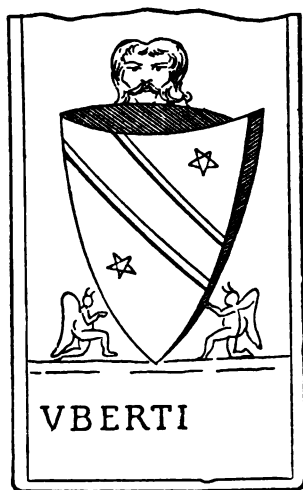
A little further, turning to the left in the gallery, opposite the sixth pillar, are those of the Ubertis, who were a branch of the family.

Alle Strinche monument, also called *il Bargello*, from the fact that for a considerable time the chief of the police made it his residence. Here also are found the arms of the Buonapartes.

This palace, the first inhabited by the princes of Tuscany, was constructed by Arnolfo, father of Arnolfo de Lopo, who was born in 1230.

The court of entry on arriving from the Rue

Ghibellina is very interesting, and shows architecture in its infancy. Amongst the sculptured *cartels* which cover the walls, and which bear the arms of the different *podestas* (magistrates of Florence), I remarked the escutcheon reproduced on the following page.



Another escutcheon, still of the Buonapartes, is distinguished by a different reading, which is very strange. Instead of the priest surmounting these sorts of goats'-beard tails, there is a sheep holding a ribbon, which from its mouth passes above its back, and bears an undecipherable legend. These were doubtless two branches at variance.¹

¹ At the end of the fifteenth century Jacques Buonaparte—who is believed to belong to the branch of Buonapartes of San Miniato,

It is difficult to find, with regard to their resting-places, a family more scattered than that of the Buonapartes.

The great immortal reposes in his porphyry tomb on the banks of the Seine, according to his



wish. Queen Hortense and Josephine are at Reuil. Charles, the father of Napoleon I., and Louis, his son, father of Napoleon III., are, together with the latter's two brothers, in the

still existing in 1803—lived in Florence. In order to escape persecution, he hid his name and changed his family arms. The descendants in Florence followed his example.

¹ Is it not curious to find in the Buonaparte arms the 'fleur-de-lis' of the Bourbons and the national tricolour of France?

crypt of Saint Leu. The King of Rome, his aunt Eliza, and his mother Marie-Louise, are in Austria. 'Madame Mère,' Joseph, Lucien, Jérôme, Pauline, and Caroline are dispersed in France and Italy. Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial are in England. And who knows where those who remain may go?

The veneration of our ancestors, that Confucius impressed upon his disciples as the most excellent means of moralisation, is not, unhappily, so much honoured in Europe as in China; and if the Buonapartes cannot be too severely reproached for sharing the general indifference, they must nevertheless be blamed for not surrounding their dead with a little more veneration; when the members of their family have played their part, they allow them to be too soon forgotten. Those who profit by the glories acquired ought to surround the memory of the defunct who conquered these glories with all the respect imaginable; and how can they arrive at such a result if they neglect the material duties binding them to their mortal remains?

I will add that when one belongs to a family which produced such a man as Napoleon, it is due to his partisans, to those who have served him, who have been killed in his cause, to revive as much as possible the souvenirs of the past. The d'Orleans family have at least this quality;

they honour their dead, and know full well that in so doing they are themselves becoming greater. With the Buonapartes, I repeat, it is not so ; and if, lost in the immense crowd of Frenchmen jealous of their country's glory, I had not in a modest degree assisted the worthy vicar of Saint Leu to keep in repair the chapel of the founder of the dynasty and the father of Napoleon III., I verily believe it would have fallen into ruins.

I have striven several times to bring this sorry state of things to the knowledge of those whose duty it was to attend to it. Unhappily the steps I took did not produce any result, and my goodwill has been powerless. As I intend to support everything I advance by documentary proof, I register the following letter :—

Napoleon Saint Leu, December 25, 1886.

Monsieur le Comte,—You are really an amiable and generous man. I thank you much for the kind offering you have again been good enough to send me. Truly, curious things take place in this world ! You are a stranger to the Imperial family, and it is you who come to my aid for the repairing of the chapel and vaults of the Napoleons, which are in a state of dilapidation which often makes my heart ache.

God knows how saving I have been in order to arrive at a good result. Years ago I wrote to M. Bassano, chamberlain to the Empress Eugenie, and I did not even receive a line in reply.

In the fine season there still come a good number of visitors.

Receive, Monsieur le Comte, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

Yours devotedly in our Lord,

A. VERO,

Titulary Vicar of Napoleon Saint Leu.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRIVATE CHARACTER.

A Great Man's Weaknesses—Buonaparte's Age—How History is written—Pauline's Confidences—Imperial Fancies—The Heroes of the Legion of Honour.

WHAT has most embarrassed the numerous writers who have undertaken to relate the history of Napoleon is the disappearance of a quantity of documents, without which they could only speak approximately or from hearsay.

Napoléon was very careful to suppress numerous documents relating to *Buonaparte*. What interest could have induced him to act thus? Did he desire that posterity, that future ages, not having before their eyes material proofs of his transformations, should make of him a fanciful being sprung from the waves, who, after having landed upon a small island in the Mediterranean, should, before returning to the supernatural, terminate his human career upon another rock lost in the ocean?

The fact remains that he destroyed, or caused

to be destroyed, many documents relating to his family; not contenting himself with decreeing victory beforehand, he wished to remake the past.

Notice how this course of action has borne its fruits, and how difficult it is to elucidate a large number of questions which are nevertheless very interesting, and this notwithstanding the comparatively small distance of time separating us from the epoch under consideration.

Amongst other things he has systematically caused the disappearance of everything referring to his mother; and her letters—without being as scarce as those of Molière, of which not one is known to exist—are still considered objects of the greatest rarity.

Lætizia Ramolino, as intelligent as she was beautiful, gifted with an exceptional energy and courage, was married at the age of fifteen. If she was not ‘the only man of the family’—to use the expression which later her son applied to the Duchess of Angoulême—she was none the less its virile soul and protecting genius. It was in this sculpturally formed body that the great universal genius, the monstrous phenomenon to be called Napoleon, had drawn the sources of life.

The Count of Marbeuf was, as it is known, Governor of Corsica, a strong protector of the

Buonaparte family. Some say—and they are numerous—that he had towards Madame Lætizia much tenderer feelings than generally exist between a governor and those he governs. After having obtained permission for Eliza to be educated at St. Cyr, he procured for Buonaparte a free scholarship at the school of Brienne. There is to-day no doubt that one of the first falsifications of deeds, of which the Napoleon family was later to furnish so many other examples, dated from that epoch.

A child must not be more than ten years old to enter the school of Brienne. Now, Buonaparte, being born in 1768, was nearly eleven years old when M. de Marbeuf obtained him the admission. Madame Lætizia, whose courage was great, and whose idea was doubtless that this world belongs to the sharp ones, did not hesitate to send her son to Brienne with his brother's birth certificate.

Napoleon had necessarily to be informed of the trickery; but notwithstanding his tender age he knew how to keep a secret, especially when it was one on which his future depended. Now, as the supposition is that the fact of exhibiting a birth certificate was not the only formality on entering Brienne, but that the child would be inscribed upon the books in the name therein contained, it stands to reason that in

changing his age for his brother's he had also changed his name.

This seems to me as clear as it is precise ; and it may be understood that, having so profited by his sleight of hand, the Emperor in later years contracted a taste not only to rearrange certificates, but to suppress, under all circumstances, whatever inconvenienced him.

We will see what Mounier said about the age of him of whom he was secretary, and whose labours and fatigues he shared during ten years :—

‘I had always believed that the story of the falsification of the date of Napoleon’s birth was only an invention intended as a disparagement. But the other day M. Segurier told me that, having been presented to the First Consul, Napoleon appeared to find him too young, and, believing that the latter had been born in 1768, he replied to the usual question as to his age, ‘I am the same age as your Majesty ; I was born in 1768,’ and that the First Consul turned towards Caulaincourt, and asked, with ill-humour :—

‘How does he know my age ?’

M. Segurier himself repeated this anecdote in his memoirs, but slightly altered, and I have every reason to believe that the occurrence

took place as Mounier relates. He adds in his journal :—

‘Some years later M. Segurier took this as a precedent to decide a bet with Hamelin, the husband of the celebrated Madame Hamelin, who stated that Napoleon was born in 1769. M. Segurier won by means of the birth certificate annexed to the marriage certificate deposited in the public register records.’

One of the most curious consequences of these inversions, in which the brothers Buonaparte lost themselves, was that, striving to follow the footsteps of the chief of their family, and arrange their certificates as it suited their convenience, they finished by declaring that three of them were born in 1768, which would have been very difficult, however prolific Madame Lætizia might have been.

Colonel Yung made most serious searches in the records of the Ministry of War. His opinion is, in his remarkable work, ‘Buonaparte et son temps,’ that Napoleon was born in 1768, and that it was his brother Joseph who was born August 15, 1769.

Charles Buonaparte had a first son in 1765, who died young ; in 1767 he had a daughter, who also died when a few months old. The 7th of January, 1768, a third child saw the light, and was baptised *Nabulione*. His godfather and

godmother were Thomas Arrighi de Casanova and Maria de Casanova. The birth certificate states that Nabulione Buonaparte was born at Corte.

Besides, on referring to the age Napoleon gave himself in two or three letters which exist, it is clearly established that he was born in 1768. Consequently the famous imperial fête of August 15 celebrated anything except his birth.

I may add, to finish with this question, that there does exist at the Ministry of War a certificate of birth stating that Napoleon Buonaparte was born in 1769; but this document bears no weight: it is full of all sorts of irregularities, and drawn up in Italian instead of in Latin, which is absolutely contrary to the usages of the Church.

Napoleon treated the truth as he did hostile nations—she must bow before him; and to satisfy him numerous documents were destroyed, forged, or falsified.

Mounier says with reference to this:—

The Emperor caused all the documents he had preserved from the staff offices of the armies of Italy and the East to be copied into magnificent registers, by the topographical cabinet, under the direction of Clarke. He had indicated or marked himself those to be transcribed and those which were not to be.

When I was appointed secretary of the cabinet he instructed me to find out whether the transcriptions were finished. They were complete, and the registers were bound in red morocco.

I presented them to him. He then sent the originals to the Elysée ; and there in my presence he burnt them all in the fireplace, not leaving the room until all were entirely consumed.

It is evident that there were many things not copied of which he wished to destroy the souvenir.

In 1815 he asked for these registers, and order was given to send them to him at Rochefort. They were abstracted on the occasion of their transfer, and having passed, I know not how, into Panckoucke's hands, these registers were published as a work, and as Napoleon's correspondence.¹

A very delicate question, on which several historians have endeavoured to throw some light without in any case explaining it categorically, touches the private life of Napoleon. It has been pretended that he always treated women in a despotic manner, that however beautiful, however attractive his mistresses may have been, he had never been the slave of any of them ; and it has been stated also that there existed between this great man and his sisters, between this hero and his stepdaughter, by far too intimate relations.

Some, Madame de Rémusat, for example, wrote in the affirmative sense ; others, like Bourienne, in the negative ; and I should not have formed any opinion upon this question had not Mounier furnished me with documents to solve

¹ Manuscript III., p. 132.

it, and had not Pauline Buonaparte herself furnished the 'Black Cabinet' with proofs of her absolute want of the sense of morality.

Mounier did not believe, or, at any rate, never knew anything leading him to suppose, that any culpable attachment existed between Napoleon and his sister Caroline. As for his sister Pauline and his step-daughter Hortense, Mounier is convinced that all the reports were well founded—and, I repeat, Pauline herself has given proofs of it.

Buonaparte might have invented M. de Bismarck's maxim, '*La force prime le droit*,' 'Might is better than right;' adding thereto, 'The good pleasure of the powerful is above nature's laws and society's conventionalities.'

Here is what Mounier says:—

Bourienne thought to prove in his memoirs that there was no '*liaison amoureuse*' between Napoleon and his step-daughter; this to me appears entirely false.

M. Lespérut often spoke to me of it as of a recognised thing. It was so spoken of in the Imperial residence.

The 'pretended' son of Louis was generally looked upon as Napoleon's son. He wished to adopt him and designate him as his successor. I recollect having seen Napoleon in the commencement of 1806, holding him by the hand, and crossing the gallery of St. Cloud. Satisfaction and pride were pictured on his countenance. The child was handsome, and evidently resembled him.

So long as the child lived, the projects of divorce were postponed, because he had an heir.

M. Capelle told me lately that Josephine having passed some months in Geneva since her fall, he had had several long conversations with her; in one of these she avowed to him that her daughter had had intimate relations with her husband. On this occasion M. Capelle told me also that Josephine had told him at the same time that Napoleon had wished to play a trick on his brother Jérôme, by substituting himself to receive Jérôme's *fiancée*; that for this purpose he had so arranged things that the Princess of Wurtemberg should find herself alone with him; a false itinerary had been given to Jérôme, but he, suspecting the fraud, started in time, and joined his *fiancée*, whom he did not afterwards quit. The history seems difficult to believe, but it shows the opinion Josephine had, or wished others to have, of Napoleon.

I remember that the servants of the Imperial residence told me during the Empire that Napoleon wished to adopt the little Louis and proclaim him his heir, but that his brother Louis declared that if that were done *he would throw himself into the Seine*.

This anecdote appears to be well founded. . . .

M. Decazes possesses a medal given him by Pauline Buonaparte.

On one side her head (*à la grecque*) with the legend—

ΠΑΥΛΙΝΑ ΣΕΒΑΣΤΟΥ ΑΔΕΛΦΗ.

On the other, the three Graces, and the legend—

ΗΜΩΝ ΚΑΛΗ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΕ.¹

¹ 'Beautiful Pauline, sister of Augustus, reign over us.' The three sisters of Napoleon, as well as the Queen Hortense, had had

Each of the Graces represented the Princess in a different attitude, or rather seen from a different side, the face, the back, and the profile. The medal was made by Denon from designs by Canova, who drew them from nature.

From easily comprehensible motives of personal interest, Louis XVIII. caused a most strict watch to be kept over the prisoner of the island of Elba, as well as over all those who had played a *rôle* during his reign. The constant preoccupation which Buonaparte caused him was coupled with an egotistical curiosity, and every time the police disclosed any intrigue which did not do honour to his powerful predecessor, he experienced a real pleasure.

The police had orders to consider things not only from a political point of view, but from their most paltry sides.

Reports were made on all the amorous attachments Napoleon had had, and it was thus that Louis XVIII. had a special work prepared upon the subject of his disorderly family life.

Whoever arrived at the Tuileries with well-medals struck of the same diameter. They had all four Greek inscriptions. Pauline's was that we have just described; Caroline's had on one side her effigy, and on the other a Victory crowning a bull with a human head; Eliza had, on the reverse of hers, a woman reclining, and holding a wheel with one hand—underneath, '4 Via da Luca à Pisa.' The medal of Queen Hortense had on one side her charming head, and on the other the symbols of the arts she devoted herself to—painting and music.

established proofs of one of the human failings of the fallen demi-god was sure to find a good welcome. The King laughed, and when a king has laughed he is very near to bestowing graces and favours.

All the letters which passed between the island of Elba and the continent were carefully intercepted, opened, and copied by the care of the 'Black Cabinet.' The most interesting were sent to the Tuileries, where Louis XVIII. communicated them to a few intimates, laughed at and ridiculed them. But his ministers hastened, nevertheless, to take all necessary measures to preserve the interests and assure the safety of the reign of this new *désiré*.

In 1814 the correspondence from the island of Elba was effected by the intermediary of Evain, then chief clerk at the Ministry of War, and later Minister of the King of the Belgians. He addressed his packets to one of his sisters, directrice of the Angers office, who in her turn transmitted them, simply by the ordinary couriers, to the Director of Posts in Toulon.

Things went on thus with tolerable regularity in an occult fashion until the day when, by a singular hazard, M. de Sainte-Fère was informed thereof by a *chouanne*, a servant of the Evain family. This honest girl, although very much attached to her masters, was not less so to the

royal cause ; so that she thought to satisfy her conscience by confiding her secret to M. de Sainte-Fère, whom she knew by a relation of hers in his service, and whom she believed to be in a position to inform the King.

He informed M. Ferrand, the Director-General of Posts, and it was ascertained that Marshal Masséna connived at the communications passing between the Director of Toulon and the island of Elba. It is to this circumstance, of which naturally the King was informed the first, that must be attributed the Marshal's disgrace after the 'Hundred Days.'

All the letters sent to Pauline were carefully copied and sent to the King, and it is thanks to several of these, as has been seen, that the secrets of her incestuous conduct became known.

Letters of any particular importance, or which were supposed to be destined to cause trouble from a political point of view, were not only opened and copied, but even intercepted.

The Post is really a fine invention.

The Emperor was very generous. It is known how his marshals were loaded with his favours, and how, when fortune abandoned him, the greater part of them only thought of retiring and enjoying their fortunes.

All those who served him or the country were largely recompensed. He thought that

which, fifty years later, his nephew Napoleon III. was to say—

‘Only degenerated nations are sparing with their rewards.’

Of a difficult, violent, and authoritative character, often flying into passions at which he was the first to laugh a few minutes afterwards, he rendered the duties of those around him very painful. But at times, besides his habitual generosity, he had moments of such touching kindness, such delicate attention, that the great devotion he inspired in those around him can easily be understood.

Very liberal to all those whose duties brought them into his presence, he endowed, ennobled, and covered with honours the servitors of his household.¹ But with regard to rewards, and even to promotion in the army, he did not submit to any rule; the country’s interest or his own, or his simple whim, was all that guided him.

Here are two anecdotes amongst others told of his manner of bestowing rewards.

The Emperor after the battle of Eckmühl asked the colonel before the whole regiment, ‘Which is the bravest officer of the corps?’

¹ A detail little known—all those who, forming part of the imperial household, were ennobled, bore in the corner of their escutcheon a castle, or rather a house.

and gratified him immediately with the title of baron. Colonel Lozac was present, and the cavalry regiment to which he belonged was attached to a brigade which included the 17th regiment of infantry—Colonel Vasserot.

The Emperor having demanded the bravest captain, and the colonel having named one, there rushed from the ranks a little Gascon captain who had been a hairdresser in Paris, who cried:—

‘It is not true; it is I who am the bravest soldier of the regiment.’

Nobody dared to contradict him; the Emperor questioned the colonel, who stammered out:—

‘Why, yes; I had not had the time to compare . . . &c.’

And the Emperor granted to the captain the favour which, but for his Gascon assurance, would have gone to another.

During this same battle the Emperor perceived a sergeant who exhibited really wonderful valour. In the evening he sent for him to give him the ‘cross.’ But the sergeant was already knight. Impossible to make him a sub-lieutenant, the man being entirely unlettered. Equally impossible was it to confer upon him the cross of officer; that would have been to violate the laws of the order, and to establish a dangerous precedent.

The Emperor did a thing that he alone could do. He quietly pinned the cross he held in his hand on to the breast of the sergeant, who, all trembling with emotion, thus had a second cross of knight placed by the side of the first.

Wishing to give the name of this brave soldier, I applied to the 'Legion of Honour.'

Nothing in the records, I was informed, testifies to a double nomination of knight in favour of the same person. But that does not prove it did not occur. On several occasions the Emperor distributed decorations without the Office of the Great Seal having been called upon to enter them in the registers.

Besides, with a little memory of their infancy, men of my generation will doubtless recollect an old crippled woman, formerly canteen woman of the 'Great Army,' who sold apples and cakes on the Auteuil Marshes, at the time when the Bois de Boulogne was still a wood.

The brave woman had been wounded on the field of honour and decorated by the Emperor's hand. It was well known at the Great Seal Office that she had no patent; but she was allowed to wear her decoration, which she was known to have acquired legitimately.

All the women decorated previous to 1852 are in the same position. The first who was regularly inscribed in the golden book, and who

opened a door through which since that time about thirty others have passed, was Madame Abicot de Ragis.

The reader will pardon another digression from my subject; but it is well to recall the manner in which a woman gained the first official cross.

M. Abicot was mayor of Oizon, and lived with his wife above the room where were collected the records of the persons under his administration. I do not know for what reason, but a family had a very great interest in appropriating the documents concerning another family.

The mayor knew this, and watched his archives with great care.

One night M. Abicot de Ragis had been obliged to absent himself; his wife heard a noise, footsteps, and a certain disturbance in the room below. She was alone; the mayoralty house was isolated. To call for help would have been useless; she took a candlestick, armed herself with a revolver and went downstairs.

Scarcely had she opened the door when a big, strong man, throwing to the ground a parcel of papers he had in his hand, sprang upon her. Without giving him the time to approach her she fired, and the man fell dead at her feet.

But he was not alone, and his companion, a sort of giant of the fairs, threw himself on the poor woman, who was still trembling at the act she had just committed, and plunged a poignard into her breast; then, picking up the papers on the ground, he sprang through the window into the garden.

Madame Abicot de Ragis, although deluged with blood, had sufficient strength to drag herself to the window, and before falling to the ground she fired in the direction taken by the other robber.

When daylight dawned, and the house was entered, Madame Abicot de Ragis, giving some signs of life, was found lying side by side with the man who had been killed immediately. In the garden the second robber was found, also dead; he had been struck between the shoulders.

Some time after this, Louis Napoleon, then President of the Republic, but working as pretender, was going through France in order to recruit partisans. He heard this courageous woman spoken of; he desired that she should be presented to him, and he gave her the cross of the Legion of Honour.

Crosses gained in such a manner confer honour, not only on the givers and upon the recipients, but also upon the order itself.

The last woman upon whom was conferred this exceptional honour, Madame Dieulafoy, received it but a few weeks ago. M. Dieulafoy had been sent on a scientific mission in Persia. His wife accompanied him dressed as a man, exposing herself to the sun's burning heat and to the fatigue and unknown risks of every day. This is another kind of courage.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

The Fears of the Provisional Government—The Library of an exiled Man—The Island of Elba in 1827—O'Méara—Lafontaine's Donkey—Correspondence from St. Helena.

WHEN, after the victories and the glories of the Empire, the disasters happened, and Napoleon became *Buonaparte*, the Provisional Government and that of Louis XVIII. put pitilessly aside all that might tend to cause him to be remembered. One of the first measures taken by the administrators of domains was to remove in a few hours all the Imperial escutcheons, monograms, and emblems. This appears to be the dominant pre-occupation of every Government which is constituted. However futile this may seem at first sight, it must be admitted nevertheless to have a certain importance, and that a sovereign cannot repose peacefully under canopies studded with his predecessor's monograms, seeing that every Government commits the same littlenesses, not excepting that of the Republic, which is never-

theless an essentially impersonal *régime*. Napoleon himself went so far that, in 1810, Rovigo ordered Goulu, the engraver of Porbus's Henry IV., to destroy the plate. M. Portalis had much difficulty in obtaining the permission to simply have this plate and the proofs placed under seals, where they remained until 1814.

It was not only the Imperial emblems, but Buonaparte himself whose destruction was desired. Vanquished as he was, the fear he inspired was such that the Provisional Government of 1814 expected every moment that all the monuments would be blown up; even the Elysée and the Tuileries were expected to share the same fate, together with the Government itself.

The guardian of the Artillery Museum and the architect of the Louvre were instructed to examine whether really the Tuileries was not undermined. Here is the report they made :

This 11th of April, 1814; we, Maillard de Lescourt, Major of Artillery; Edme Regnier, Guardian of the Artillery Museum; Prosper Hector Chanal, in charge of the direction of Crown furniture, and Pierre François Leonard Fontaine, architect of the palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries: in pursuance of orders transmitted to us by Baron Mounier, Commissary for the General Crown Administration, we went to the Tuileries Palace, and visited it most minutely, particularly in the cellars, underground rooms, and those on the ground floor.

We found that none of the pavements or construc-

tions had been disturbed, and that nothing presented the appearance of recent change, or other extraordinary sign.

We did not observe anything that would lead to fear for the security of the buildings or the lives of their inmates, and it is in this belief that we have signed this present certificate.

MAILLARD DE LESCOURT.

E. REGNIER.

CHANAL.

FONTAINE.

The same day, April 11, the Director of the Civil List received a letter from the Crown librarian, asking if, to the books being packed up in the Empress Marie-Louise's apartments, should be added those chosen by the Emperor to take away with him.

The director had been informed of the choice made by Napoleon by a previous letter of March 13. I reproduce both letters, as well as a list of the works that Napoleon had himself taken from the book-cases and thrown on the ground, as he was in the habit of doing with his papers, journals, maps, and books, leaving his secretaries to pick them up. It seems interesting to indicate to what kind of reading Napoleon intended to devote himself in the island of Elba.

Monseigneur,—In my capacity of librarian of the Fontainebleau Palace, I have the honour to inform your Excellency that the Emperor made a small choice of

books from his cabinet and from the large library, that he proposes to take away. If your Excellency has any orders to give me on this subject, I would beg you to transmit them to me as soon as possible, seeing that the departure appears likely to take place very soon. I should have been glad to have a letter of some sort to relieve me of all responsibility, but M. Fain, to whom I applied, told me that it was not worth while, and that in any case he would give evidence in my favour. The books chosen do not, as far as I can say, exceed a value of two or three thousand francs, without taking into account that of any articles which may be taken away by the crowds of people who come into the cabinet every day; for the last few days there reigns a disorder of which no one is master.

I am, &c.,

CH. NEMARD,

Librarian of Fontainebleau Palace.

This 13th March, 1814.

Paris, 11th April, 1814.

Monsieur le Baron,—At the time when, according to your orders, M. Bathoucy is having packed all the works found in the apartments of her Majesty the Empress Marie-Louise, I have the honour to consult you on the question as to whether I am to add to those books those which I was instructed to keep, and of which the following is a catalogue:—

List of Works chosen by the Emperor, before his departure, in the large Library and in the Cabinet of the Fontainebleau Palace.

	Vol.
1. <i>Traité de paix, de Koch et Martens</i> , in-8 . . .	7
2. <i>Système du Monde, par Laplace</i> , in-4 . . .	5

List of Works (continued)—

	Vol.
3. Astronomie anc., mod. et indienne, par Bailly, in-4	5
4. Polybe et Folard, in-4	6
5. Opérations militaires, par Jomini, in-4	4
6. Histoire ancienne, de Rollin, in-12	13
7. Voyage d'Anacharsis, in-4	5
8. César, de Turpin de Crissé, in-4	3
9. Histoire romaine, de Rollin, in-12	16
10. Décadence de l'empire romain, par Ferguson, in-8	7
11. Hommes illustres de Plutarque, trad. par Ricard, in-12	13
12. Abrégé de l'Histoire du bas Empire, par Royon, in-8	4
13. Abrégé chronologique de Mézeray, in-4	4
14. Satire Ménippée, in-8	3
15. Mémoires de Bassompierre, in-12	7
16. Histoire de France au XVIII ^e siècle, par Lacretelle, in-8	6
17. Essais sur Paris, de Saint-Foix, in-12	7
18. Anarchie de Pologne, in-8	4
19. Histoire philosophique, de Raynal, in-4	5
20. Cérémonies religieuses, in-fol.	9
21. Collection de décrets, du Bulletin des Lois.	
22. Le Moniteur.	
23. Biographie moderne, in-8	4
24. Histoire de l'art, par Winkelmann, in-4	3
25. Plans des ports, par Ayrouard, in-4	1
26. Voyage autour du Monde, par Fleurieu, in-4	3
27. Atlas du voyage de la Peyrouse, gr. in-fol.	1
28. Voyage en Suisse, par Coxe, in-8	3
29. Le Lycée, de La Harpe, in-8	17
30. L'Arioste, in-12	10
31. Boileau, de Saint-Marc, in-8	5
32. Télémaque (Didot J ^{ne}), gr. in-8	2
33. Racine, de Luneau de Boisgermain, in-8	7
34. Théâtre de Dancourt, in-12	12
35. Fables et contes de La Fontaine, in-8	4
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42. Géographie de Mentelli et Malte-Brun, in-8, Atlas	17
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44. Annales des voyages, in-8	9
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46. Hydrographie française, id.	2
47. Atlas de Danville, in-fol.	1
48. Iles Britanniques, in-fol.	1
49. Comptes des Finances et du Trésor, in-4 et in-fol.	
50. Voyage en Égypte, par Denon, in-fol.	2
51. Description de l'Égypte	7
52. Manuel du Libraire, in-8	3

N.B.—The guardian of the Fontainebleau Library will send a more detailed list.

Certified a true copy.

I am, &c.,

BARBIER,

Crown Librarian.

It would appear that in fact the Imperial palaces were being pillaged. Whoever liked might take whatever pleased him, and the guardian of the Fontainebleau palace complained bitterly in his letters that anybody who chose could penetrate even into the Emperor's cabinet, and that the most precious objects disappeared before his eyes, without his deigning to take any notice or attempting to stay the pillage.

Everything was abandoned to this disorder, which was but the precursor of the end. The Emperor was too used to battlefields to be sur-

prised to see the birds of prey appear before the wounded were even dead.

Napoleon was once again to take possession of all his palaces, but for so short a time that he scarcely left any traces of his presence. When Louis XVIII. returned to the Tuileries he congratulated himself that nothing there had been changed. He found his apartment just as he had left it. Upon different tables there still remained objects he remembered to have left there.

‘That man,’ said he later, ‘had not touched anything, neither my books nor my papers. My modest writing-table (by Hartwel) was still in a corner of my cabinet. I had little trouble to put everything in order. I could have wished it were as easy to remedy the ill caused in the remainder of France by his rapid and fatal passage.’

The following curious police report on the Baron de Vitrolles relates how the news of the landing at Cannes was brought to the King’s knowledge :—

Police Report on the Baron de Vitrolles.

. . . At this point the conversation took an entirely different turn, on the pretended news said to have come from England by telegraph. Baron de Vitrolles related a fact and some circumstances referring to March 20, and, in a manner, of historical interest.

He said that being at that time entrusted with the duty of receiving and opening all telegraphic despatches, he saw M. Chappe, the director of telegraphs, arrive one morning all out of breath, and looking quite upset, who said to him, '*I have been looking for you for more than an hour, Baron; here is news of the greatest importance, which must not be kept from the King one single minute.*'

'You appear to know it,' replied M. de Vitrolles. 'Has the translator told you what it is?'

'No,' replied M. Chappe, '*but he gave me to understand that it referred to the safety of the King and his family, and that there was not a minute to lose.*'

Thereupon M. de Vitrolles, ignoring himself the contents of the despatch, went at once to the King in his cabinet and handed it to him. His Majesty opened and read it, without his features expressing the slightest change, and throwing it on a table in front of him he simply said calmly:—

'*Buonaparte* has landed in France; read the news yourself.'

M. de Vitrolles then exclaimed:—

'Sire, the position is one which one thing alone will decide: if at the first meeting the soldiers fire upon *Buonaparte* he is lost; if not, he will reach Paris.'

'See the Minister of War at once,' said the King; 'let it be decided what steps are to be taken, and let the matter be kept absolutely secret until fresh orders are given.'

M. de Vitrolles hastened to the Ministry of War, when he met the minister himself (Marshal Soult) on the Pont Royal, going on foot to the Tuileries. He stopped the Marshal, opened the door of his carriage, and handing him the despatch he held in his hand,

made him read it. The Marshal doubted the news, got into M. de Vitrolles' carriage, and together they returned to the King. The Marshal alone entered the King's cabinet; came out after a few minutes, and handed M. de Vitrolles a despatch that he had written in the saloon adjoining the King's cabinet; this reply stated that the truth of the news was doubted, and that confirmation was waited for, but that orders should be given the following day; the despatch was addressed to General Brayer, who commanded the Lyons division.

M. de Vitrolles then went to *Monsieur*, not to tell him the news, but to know whether his highness had learned it from the King.

Monsieur was at vespers at the time. M. de Vitrolles waited for him about half an hour, when *Monsieur* arrived and asked M. de Vitrolles into his cabinet. The conversation during some time referred to indifferent subjects; finally *Monsieur*, as if remembering, said to M. de Vitrolles:

'You know the news? Buonaparte has landed in France.'

'Yes, monseigneur, I know it;' and thereupon M. de Vitrolles explained all the danger run by the royal family, what sort of an enemy they had to deal with, how active and dangerous he was, how necessary it was to take steps, that *Monsieur* must march to meet him, and make the troops decide. *Monsieur* had listened some minutes without replying; finally he said, *'Yes, I conceive that I must prepare to set out.'* *'More than that, my lord, you must start the instant you have received the King's orders.'* *'Ah well, I will go and see the King; you, M. de Vitrolles, have everything prepared for my departure.'*

If Napoleon left little material trace of his 'hundred days' reign in his palaces, he was not to leave much more of his exile to the island of Elba, and in 1827 my father, visiting this island, stated the fact in the pages that I extract from his numerous manuscripts.

We were received by M. Mellini, a native of the island; this superior officer of engineers contributed to the erection of the fortress of Alexandria, of which he was a long time the inspector. He vigorously defended Bastia against the English in 1815, quitted the island of Elba with Napoleon, followed him to Waterloo, and only speaks of his hero, who was always his benefactor, with tears in his eyes.

We went early to take our coffee at Mr. Bonbillet's, in the house that Napoleon had had arranged for his races at Torre de Rio. A village superintendent would not have been content with it.

Colonel Mellini is an old republican, who relates with enthusiasm the prodigies of the French armies during the first Italian campaigns. Then his love of liberty, which was not very solidly founded, changed into admiration for Napoleon, whose favours produced in him a pure and heartfelt devotion. He was with Napoleon in the island of Elba expedition, when after a captivity of thirteen months in this miserable country the Emperor so marvellously conquered France. The old soldier, covered with wounds, but still handsome under his white hair, related with much ardour, expression, and tenderness the first meeting of Napoleon, at Sisteron, with a regiment which opposed his passage for a few minutes. The colonel thereof was unable,

however, to bear the Emperor's presence without trembling and falling fainting to the ground. My travelling companion and I wept like children at his recital.

M. Mellini showed us a charming portrait of his patron, a ravishing miniature which he received from Madame Mère. The Emperor is represented in the time of the Consulate. The portrait is so perfect that it even resembles him in the later times of his Imperial power more than any other I have ever seen. It was by Augustin.

Finally we quitted this brave man, who wished us farewell in expressing his vows for liberty or for another Napoleon, and, by an expressive sign referring to his white hair, he regretted not to be amongst those who would enjoy his favours.

Porto Ferrajo inspired me with a sadness and a weariness impossible to overcome, perhaps because my ideas had proved false. I was hoping to see I know not what, and I did not see anything. The Emperor has scarcely left any trace of his passage, and the town, in which no business is carried on, has in itself an air of sadness which is easily communicated.

San Martino, a villa three miles from Porto Ferrajo, which Napoleon had built, is a small and very simple house, from which everything that might recall his stay has been removed. There was only in the drawing-room a marble bust of the insignificant merchant Bacciocchi, and the counterpart of the Bacciocha, the Emperor's sister. They were upon a most common chimney-piece, of which the upper part was of bad wood badly painted. By a strange contrast the mantelshelf was in Roman mosaic, very well done, representing birds and foliage gracefully interlaced.

The large *Salle* was painted in fresco, some of the small figures being excellently executed; they represent Egyptian subjects. All the engravings which remained in the *Imperial Palace* of Porto Ferrajo refer also to Egypt. It would seem that Napoleon wished to prepare for his meditated return by remembering his hazardous return from Egypt.

More than once on looking at these paintings he must have smiled at his fortune, and thought that it would not abandon him on so solemn an occasion. Fortune was faithful to him, but to reap all its fruits something was required besides temerity; to return from the island of Elba republican as he returned from Egypt, and not to deceive in so cowardly a manner a people who received him in 1815, not as emperor and king, but as a sovereign whom a year's reflection in such solitude ought to have enlightened as to the only divinity to which the French will do sacrifice.

This property, surrounded by vineyards and several hills producing only shrubs and wild plants, was bought and beautified at the Emperor's expense, and belongs to his son. This country house without a garden, which has not a tree—yes, one olive tree on the terrace—and yet over two thousand acres of ground, which replaced Versailles, Saint Cloud, Rambouillet, Compiègne, Saint-Germain, Fontainebleau, Trianon—is let to M. Corse, of Porto Ferrajo, at a rental of 300 crowns of the native money.

In returning by way of Porto Ferrajo we found the colonel again, who related to us:—

‘I was by the side of Napoleon, when, after the passage of Tagliamento, he might have upset for ever the sovereigns of Austria, but instead of pursuing the van-

quished army vigorously, he partly listened to Prince Charles's prayer, and said :—

“ I will only order my army to advance slowly.”

“ Adieu—the republic !” I could not help crying. That brought me into a sort of disgrace during one year.’

We heard before leaving an amusing etymologist who wished to explain everything. He pretended that *Napoleon* came in a straight line from *Apollon* : put a stop after the N, efface the head of the E to leave only a second L, and you have N. Apollon, viz. Nicholas Apollon, of which the ignorant beadles of Ajaccio have made Napoleon.

He added, if Napoleon be written in Greek characters, but suppressing the first letter, the following words are produced :—

Ναπολεων, Απολεων, Πολεων, Ολεων, Λεων, Εων, Ων,

which may be translated by : ‘ Napoleon, being the lion of the peoples, went destroying the cities.’

The police, which was still composed of men having served under Buonaparte, were under Louis XVIII., as I have already said, most active. Everything that came from the island of Elba, and afterwards from St. Helena—letters, papers, &c.—was intercepted and delivered to the ‘ Black Cabinet.’ If anything was allowed to escape it caused a veritable despair ; and on April 10, 1820, Count Anglès expressed his regret at having the previous year missed the couriers of O’Méara, Balcombe, and the Bonaparte family.

10th April, 1820.

My dear Friend,—Here is a note relating to the watch kept on M. de Lafayette. It contains a fact worthy of your best attention. Benard, an officer of the peace, is a man whom Foudras assures me to be veracious and incapable of deceiving the authorities. He had the note from Cointereau, who is evidently one of the corresponding agents of the party.

It is very probable that he will carry the letters from Benjamin Constant, Sauquièrre Soulligné, and Lafayette, for the whole party is engrossed with the revolutionary plan at the present moment.

Shall we allow this opportunity to slip of obtaining some positive convicting proofs, as last year we allowed the Englishman Holmer to escape us with O'Méara's, Balcombe's, and the Buonaparte family's correspondence?

Foudras thinks—and I share his opinion—that, under some pretext or other, we ought to seize all Cointereau's papers just as he gets into his carriage. Write me as soon as possible; consult your neighbour, his advice is good, and he has the tact of what may be useful.

My servant will wait your answer, but if you cannot reply immediately, send it me by some very safe person.

Return me the report.

COUNT ANGLÈS.

To have missed O'Méara's correspondence was serious; they were not accustomed to such failures, and everything emanating from this physician, the Emperor's confidant, was specially coveted. French agents residing in England

watched the arrival of ships from St. Helena, and persistently followed the passengers. When O'Méara returned to Europe he was also spied and tracked; a regular plot was laid with a view of abstracting the precious documents of which he was the bearer.

Here is what the 'Bibliographie Universelle' says about his return:—

'Go,' said Napoleon, 'the crime will be the sooner accomplished; I have lived too long for them. Your ministry is very daring; when the Pope was in France, I would rather have cut off my arm than sign an order to remove his surgeon. On your arrival in Europe, go yourself and find my brother Joseph; tell him I wish him to give you the packet of private and confidential letters, written me by the Emperors Alexander and François, and the King of Prussia, &c., that I confided to his care at Rochefort. Publish them in order to cover these sovereigns with shame, and show the world the vile homage these vassals rendered me when I was powerful. Then they courted my protection and the honour of an alliance with me, they licked the dust off my feet. Now they oppress me in a cowardly manner, by separating me from my wife and child.

'Do what I request you; publish their infamy.'

As soon as he returned to Europe, O'Méara hastened to execute Napoleon's orders, and to inform his brother of them; but it was too late, the precious correspondence had been confided to unfaithful hands, and was already delivered

to the different sovereigns who had so much interest to cause its disappearance.

The Russian ambassador in London alone gave a sum of two hundred and fifty thousand francs from his master, and all the rest had paid in the same proportions, so that none of the correspondence remained, which is a great pity as regards history.

I desire here to copy a series of letters sent from St. Helena, and which, not being signed, were attributed by some to Dr. O'Méara, by others to Doctor Keith, but the prevailing opinion was in favour of O'Méara's authorship, as will be seen by the note at page 210, which I copied textually from one of them.

These letters, very little known, were in reality written by Mr. Warden, the doctor of the 'Northumberland,' who accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena.

I thought well to reproduce them, collected and arranged in chapters, after having rectified the negligence and the errors of the translation, but respecting the primitive style. They seem to be written with a freedom and simplicity which impose every confidence in their veracity and in their author's good faith.

The accompanying notes do not figure on the manuscript, they are nearly all in the hand-writing of Baron Mounier, the Emperor's secretary.

CHAPTER X.¹

AT SEA.

On Board the 'Northumberland'—Portrait of Napoleon—The Impressions of the Count and Countess Bertrand—Companions in Exile—Ney at Waterloo—Fouché and the Emperor's Abdication.

. . . . Between eleven and twelve o'clock everything on board was ready for Napoleon's reception. Lord Keith, out of regard, I think, for the situation and the probable state of his feelings, refused the ceremony due to his rank, and would permit no other honours to be rendered to the ex-Emperor but those due to a general, this title being equal with every Government. The guards of the English navy were drawn up on the poop, with orders to present arms and the drums to be thrice beaten—the usual salute for every general officer in the British service.

My longboat reached the 'Northumberland' a few minutes after leaving the 'Bellerophon.'

¹ Part of the correspondence contained in this and the five following chapters was published in an incomplete form in 1817. I give it here in its entirety, from the original manuscript translation in the possession of Baron Mounier, Napoleon's private secretary. The notes appended were all added to the originals in the handwriting of Baron Mounier.—COUNT D'H.

Our deck was covered with officers, and even a crowd of persons of all classes drawn thither by curiosity. The longboat contained, besides the object of general attention, Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburn, Marshal Bertrand, who had shared all the chances of his master's fortune, and Generals Montholon and Gourgaud, who had been the Emperor's aides-de-camp and still preserved the title.

As the longboat approached, the figure of Napoleon was distinguishable at once ; everybody recognised him from having seen the engravings and portraits, always very lifelike, which were exhibited in every picture-dealer's shop. On the arrival universal silence reigned, both on the poop where were mustered the marines, and on the deck where the officers were assembled. All the spectators had grave but astonished faces, which, in my opinion, as well as in that of many others, added not a little to the importance of the event.

Count Bertrand went on board first ; he moved a few steps away to make room for him whom he never ceased to regard as his master, and to whom he always rendered the homage and respect due. The whole crew was in breathless expectation. Lord Keith left the longboat last, and I cannot better convey a just idea of the exclusive attention concentrated upon the

face and form of Napoleon than by assuring you that nobody amongst us even cast a glance at Lord Keith, notwithstanding his dignity in the navy, the fact of his being Admiral of the Channel fleet, in full uniform and wearing all his decorations. Every eye was riveted on Napoleon.

Buonaparte went slowly on board, and, as soon as his foot touched the deck, saluted by taking off his hat. The marines presented arms and the drums were beat. The officers of the 'Northumberland' stood to the front, their heads uncovered; he approached and saluted them with the greatest politeness. He then addressed himself to Sir George Cockburn, but immediately seeing that he did not speak French, he successively addressed several others, until he came to an artillery officer who answered him in that language. Lord Lowther and Mr. Littleton were presented to him. After a few moments he expressed the desire to be conducted to the cabin destined for his use; he remained there about an hour.

He was dressed as a general of French infantry in active service: a green uniform with white facings, white vest and breeches, white silk stockings, and well-made shoes with oval gold buckles. As decorations he wore a red 'cordon,' a star, and three orders attached to his button-hole; the iron crown, and the two grades of the

Legion of Honour. He was pale ; one could see that he had not slept well the previous night. His head was well covered with black hair, unmingled with a single white one. His grey eyes were continually in movement, quickly changing from one object to another. His teeth were beautiful and regular, and his shoulders finely proportioned, although he was a trifle too corpulent ; his face was really remarkable for its beauty.

I may be thought too circumstantial in the details concerning this celebrated personage ; but I thought that was what you expected, and that I ought to satisfy the curiosity I know you feel. . . . Imagine that I have played the 'Lavater' on the subject of the former Emperor of France and King of Italy, I will not fatigue you with more of my idle observations.

Buonaparte, on returning on deck, conversed for an hour before dinner with Lord Lowther, Mr. Littleton, and Sir George Bingham. It is said that he complained of the severity with which he was treated—being condemned to pass his days on the St. Helena rock, at the mercy of the four winds, and in the middle of an immense ocean. He failed to comprehend the politics or the fears of England in refusing an asylum to a man whose political career was ended. He spoke very vivaciously in this strain, addressing himself principally to Mr. Littleton ; but all the

time with great politeness, as might have been expected from him.

In a conversation I had on the following day with Count Bertrand, he also complained strongly of the cruel life in store for them. 'For, after all,' said he, 'the Emperor'—all his followers always gave him that title—'the Emperor only submitted to the will of England in the full confidence of finding an asylum on her shores.' He asked me what worse could have befallen his master had he been captured on the American vessel, on board of which he might have tried to effect his escape. He recapitulated all the probabilities of success of that enterprise, and added, 'Ought we to be made to repent not having run that risk?'

He went further.

'The Emperor,' he said, 'could he not have put himself at the head of the army of the Loire? Do you doubt that he would have gloried in serving under the flag? Is it not possible, even probable, that we should have been joined by numerous friends from the north, south, and east?'¹ It cannot therefore be denied

¹ This showed great confidence. Napoleon was not only betrayed by fortune, deceived in his illusions as to the generosity of his enemies, but even betrayed by Murat, his own brother-in-law, and abandoned by those who owed him everything.

M. Pasquier, on the occasion of the quarrel between Grouchy and Berthemy, relates the following anecdote:—

that it only depended upon him to put himself in a position to dictate other conditions than those imposed upon him.

‘It was to avoid the shedding of blood that the Emperor threw himself upon your hands; he believed in the honour of a nation justly celebrated for its generosity and its justice, and it would not have been a dishonour for England to admit Napoleon Buonaparte as a citizen. He asked but to be received into no matter which of your corporations. He only asked your sky for shelter, and your land to repose his head in safety. Was that too much for so great a man? Assuredly not. Such a great man could never have thought that in adversity—if, as seemed

After Waterloo it was of the greatest importance to get De Grouchy’s army to declare for the King, in order that the foreigners might have been stopped by telling them that, the King being re-established on his throne, their march on Paris was rendered unnecessary.

I started with Girardin (Alex) to find Grouchy, *whom we knew was favourably disposed*. We expected to find him at Soissons.

On the way Girardin perceived an army courier from Grouchy going to Paris to headquarters; he stopped him, and made him hand over his dispatches.

They announced that Grouchy was no longer in command.

We were therefore obliged to abandon our project, and in order not to re-enter Paris by daylight we went to Ermenonville, where we passed the remainder of the day so as to enter Paris by night.

M. Pasquier had already received powers from Grouchy.

The thing had been quite secret. That must have been June 28 or 29. M. Pasquier adds that the morning of his re-entering Paris he found Grouchy at *Vitrolles*’ house. Grouchy was present at the sitting of the Chamber on July 1.

impossible, adversity could have overtaken him—such a place would have been refused him. Would it not have been a proud reflection for England, that he who had conquered almost the whole of Europe, excepting England, had conceived no other desire in his misfortune than to pass the remainder of a life which had formed the most brilliant epoch of the century, retired in the farthest corner of her territory, had she deigned to accord it to him?’

He admitted that Napoleon had consulted him in order to know whether he could count upon the magnanimity of the English Government, and that being pressed he had replied :

‘I refuse to express my opinion to your Majesty—not because I am prejudiced against the English nation ;¹ for the first time in my life I cannot obey you. I have not the audacity to dare to advise under such critical circumstances,

¹ I recall here the terms of the letter written by the Emperor, and it is unnecessary for me to lay stress on the *generosity* shown by the English in consequence of a policy that Lord Chatham cynically expressed in the following terms :—

If we act in good faith and justice towards France, England will not exist for another quarter of a century.

‘ Rochefort, July 18, 1815.

‘ Royal Highness,—Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and to the enmity of the greatest European Powers, I have finished my political career, and I am coming, like Themistocles, to seek repose in the homes of the people of Britain. I place myself under the protection of its laws : that I entreat of

which must have such an influence on your fate and the honour of your name. It is not the idea of what may happen to me personally that frightens me ; I have not the shadow of a fear in this respect ; but I think that you may compromise your liberty by the resolution you are about to take. . . .

‘ And in fact it was compromised.

‘ I was so agitated in turn by my fears and hopes, that I simply asked him to hear me swear that I would follow him everywhere ; but it was for him alone to decide where he wished me to follow him. I cannot express to you how I congratulate myself at not having given advice to follow the course the Emperor took himself. For if I had contributed, in however small a measure, to the steps which reduced him to the deplorable state in which I now see him, I should not have one minute of repose in my life.’

your Royal Highness, as the powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

‘ NAPOLEON.’

It is at least curious to re-establish the following fact reported by M. de Laizer to Baron Mounier :—

Dumouriez, who, since his banishment from France, was established in England, and was in receipt of a pension from the British Government—Dumouriez, who was to deliver the plans to the English during the Spanish War, and to the allied armies in 1814, went in the strictest incognito, on the eve of the battle of Austerlitz, to the headquarters of the Russian army. M. de Laizer was at that time aide-de-camp to Bernington.

The expressions he used, and the inflexions of his voice, fully testified to his internal feelings. There was quite a military style in his language which proved that his decision was taken; but I could perceive the profound affliction of his heart. Loyal Englishman as I am, proud, as ought to be every son of our glorious country—although I could not participate in the sentiments and opinions that in his enthusiasm he expressed, I could not help admiring this faithful and sensitive Frenchman.

Madame Bertrand's lamentations did not take the same form nor language as those of the Count her husband. Her bearing and her sorrow admitted of intervals of distraction.

‘What do you think,’ she said to me one day, ‘of my sad position? Could anybody deserve more pity? Can words express the pain I experience? What a contrast for a young woman who has held the highest rank in the gayest and most brilliant court of Europe! I, who saw a thousand admirers waiting for a smile, and who boasted when they had obtained it!—I, the wife of Count Bertrand, Grand Marshal of the palace of the Emperor of France, to find myself to-day, with three children, condemned to accompany my husband in his exile, and that in a desert island, where distractions, all my dreams of pleasure, will be replaced by

prison life, with the inconveniences accompanying it, notwithstanding all the attention and kindness we are promised. . . . And all this in the midst of a boundless ocean !'

She was curious to know what the English thought of her husband. I told her that, as far as I could judge, they had a higher opinion of him than of the other marshals ; that his devotion to Napoleon had something romantic about it which excited much sympathy in England.

The result of all this anxiety was to give Madame Bertrand a slight desire to commit suicide. In her despair she threatened to throw herself into the sea. This, it appears, was on the evening of the day on which Buonaparte learnt that his fate was decided, and at the moment that this distressing decision came to her knowledge.

The little Bertrands are interesting children. The youngest is three or four years old ; the eldest was born at Trieste, during the time his father was Governor of the Illyrian provinces ; the other is a lively little girl, who gives evidence of a violent disposition. Military instincts are already dominant in these little urchins' characters. They pass their time from morning till night in drilling, or galloping as if on horseback, and all this under the command of a little French boy, who appears to have been born under some tent.

When I said to Madame Bertrand that it was generally believed that she had intended to remain in England to educate her children, she replied in a dry manner, which, from not being habitual with her, inspired me with a certain interest :

‘Why, sir, should I leave my husband under such painful circumstances? It would be too great a sacrifice. Perhaps in a year I may decide to return.’

As I informed her she might avail herself of the ‘Northumberland’s’ return, she did not seem indisposed to accept the proposition.

Neither the Count nor Countess de Montholon speaks English. He is a good-looking man, though small, and she is a very pretty woman. They have one consolation in common, of which they are very sensible, that is—their charming children.

When Buonaparte quitted the ‘Bellerophon,’ he was asked to name three persons whom he wished to accompany him to St. Helena. It was thought that Bertrand would have been excepted by the English Government; but it seems that Lord Keith took upon himself to admit so faithful a friend amongst the number of those who accompanied the ex-Emperor. The others were, Count de Las Cases, an old navy officer and a literary man; Generals Montholon

and Gourgaud, the two of Buonaparte's aides-de-camp who voluntarily shared his fortunes. The two latter had followed him to Russia, and related all the horrors of that winter campaign.¹ They praised the Russian cavalry to the skies; they stated that the Cossacks were easily put to flight. They did not seem to think much of the Prussians, and even less of the Austrians. They did not hide the astonishment they experienced at the English infantry at Waterloo;² but they thought that the cavalry wasted their energies too much; they apparently discovered this to their cost on that glorious day.

¹ Here is a list of the losses of the 4th regiment:

In crossing the Rhine there were 2,150 men present; 850 recruits joined at Moscow, Smolensk, and Wilna; total, 3,000 men. Of these 3,000 men, 200 returned on peace being declared—loss 2,700, or nine tenths: 116 officers killed; deaths during retreat, or taken prisoners, 40; prisoners of whom many were wounded, 20; wounded, 40; neither wounded nor taken prisoners, 10; in all 50 returned to France, of whom 40 were wounded.

² The morning of the battle of Waterloo the Duke of Wellington said to the General Pozzo di Borgo¹: 'I have thirty thousand Englishmen, five or six thousand Hanoverians, who were in the Spanish war. Good troops. The rest have never been tried. The Belgians behaved badly the day before yesterday—I must not trust to them; but you can write to the Emperor Alexander that if the battle is lost, not one of those redcoats'—pointing to the English—'will remain alive.'

¹ General Pozzo di Borgo, Napoleon's implacable enemy, who was a long time in the service of Russia, was the son of a Corsican shepherd, who furnished the Buonaparte family with eggs and milk. The child was educated at the expense of Madame Mère.

In a conversation with Count Bertrand, which turned on this subject during a few minutes, he could not hide his feelings. The little he said, he said with pain, frankness, and a marked bitterness.

‘We fought that day for the Crown of France; you won the battle, and we lost all.’

I asked him if he had read Marshal Ney’s letter to the Duke d’Otrante, vindicating his conduct on that day. Its publication was apparently unknown, for when I informed him of the manner in which the marshal judged and censured the conduct of his master the Emperor, publicly accusing him to have done nothing but commit mistakes, he said:

‘Well, well, if I had commanded Marshal Ney’s corps, I should perhaps have done worse than he; however that may be, I blame him strongly—but to compare him to Buonaparte!’ And raising and drooping his eyes, he cried: ‘There is as much difference between them as the distance of heaven from earth.’¹

¹ Ney was as brave and courageous as he was difficult to discipline. I reproduce one of his unpublished letters addressed to Marshal Masséna that M. Napoleon Ney was kind enough to show me:—

‘Ciudad Rodrigo: May 14, 1809.

‘Monsieur le Maréchal,—I am Duke and Marshal of the Empire like you (*sic*)—as for your title of Prince d’Essling, that has no importance except at the Tuileries. You tell me you are the

By my conversations with them I learnt that the causes and details of Buonaparte's abdication had never been well known in England. I will try to recall them, if what I was told is true, and I do not believe that one would have sought gratuitously to impose upon me.

It appears that it was *a trick of Fouché's invention* to deceive the Emperor, and it succeeded.

The name of this crafty politician and audacious revolutionary is, amongst the persons composing our society on board, always accompanied by the choicest and newest imprecations. Talleyrand himself does not get so many as this arch-traitor, as he is rightly called.

general. I know it but too well; and when you order Michel Ney to conduct his troops against the enemy you will see how he will obey you. But when it pleases you to upset the army staff formed by the Prince of Neufchâtel, you will understand that I no more listen to your orders than I fear your threats!

'Farewell, Marshal, I esteem you; and you know it; . . . you esteem me, and I know it. . . . The devil! we are not going to get at variance for a caprice. For, after all, how are you going to know if your little man shoots a bomb better than my old moustache, who is, I assure you, a solid fellow? It is said that yours dances well, so much the better for him! but that is no reason for him to make the enraged Spaniards dance—and that is what we want.

'MICHEL NEY.'

M. Pasquier, while he was Prefect of Police, having had a difficulty with Ney on the subject of sweeping, was obliged to speak of it to the Emperor, who said to him, 'You do not know what it is to have to govern two men like Soult and Ney.'

The opinion of all the exiles is that Fouché would like to hang Talleyrand, that Talleyrand would like to hang Fouché, and that he who would hang them both on the same gallows would set a good example to the public in proving that he had punished the two greatest scoundrels, the two most arrant knaves who ever governed and scandalised social order. I come back to the anecdote of the abdication.

When Napoleon returned to Paris after his defeat at Waterloo, he might have been supposed to be very uneasy and very uncertain as to what he should do.

The Duc d'Otrante placed before his eyes a letter which he was supposed to have received quite recently from Prince de Metternich, Minister of Austria. It was dated the month of April previous; the minister averred that the invariable will of the Emperor of Austria his master was that Napoleon I. should descend from the throne of France; that he should leave the French nation free to decide in favour of the monarchy under Napoleon II., or of the Republic. Austria declared that she had neither the right nor the intention to dictate laws to the French nation; that the solemn and irrevocable expulsion of the *traitor* (this was the expression used) was all that Austria asked of France.

Napoleon took the bait, and abdicated at

once in favour of his son; but no sooner had he committed this mistake than he discovered Fouché's double knavery. He learned that the letter was fictitious, and that the Emperor of Austria had no more the desire than the right to make his grandson play any *rôle*.

In the commencement of his stay in our midst Buonaparte showed great anxiety to learn the contents of the English papers; he was very curious to know how his character, his conduct, and the events were judged in our journals; and the knowledge was carefully kept from him.

Count de Las Cases promised to teach him enough English in fifteen days to enable him to read the papers himself, and he offered to prove to him how easy it would be; but he never could persuade his master to become his pupil.

‘I well know,’ Buonaparte said to him, ‘that you consider me a clever boy; however that may be, I cannot know everything, and one of the things that I shall never learn, is English in fifteen days.’

CHAPTER XI.

SOUVENIRS AND ANECDOTES.

Napoleon at Table—His Questions—Talleyrand—The Marshal's Fortunes—Count Bertrand and the Return from the Island of Elba—General Gourgaud's Anecdotes.

I RESUME my task, which I can only perform by fits and starts.

The day of his arrival our illustrious passenger showed signs of a large appetite. I noticed that he much liked to be given Bordeaux with his meals. He passed the evening on deck, where the band of the 53rd was mustered for his amusement.

He asked them to play 'God save the King' and 'Rule, Britannia.' In the intervals he conversed and appeared to be joking with the officers who understood French. I noticed that on all these occasions he affected always the same attitude, either expressly or from habit, that he had in the Tuileries when giving an audience to his marshals or officers. He never took his hands from his vest, except to get his

snuff-box. A circumstance which shows what a dignified bearing he always had, was that he never offered snuff to the person with whom he was speaking.

The next day he breakfasted at eleven o'clock, ate meat, drank Bordeaux, and took coffee. At dinner he showed a preference for mutton cutlets; I noticed he ate them without using either knife or fork.

He passed the greater part of the third day on deck, and appeared to me to have paid particular attention to his dress. He only received from the ship's officers the ordinary marks of deference that would have been paid to any private person; and I think he neither expected nor desired any other. He contented himself with the homage rendered him by his suite, who never appeared before him but hat in hand, and at so respectful a distance that one could almost believe that nothing was changed since leaving the palace of St. Cloud.

In the evening he played at cards—at whist—and lost invariably.

Amongst his baggage were two camp beds which had constantly followed him in his campaigns. The first, the primitive destination of which was probably quite different, was one of the principal objects of his furniture on board; the other was just long enough to allow a

general to snatch a few hours' rest in the midst of the tumult of war. It was used by Madame Bertrand, who had become a sea heroine. I happened sometimes to sit upon it, but never without thinking of the bloody battles of Wagram, Austerlitz,¹ Friedland, &c.

The wind commenced to blow and the ship to roll considerably. Buonaparte went on deck between three and four o'clock in the morning, and amused himself by questioning the officer on watch. He asked him how many knots the ship could make per hour; what sort of figure-head the 'Northumberland' had; a thousand questions proving that he wished to know everything: but I could not refrain from smiling

¹ The plan of the battle of Austerlitz was conceived by Napoleon at the château of Pont-de-Briques, a few kilomètres from Boulogne-sur-Mer, where he dwelt on several occasions. The Emperor had chosen the smallest room in the château for his bedroom. In one of the cupboards one of his *petits chapeaux* had been forgotten; quite lately the Count de Clocheville did homage to it in the Boulogne museum. In the park of this château there is a small dark avenue, running near the high road, in which Napoleon walked every morning. It was on returning from these walks that he dictated the plan of the marvellous campaign which resulted in the victory of Austerlitz.

In the Boulogne museum is also to be found one of the only two known copies of the medal which was to have been struck in London after the descent on England. On one side it has a head crowned with laurel, and on the other a Hercules smothering an *Antée* in his arms, with the words 'DESCENT ON ENGLAND: exergue, 'STRUCK IN LONDON IN 1804.' It is known that this time the traditional enemy was not attacked, and this symbol of victory, having become useless, was destroyed.

when I saw the same man who recently carried himself so proudly, who in such a superb manner trod upon the conquered empires and peoples, staggering at every step on the deck of our vessel, and leaning on the arm of any one near in order not to fall, for he was far from having his sea legs.

Amongst other things I remember the reply made to him by Mr. Smith, who had the habit of walking the deck arm in arm with his brother, a marine officer, and who appeared much older than the others. Buonaparte asked him how long he had been in the service.

‘Nine years,’ he replied.

‘Some time ago, doubtless?’

‘Yes, sir,’ replied Mr. Smith, ‘I lost much time in the French prisons. I was prisoner at Verdun during your campaign in Russia.’

Buonaparte shrugged his shoulders with a significant smile, and changed the conversation.

I must say once for all, if I have not told you already, that he never lost an opportunity of asking a question. One day he asked our chaplain, who is orthodox, if he was not a ‘Puritan.’ I need not tell you that the ecclesiastic replied in the negative. But you may imagine the scandal occasioned by such a question to a man in holy orders, and unshaken in his religious principles.

He also wished to know what were the

‘Johnsonians’ in Scotland, a sect which he believed to be very numerous in that part of England. His conversation consisted of questions, which were never sufficiently satisfied to hinder him from recommencing on the same subject. It was quite impossible to answer one of his questions by asking another. He was accustomed on the throne to the system of interrogation which consisted of interruptions. There was no means of guessing his motive for asking about the ‘Johnsonians.’ I am persuaded that, at the time he projected a descent on different points of our island, he thought that Dr. Johnson had perhaps, by reason of his works, founded a sect that might have been favourable to his designs of invasion.

If I find an opportunity, and if the ex-Emperor becomes sufficiently familiar with me, I shall endeavour to discover his motive for speaking of the ‘Johnsonians.’

The name of Talleyrand was introduced one day into the conversation of our French passengers, and there was but one voice as to his great talent.¹ I asked at what time Napoleon had

¹ Buonaparte, when First Consul, wrote to Talleyrand, whom he saw two or three times a day, ‘Come and see me; you know all that I am ignorant of, as I know all that you do not know.’ M. de Talleyrand said to him after Marengo, when he commenced to show that he could not stop, ‘You prefer to be a comet rather than a planet.’

withdrawn his confidence from Talleyrand and had removed him from his council. I was answered, 'From the Spanish war.' I observed that it was said in England that the reason was that he had too openly opposed that hazardous enterprise. Everybody contradicted me, and positively assured me that the Prince of Benevento had approved the Spanish war, supporting his unchangeable opinion, that he openly proclaimed in council, that the Emperor's life would never be safe *as long as a Bourbon reigned in Europe.*

I endeavoured to press Madame Bertrand on the subject of Talleyrand, and she positively assured me that Talleyrand was in secret relation with the Emperor during the interregnum, and that he was to have rejoined him in a month. He was to have quitted Vienna on the pretence of going to take the waters at Aix-la-Chapelle.

'Could you believe, madame,' I said, 'that if M. de Talleyrand had the intention, he would have had the power to influence the Vienna Court to assist Buonaparte?'

'He lead the Vienna Cabinet!' she cried; 'oh, yes, yes: he had sufficient spirit to lead all the Cabinets of Europe. If only he had rejoined the Emperor we should be in Paris yet, and France would not have changed masters.'

On board the 'Northumberland' I did not

hear anybody praise his virtues, but many his political talents.

I asked Count Bertrand which of all the French generals had amassed the greatest riches. He told me it was Masséna.

‘But all,’ he added, ‘have made immense fortunes. Macdonald, the Duke of Tarente, is the one who has gained the least.’¹

To my great astonishment, he made a pompous eulogy of Davoust, Prince of Eckmühl. I remarked what we heard said in our country of the unexampled atrocities committed in Hamburg. He assured me, on the contrary, that Davoust was a general full of devotion and activity and of passive obedience; that he was not wanting in humanity, but that his instruc-

¹ It was of Marshal Macdonald that the Count Goltz wrote from Paris to the Prince of Hardenberg the 4th of June, 1816:—

‘Marshal Macdonald is now very assiduous at court, and makes himself remarked by wearing only the “fleur-de-lis” by the side of the star of the legion of honour. He spoke to me with a sort of enthusiasm of the visit made by the Duchess of Angoulême to the Institution of the Demoiselles de Saint Denis, and of the excellent spirit reigning there since he is its chief in his position of Chancellor of the Legion of Honour.

‘Marshal Macdonald as courtier is a veritable curiosity in the history of the time.’

Count Goltz wrote also on the 1st July: ‘Marshal Suchet has been well received by the King; he renewed to his Majesty his protestations of devotion and fidelity, but good care was taken at Court not to give him for the present any particular tokens.’

tions were most rigorous, and that he had not exceeded them ; that he was incapable of a base action ; that he had not taken a penny ; on the contrary, it was within the knowleng of Count Bertrand that a considerable sum had been offered to General Davoust to allow some ships to leave Hamburg during the night, but that he had refused with the scorn of a faithful officer and an honest man.

Count de Las Cases attacked the marshals without pity. He said that Masséna had been a fencing-master, but that before the Portuguese campaign he was placed in France on an equality with Buonaparte, and perhaps above as general. He added that since that date he had become absolutely insignificant and very miserly, although he had but a daughter and son to inherit his immense fortune. Speaking of Masséna, he related the following anecdote.

At the time of the crossing of the Danube in 1809 the salvation of the army was attributed to Masséna's great talent and his imperturbable courage.

The truth is that a considerable rising of the river suddenly cut off communication between the left and right banks when half the army was across already. The remainder had no ammunition. Masséna held out in the village of Essling, and repulsed the Austrians fifteen times.

He thus aided the retreat of the French, who were threatened with total loss.

The praise of the whole army amounted to so much blame of Buonaparte's conduct. He endeavoured to obviate it by conferring on Masséna the title of Prince d'Essling, and crediting him with the whole success of that glorious campaign.

Soult, added M. de Las Cases, is an excellent officer—nay, one of the bravest men possible ; but Suchet has more power of discernment and mind than any of the other marshals.¹ Joseph and he married two sisters.

He spoke to me afterwards of Admiral Gantheaume, and asked me what the English papers said of that sailor. I replied that they had not a high opinion of him outside the roadstead, that he was considered good for retreats.

'Yes,' he said, 'he is believed good for cruising and flying. He was first attached to the King, then to Napoleon, then to the King again. He is at heart what you call the Vicar of B.'

Helping him to complete his idea, I said, 'You mean the Vicar of Bray.'

¹ General Lagrange, being in Vienna at the moment the peace of Presburg was announced, found Savary, Duke de Rovigo, walking to and fro in a furious humour in the *salon de service*. 'What is it to you?' said Lagrange (then Berthier's aide-de-camp); 'you will always be marshal.' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'but I shall never be anything else.'

‘That is it—the Vicar of Bray.’

‘He is old,’ said the count; ‘but he is as indiscreet as a young man.’

After dinner our distinguished passenger walked about longer than usual.

He asked a thousand questions in order to find out if we were making progress and would soon reach our destination. He appeared to suffer from the confinement, being accustomed to take plenty of exercise. He was rather thin before being First Consul, otherwise his Egyptian campaigns would have been sufficient to make him thin; but although his fatigue of body and mind would have sufficed to impair any other constitution than his, he improved in health and became much stouter during the ten following years.

It is a singular circumstance that Count de Montholon, who I have told you was one of the Emperor’s aides-de-camp, is the son of a general officer whom Buonaparte served as aide-de-camp during the Revolution. All the family, with the exception of his father and himself, have always been royalists, and are large freeholders. But the general is dead, and his son has sacrificed fortune and family to follow, together with his wife and son, the fate of the only sovereign he ever knew: he throws his glory, honour, and conscience into his conduct.

I have already said that care was taken to keep from the knowledge of our passengers all that had been published since our departure. Count Bertrand took an opportunity to ask me if I had read anything. I replied that amongst other things I had read of a secret journey that he was said to have made to Paris before Buonaparte's departure from the island of Elba. He appeared very shocked, and said :

‘ I knew that the English papers had accused me of going to Paris in disguise some months before the landing at Cannes. I declare that I never set foot in Paris at that time. I might have been in Italy had I wished it ; but I only quitted the island of Elba with the Emperor. It was stated also, and with as little foundation, that I had sworn fidelity to the King of France. That is untrue ; I have never set eyes on a single *prince of the House of Bourbon.*’

I will relate to you Buonaparte's return to France, as it has been described to me here. The Duke de Bassano was the principal agent ; trustworthy persons went from France to the island of Elba, and it was thus that the Emperor learned that the Congress was believed to have decided to send him to St. Helena, whither he is now going ; anxiety was vague, and did not rest upon any positive information. He had no decided plan ; on the departure of his little fleet

he received a despatch in which he was warned to defer his expedition for a month. The advice arrived too late, and he said :

‘ *The die is cast.*’¹

General Gourgaud related numerous details of the Russian campaign and that of the Peninsula, at both of which he had been present.

I give a few striking particulars. He spoke of the excessive cold of the Russian climate with an astonishment which surprised us. You may imagine what a contrast it was for a Frenchman, accustomed to a fine mild temperature, who from France had gone to Spain, to find himself suddenly transported to a part of the globe where tears froze on his cheeks, where the frostbitten soldiers, in trying to move to see if they were really alive, fell and died instantly.

He related the following anecdote of the siege of Saragossa.

The French had laid a mine beneath a con-

¹ The day but one after his arrival (March 22) he said to General Haxo, ‘Here I am back again. That was not the most difficult part; the question is to keep me here. I repeat to everybody that we shall have peace, but it is not true. We must face the foreigners; but how? *The Bourbons have spoiled the citizens [bourgeoisie] for me*; from Cannes to here a million peasants crowded on my passage. If I would allow them to hang both nobles and priests and divide the spoil, they would allow themselves to be butchered for me; but it is not in my nature to become the chief of a *Jacquerie*. I have therefore but my faithful army on which to rely. Try and make the most of it possible. To our maps, General, and let us work.’

vent which the Spaniards sought to hold. The besiegers did not wish to destroy the edifice, but to force the besieged to surrender from fear of attack. The explosion was stronger than had been intended, and the greater part of the Spaniards were blown up with the convent.

Sixteen of them managed to escape in the most extraordinary manner; they went up into the belfry with arms and ammunition, and, notwithstanding the efforts of the French, defended themselves for three days with an amazing bravery. But that was not all; to the great astonishment of the besieging party they succeeded in escaping. The Catholics attributed the miracle to the intervention of the patron saint of the convent. Their evasion had, however, nothing supernatural: by the aid of strings, which they threw to a neighbouring house, the soldiers procured a rope sufficiently long for them to descend and effect their escape.

One evening Buonaparte entered into conversation with Captain Beatty, officer of the marine guards, who spoke French very well; he questioned him as to the regulations and discipline of his corps. Nobody was better able to satisfy him than that excellent officer. Captain Beatty had served in the East with Sydney Smith, and had been at the siege of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, an event which was not amongst

those Buonaparte could look back to with pleasure. On learning this circumstance Buonaparte spoke to him very gaily, and said, while pulling his ear :

‘And so you were at Saint-Jean-d’Acre, rascal.’

He then inquired what had become of Sir Sydney Smith. When he heard that that brave knight was on the Continent occupied in submitting to the Vienna Congress his proposition to go and destroy the barbarians, Buonaparte said quickly :

‘It is a shame to Europe that the Powers should have suffered the existence of those miscreants so long.’

This confirms what was said of Andréossi’s proposal, made to our Government on behalf of Napoleon during the short interval of peace which succeeded the Treaty of Amiens.

Buonaparte’s activity is generally known. This man, who so long kept such a large part of the world awake, allowed himself but few minutes’ rest.¹ Nothing surprised me more than to find this same personage become on board the ‘Northumberland’ the most inveterate sleeper.

¹ He very often woke during the night, called for one of his secretaries, and worked until sleep returned. Day and night in the kitchen of the Tuileries, or even in a campaign, three fowls were always kept in different stages of roasting. One was always to be ready for immediate eating on the Emperor’s demand.

The greater part of the day he remained reclining on a sofa. He left the card-table early in the evening, and never rose before eleven o'clock in the morning, often breakfasting in his bed ; but he had not now anything to do, and any trifling story amused him.

CHAPTER XII.

WITH OPEN HEART.

Napoleon and Suicide—England's Generosity—Anger and Kindness—A Vision of St. Helena—Crossing the Line—Vive 'Louis XVIII!'

It had been said by several English papers that Buonaparte, who on the field of battle had seen death in so many shapes stare him in the face, whose courage could never be doubted, would not finish in a cowardly manner; that he would kill himself rather than allow himself to be ignominiously conducted to St. Helena like an outlaw and a prisoner. He, being spoken to one day on this subject, replied with the utmost composure,—

'No, no, I am not sufficiently Roman to kill myself.'

He said this with reference to Mr. Whitbread and his unhappy end. Napoleon was aware of the circumstances of his death as well as of his political character. He spoke of him as a good and loyal Englishman, and attributed the event

to the effect of the climate of England. He finished by saying :—

‘ According to my idea, suicide is the most revolting of all crimes. I can find no reason to justify it. It belongs to that kind of weakness called “ poltroonery.” How can a man pretend to be courageous when he has not courage to bear his fate? Real heroism consists in placing oneself above the misfortunes of life ; of whatever nature they may be, we ought to defy and combat them.’

I must relate to you a pointed conversation I had with the Count de Las Cases respecting the reasons which determined Buonaparte to place himself at the discretion, and rely upon the generosity, of the English Government. He preceded his statement by the following preamble :—

‘ You will not find in ancient history any event which in all its details was as extraordinary as that of our departure from France. They will be published one day, and you will be able to compare them with what I am about to tell you, and which is the exact truth.

‘ On quitting Paris the Emperor’s idea was to go and live in North America, and to take up his residence on one of its great rivers. A large number of Frenchmen of his party would have joined him there ; and as he wished to ter-

minate his career and his ambition, he had resolved to retire from the world, and there, under his fig-tree, to judge from afar, as a philosopher, the political tempests which agitated Europe.

‘I observed that the inhabitants of the United States would perhaps not believe in his pretended philosophical conversion, and would not look without uneasiness on this colony of philosophers.

“Las Cases,” he replied, “the career of ambition is finished for Napoleon!”

‘On our arrival at Rochefort the difficulty of reaching the promised land seemed greater than we had at first believed. After many projects and inquiries we were unable to decide on anything practical. Finally, we procured two luggers, boats of one mast, and we thought thus to undertake the voyage across the vast Atlantic Ocean. Sixteen sailors engaged themselves for the voyage, and we thought to be able to escape during the night. We assembled in a room to lay our plans. I will not attempt to describe the anxiety pictured on every countenance of this little council. The Emperor alone seemed unmoved, and asked each one’s opinion. The majority wished him to return to his army, because in the South it still appeared possible for him to defend himself. The Emperor refused

absolutely, declaring that he would never be the cause of a civil war in France! He said then, and he has often repeated since, that his political career was finished, and that he only desired repose in an asylum such as America offered. He asked me, as a man of the profession, if I thought we could safely undertake such a voyage in such small boats. I replied: "Yes, and no; besides, I do not understand that kind of vessel; it is a long time since I left the navy; but the young sailors who have offered to accompany us are in a better position than I to answer for our success; they are risking their lives, and we may rely upon them." Nevertheless Buonaparte abandoned the project which offered such equivocal chances, and we saw no other resource but to fly to England for protection. At midnight, in the midst of the anxieties of the council, Napoleon asked one of us to serve as secretary, and wrote a letter to the Prince Regent. . . .

'None of us doubted but that we should meet with the same reception as that accorded to Lucien Buonaparte.'

With respect to the manner of conducting divine service on board Her Britannic Majesty's ships, Buonaparte spoke of religion. He appeared to profess great tolerance; he explained his profession of faith in the Mahometan religion

in Egypt, which was but a simple political demonstration in order to attain his proposed end; he impressed this forcibly on us, with a view of removing the odious impression which it had caused of him in England when it was heard that he had become Mussulman; but that neither excuses nor explains anything.¹

The members of Buonaparte's retinue never allowed an opportunity to escape of extolling his person and his principles. His violence of character was admitted, but to convey an idea of the amiable manner in which he often, not to say always, calmed after his fits of passion, Las Cases told us the two following anecdotes of which he had been an eye-witness:—

‘I was at St. Cloud,’ he said, ‘when Captain M—— came to pay his respects to the Emperor,

¹ During the negotiations of the Concordat, Sémonville passed his evenings at Madame de Brignole's (mother of Madame de Dalberg and Madame Marescalchi). Madame de Brignole was the niece of Cardinal Consalvi. She was on the best terms with Sémonville. One evening she told him that her uncle was most happy because the French negotiators *had not spoken to him of two points upon which his instructions were to yield if it were necessary.*

Sémonville hastened charitably to the Tuileries and communicated his discovery to the First Consul. He was walking backwards and forwards, then stopping before Sémonville he said to him:

‘Your Consalvi is a fool, nothing but a fool. He would have yielded on the divorce and the marriage of priests. But I do not wish it. What I require is the Pope and the Catholics. Catholics would not wish a concordat at that price, and the Pope would no longer be the Pope.’

on his return from England. He had been taken on board the "Didon" by the English frigate "Phoenix," Captain Baker. I introduced him, and the Emperor said to him aloud and very harshly :

‘What, sir, you lower your flag before an enemy of inferior force! What can you reply to justify your conduct?’

‘Sire, I can only tell you one thing ; that is, that my crew would not fight any longer.’

‘Sir, when an officer can no longer make himself obeyed he does not deserve to command. Get hence.’

And six months afterwards, inquiry having been made as to Captain M——’s conduct, the Emperor sent him to command a squadron at Venice.

The Emperor had a private secretary, very talented, but gifted with so much coolness that one would have believed him insensible to everything.¹ The contrast offered by his temperament to the impetuosity of his master was very singular. Buonaparte scarcely ever wrote ; his custom was to dictate, and that with rapidity of thought. When an idea occurred to him in the middle of the night he called his secretary. Once it happened that this secretary forgot a word which had been dictated to him, and because of

¹ Baron Meneval.

that involuntary accident Buonaparte drove him from the room with the most disagreeable remarks. The next day the Emperor sent for him. The secretary entered with a face as calm and unruffled as usual. The Emperor asked him with a sort of interest if he had slept well the previous night. The secretary replied that he had slept as usual. 'Then you were happier than I,' said the Emperor. 'Take your pen,' and he dictated him the ordinance of a considerable pension which he granted him.¹

They sought also to disabuse us of the idea that Napoleon was anything but polite towards ladies, a quality without which the French pretend there cannot exist anything generous, noble, or really great. Amongst the proofs given of his leaning towards tenderness they boasted of his sincere attachment to Marie-Louise.

. . . When we neared the island of Madeira, the state of the atmosphere permitted us to see the whole island. We discovered farther another

¹ It was quite in the logic of Napoleon's violent character to feel repugnance to peace at all times. M. Siméon has related that, at the moment of the signature of the Treaty of Amiens, M. de Talleyrand, entering the First Consul's apartment, found him lying on a map and beside himself with irritation. He believed the negotiations must be broken off.

'No!' said Napoleon, 'our d——d peace is signed. But what will become of me?'

island of which the rocks were almost perpendicular, and which somewhat resembled St. Helena. I remarked this to M. de Las Cases, who imparted my observation to Napoleon. He left dinner sooner than usual, and joined a few of us who were watching from the poop.

The resemblance of what he saw to what he was destined to see did not cause him to make any remark ; but a smile of vexation was seen on his face, he shrugged his shoulders, and that was all. I presented him Johnson's book on 'The Influence of the Tropics on European Constitutions.' He does not express great praise of St. Helena ; but he admits that he remained there three days, always at anchor ; he could not, therefore, in so little time see or describe anything.

I have told you that Buonaparte was accessible to love. I will here let Madame Bertrand speak, to prove to you that he is capable of friendship.

She related in the most touching manner Buonaparte's last interview with Duroc, Duke de Frioul. That officer, who enjoyed his master's confidence, was struck one night by a cannon-ball while he was occupied reconnoitring the position of an encampment ; his intestines fell, and it was he who picked them up and replaced them. In this desperate state he was carried into a neigh-

bouring cottage, where he lived twenty-four hours. Gangrene set in, and his wound gave off a most repulsive odour. He had been some time in this state when Buonaparte came to see and console him. Duroc, with his dying breath, expressed his gratitude, renewed his protestations of devotion and fidelity, and finished by recommending his wife and daughter to Buonaparte's care, imploring him to go away, because the odour from the wound was becoming insupportable.

She spoke with enthusiasm of Buonaparte's grief. To give us a proof she said that the following night, when he was believed to be asleep, he went and sat upon the stone that covered his friend's grave, and remained there all night. . . .

I shall only mention the ceremony of crossing the line to state that all the Frenchmen submitted with the best grace in the world. The 'Neptune' and the 'Amphitrite' of the day had reason to be satisfied. They were in a long boat full of water, their throne was a . . . Neptune had an enormous brush for sceptre. They were surrounded by tritons to the number of forty or sixty, the biggest and strongest sailors of the crew, who were naked from the waist, and smeared with all sorts of colours. Each one carried a bucket of salt water to more

or less sprinkle the subjects of the marine deity. It may be judged to what a point licence is carried in such a fête, since M. Ross, the captain of the ship, was baptised like the rest, and, to his great satisfaction, Montholon, Gourgaud, and Las Cases, with all their servants, presented themselves before the sovereign of the day, and received the ablution with all the pleasure it is supposed to produce. The two first were preceded by their children, who presented, each on raising its little arms, a double-napoleon as an offering to the god of the seas.

A ship's boy sang 'The Tight Little Island,' some of the passages of which are not very flattering to the enemies of Great Britain, but it did not produce any bad effect. The ladies watched the spectacle from a raised place, and appeared to be as amused as astonished at it. Neptune appeared somewhat mortified that Napoleon did not appear, although he had recognised his sovereignty by sending him his tribute.

I have perhaps told you that on board our amusements were not very varied, and that we therefore diverted ourselves with the most trifling things. As you are, *par excellence*, the children's father, I will mention a little joke which will make you smile. We had tried to surprise

the artlessness of the little Bertrands, and endeavoured by all sorts of seductions to make them cry '*Vive le roi!*' and '*Vive Louis XVIII.!*' The two eldest, Loyal and Trin, never failed to reply, '*Vive l'empereur!*' The youngest, tempted by the irresistible sight of sweetmeats, was induced to say '*Vive Louis XVIII.!*' but we could never make him say '*Vive le roi!*' His brother and sister reproached him for having yielded, for they both remained immovable. It is said that this pretty little child was very much like young Napoleon. We have named him John Bull, and when asked his name he replies at once, 'John Bull.'

You have known me a long time, and you have often heard me forming projects for the future; but what I could never have foreseen—or you either—is that I should become English master and English master to the former Marshal at the series palace. I shall have reason to be very employed. He is most amiable, and will read. He can make himself well acquainted with English, although he preserves his French. We have already read most of his '*Vicar of Wakefield*,' and we are now reading '*Roderick Random* ; or, The

that I do not forget anything
our famous passenger. I

recollect that Count Bertrand told me, on the occasion of the German campaign of 1807, that Buonaparte hardly ever employed spies. Speaking of Napoleon's superior talents, before which he said he prostrated himself,¹ 'The first mark of confidence the Emperor gave me was a private mission, and I did not sin by excess of zeal; but I did not think the thing practicable, and I took the liberty of saying so to him.

¹ Count Bertrand's sentiments were quite natural. He had a profound affection for the Emperor, and his every act seemed to him a stroke of genius. It was not the same with a large number of his soldiers, who, while loving him and devoting themselves unreservedly to him, judged his adventurous conduct and his love of conquest more severely. Here is a proof:—

General Roussel was, at the end of 1812, in Suchet's army, major of a regiment of infantry (114th) commanded by Colonel Arband. The entry of Napoleon into Moscow was announced. 'That man is mad,' said Arband, 'he will never return.' The next day orders were given to inform the troops of the great news. Arband followed orders, put the regiment in a square, read the news, then cried, 'My children, you hear, your Emperor is mad. He has just plunged himself into Russia's ice, he will never come out; take your crapes, it is a day of mourning, it is the most fatal day for France.' The astonishment was great. The marshal was immediately informed of so strange an incident; he was as much alarmed as irritated. Arband was placed under forced arrest. Two days later it was a question of fighting before Alicante; Roussel and the other majors went to the marshal and asked that for the combat he be allowed to take command of his regiment, promising that he would there find an opportunity of effacing his fault, &c. Suchet consented. The march commenced, the regiment had to attack; Arband placed himself at the head of a company of grenadiers, and dashed forward like a man seeking death. He fell pierced by seven balls.

General Roussel was colonel of the first regiment that landed in Africa.

“It seems so to you, but how do you propose to set about it?”

‘I explained the means I proposed to employ.

“You will not succeed like that; here is my plan: try it, and you will find yourself successful.”

‘He explained me his ideas; I adopted them at once, and I succeeded.’

I have noticed that this extraordinary man likes to play low, and does not get cross when he loses. At chess, an intricate game, and not a game of chance, but which has some resemblance to war, he does not show so much indifference. I suspect that Montholon, whenever he plays with him, arranges to lose. I have read somewhere that a sultan, playing at chess with one of his officers, was so furious at having been checkmated, that he drew his sword and cut off his conqueror's head. I should not be surprised if the aide-de-camp had read that story.

It was October 14, 1815, at sunset, that we sighted St. Helena. The morrow's sun shone on the day from which would date Napoleon's exile. This second part of his history will form the subject of my next letters.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAINT HELENA.

First Night at St. Helena—'The Briars'—The Goat-track—A blessed Corner of the Land of Exile—I dine at Napoleon's House—Master Legg's Farm—A Sylvan Nymph.

It is easier to imagine than describe the sensation produced at St. Helena by the arrival in the colony of a foreigner of such distinction. Curiosity, astonishment, and interest all combined to draw out the inhabitants from their habitual calmness and to throw them into a very natural state of excitement.

Napoleon did not leave his cabin until an hour after the ship had cast anchor. He appeared when there was nobody on deck, went up the poop companion, and examined the batteries arming St. James's Fort. James's Town is built at the back of the port it shelters, and is the only town in the island. As long as he remained looking I watched his bearing with the greatest attention; he did not betray himself by any demonstration, and seemed to examine

everything with the simple curiosity of a man who sees a new object for the first time. The ladies showed some concern at the sight of the mountainous cage that was to serve them for a dwelling-place, but in general they showed more tranquillity than might have been expected.

The admiral's first care was to find a temporary lodging for Napoleon and his retinue, until proper premises could be obtained to serve as his habitual and definite dwelling-place. He was installed in the lieutenant-governor's house. The prisoner landed on the 17th only. It was after sunset. All the inhabitants whose curiosity had led them to the seashore had retired to their houses. Buonaparte, who had wished it should be so, landed and entered *incognito* the house in which he was to pass the first night he slept at St. Helena.

The next morning General Buonaparte went riding, accompanied by Sir George Cockburn. They climbed up 'Longwood' mountain, destined to be the simple and quiet habitation where was to pass the rest of his life he who had called his own the most sumptuous palaces in the most beautiful towns of Europe!

A mile from the town, and half-way up the mountain, is a country house belonging to Mr. Balcombe, a very respectable merchant; it is called 'The Briars.'

The house is situated on a small esplanade, which looks as if created by magic on such a rugged site. It may contain about two acres of ground. There are watercourses which refresh the vegetation of a number of fruit trees, and this little corner of privileged ground seems suspended between two perpendicular mountains above and the yawning precipices beneath. Napoleon, in descending from Longwood, had the odd fancy of stopping at this house; the master offered him hospitality in such an amiable and pressing manner that he renounced all idea of returning to the town, and thus hid himself from the observation of the curious who were waiting to see him on his return.

On an elevation, at fifty rods from the house, is a Gothic building composed of a ground-floor with two rooms above. Napoleon took up his residence there until Longwood was arranged for his reception. There was no choice as to the distribution of apartments in such a small abode. Buonaparte occupied the lower part; M. de Las Cases, his son, who acted as Buonaparte's page, and one servant, the upper part.

A few days after his settling at 'The Briars' I went to pay him a visit. I found him reclining on a sofa, because apparently the heat incommoded him. He told me he had been walking in the garden, but that at noon he had come to

profit by the freshness of his small retreat. He appeared to me to be in very good humour, and was very polite, and asked very graciously after all the officers of the 'Northumberland.' After a few minutes' conversation he said :

'I find there is much strength in your island. What there is in the country would suffice to defend it. What could have induced your Government to send the 53rd Regiment here? There were quite enough people here to keep me. . . . But that is how England spends her money.'

I did not hesitate to reply :

'General, from the moment my Government decided what should be your fate, it was obliged to take all necessary precautions.'

I did not know whether my reply would please him ; but he appeared satisfied rather with my frankness than if I had embarked in some compliment, of which God knows how I should have acquitted myself, I who am not in the habit of paying compliments.

Towards the commencement of November I returned to 'The Briars,' by invitation from Mr. Balcombe, to go and dine there. Having arrived early I amused myself by examining how the grounds composing this little estate were cultivated. I took by chance a path which led to the garden, and to a gate leading

to a goat-track, bordered on each side by a hedge of wild pear-trees. At the angle formed by two paths I met Napoleon climbing amongst the rocks, and much encumbered by his regulation boots.

He advanced towards me with an air of content and surprise, and reproached me kindly for the time I had allowed to pass without coming to see him. There was a large broad plank, placed from one stone to another, as if to serve as a seat. After having brushed away the dust with his hand, he sat down, and asked me to sit by his side. M. de Las Cases came up and joined us; as he walked even worse than his master upon such rugged ground, he had been left behind and had only been able to follow from afar.

On all sides, above our heads, we saw rocks piled up more than a thousand feet in height, and beneath us precipices of an equal depth. I regarded this picture, which is beautiful in its horror, with astonishment.

‘Well,’ said Napoleon, ‘what do you think of the view I enjoy here? You may thank your countrymen for having treated me in so kind a manner.’¹

¹ ‘Amongst the curious things of the present epoch, a letter of which the Duc de Richelieu has spoken to me seems worthy of mention. It is one that the *former King of Sweden* (Gustave IV., predecessor of Charles XIII., to whom succeeded Bernadotte) had just written to the King of France, Louis XVIII., to beg him to

I had nothing to reply to that, and therefore kept silent.

He then spoke to me of the island, remarking that all the books that he had read during the voyage in which reference was made to St. Helena had given a rather flattering portrait of it, unless the other parts of the island that he had not yet visited offered more agreeable sites than those to be found at Longwood.

His conversation was, what it always had been, simple, gay, and familiar, without any remembrance of his former greatness; and he never let an opportunity pass of mingling something amiable with his remarks. I spoke to him of the efforts of our admiral to hurry on the work at Longwood, and added that from all appearance the dwelling would be ready to receive him in less than a month.

‘Oh,’ he said, ‘I am convinced your admiral knows how long it takes to build a ship; but I do not believe him to be an architect, and I think that he is wrong in his calculation.’

I assured him that, on land and sea, Sir George Cockburn was a man of universal knowledge, and one of those who succeeded in all he undertook. I added that the officers were occu-

do all in his power, in order that Buonaparte should be treated with less rigour in the island of St. Helena.’—*Extract of a letter from Count Goltz to the Prince of Hardenberg, Paris, May 28, 1817.*

pied in seeing to the transport of the materials by the crew. He asked me for news of each one, and as he remembered their names he said :

‘ If they will come and see me, I will receive them, as I receive you, in an open field ; for my apartment, which serves me for dining-room and bedroom, is not precisely fitted for holding a reception.

‘ The Briars ’ will henceforth have a certain celebrity, through having served as a residence for Napoleon quite unexpectedly. This is another proof that the most unknown spots may, when chance wills it, become in a day historical places.

Beyond a certain circle where Buonaparte may go alone, there is a ring of sentinels which he must not pass unless accompanied by an English officer.

As this constraint is painful to him, he limits his walks to the environs of the house.

An indisposition of General Gourgaud caused me to make a longer stay at Longwood, the illness having assumed a serious character from the commencement. My friend M. O’Méara, as I think I have told you, was the Emperor’s surgeon, and he desired that we should attend the invalids together.¹

¹ This passage leads to the belief that Dr. O’Méara is not the author of this correspondence, but another doctor. Or, did

My first visit was marked by some incidents which will not be without interest for you—I know you are fond of details.

About six o'clock in the evening I arrived at Hutegate, a small house on the road to Longwood, a mile from the town; it is there Count Bertrand lodges. He has two apartments upstairs and two downstairs. Everything breathes of health in this humble dwelling, amidst the charming children. I could fill a volume with all I could say about the happiness of this home.

During my stay at Longwood I occupied all my spare moments by reading English with the Marshal; he often said to me:

‘You are a bad master; you always want me to speak, and you never speak at all.’

During the voyage, when Napoleon wished to refer to me, he never called me anything but ‘Bertrand’s friend.’

Madame Bertrand desired me to leave my horse and continue my journey in her carriage to Longwood, whither her husband had preceded her. The evening was setting in. Arriving near the house we saw *her* Emperor—as she always called him—conversing with Bertrand on the other side of the road.

M. O'Méara wish to guard his *incognito* as surgeon to the Emperor? I have been assured that this correspondence was that of John Stoke, an English physician.—*Note by the Translator.*

‘Let us surprise them,’ she said ; ‘as we pass before them, show yourself at the window. They will imagine that I have come accompanied by some gallant cavalier, and fancy themselves in Paris.’

The carriage flew by ; I obeyed my instructions, gave my hand to the Countess to assist her to alight, and she allowed me to go myself and divulge the fact of my being the noble stranger.

A few minutes later Napoleon sent himself and begged me to remain to dinner. I accepted at once, as you may well imagine, and I was very agreeably surprised, for lately he had only invited those who had accompanied him. I could only present myself in riding-boots, having come on horseback, so it was thus I made my entrance. General Montholon, in full uniform, received me in the ante-chamber, and conducted me to the adjoining room, where Napoleon was playing at chess with Count Bertrand.

He received me with the usual compliments, and very politely ; having placed myself behind his chair to watch the game, he continued playing.

Shortly before dinner General Montholon came and whispered to me that he had placed me between the Emperor and the Grand Marshal. What an honour, my friend ! Put yourself in my place and imagine the position of your very humble and very obscure servitor.

I cannot say I resembled Sancho Panza in the Isle of Barataria, since all the meats were at my disposal. But a slice of roast beef or a leg of mutton would have suited me just as well as all those ragoûts and fricassées, to which I am not accustomed.

Napoleon on my right, and the Grand Marshal on my left. There was an empty chair opposite—apparently from etiquette; it was supposed to be for Marie-Louise. Each guest had before him a bottle of Bordeaux and a decanter of water; but it was not to be drunk during the dinner, for between the courses, if you did not make haste, both bottle and decanter disappeared at the same time. There was the most beautiful porcelain service I had ever seen. The dishes and plates were of massive silver with eagles everywhere. The dessert was served in gold and silver gilt.

The dinner lasted an hour. My host asked me so many questions, and that so rapidly, that I had great difficulty in finding time to eat, drink, and reply. I will give you an idea of the conversation.

‘Have you been to see General Gourgaud?’

‘Yes, General, I came expressly for that to Longwood.’

‘How did you find him?’

‘Very ill.’

‘What is he suffering from?’

‘Dysentery.’

‘Where does he suffer?’

‘In the intestines.’

‘What is the cause of his illness?’

‘The heat of the climate and a bad state of health. Had he been bled immediately, his illness would have been less severe.’

‘What remedy is to be employed?’

‘The liver and the stomach do not perform their regular functions; mercury must be used to re-establish them.’

‘That is a bad remedy.’

‘My experience proves the contrary.’

‘Did Hippocrates use mercury? I believe not. I like simple remedies. . . . *So to the dogs with your mercury.* . . .’

Napoleon rose from the table, and everybody went into the other room, where the whist-table was prepared. He remained that evening half an hour later than usual, continuing all the time to question everybody.

The Marshal said to me, ‘I am afraid it will be a *pénitence* for you to come to dinner if he thus harasses you with questions; but be assured that he was satisfied with your answers, and will not worry you so much again.’

Some days later a ship arrived from England. That gave me the idea of going on horseback to

the town. On my return in the evening, a message from Napoleon desired me to go to General Gourgaud's as soon as I arrived, and I found him waiting there for me. His first question as I entered was about the General's health, but he immediately changed the conversation.

'You have been into the town?' he said. 'A ship has arrived from England; she must have brought letters and papers?'

'Yes, and I gave a glance at the news.'

'The "Morning Chronicle" was not there?'

'I do not know yet; the others that I glanced over rapidly were the "Times" and a provincial paper.'

'Tell me something from memory.'

'I read a few articles referring to you.'

'Is there any news from France?'

'I only saw them a moment. The most remarkable thing appeared to be the trial and judgment of Marshal Ney.'

Napoleon moved a step nearer to me, but did not change his attitude.

'What! the Marshal has been condemned to be shot?'

I replied in the affirmative, and that he had addressed a protest to the foreign ministers.

'He relied for his defence,' I added, 'on the first article of the Treaty of Paris. He stated in his own justification that he had been deceived

by you ; that the proclamation of which he was accused of being the author, and which was one of the crimes with which he was reproached, was from the hand of Major-General Bertrand ; that you deceived him in what you said about Austria and England.'

Count Bertrand, who was in the room, replied immediately 'that the Marshal had the right to defend himself as he could ; that he was not to be blamed even had he invented lies to get himself out of his trouble.' He added : 'As to the proclamation, that was a false and ridiculous statement ; that Ney was quite capable of making it himself, and had need of nobody's aid.' Napoleon said nothing about what referred to himself.¹

I said, referring to the Marshal, that, according to the English papers, a movement was feared in Paris when the sentence was carried out.

'A movement !' said Buonaparte, with an air of disdain. 'Bah ! put the troops under arms. Has the Duke of Wellington quitted Paris ?'

'I do not know.'

'Are the English and foreign armies still in the vicinity of the capital ?'

¹ When the Marshal retired after having addressed to Louis XVIII. the singular words, which are well known, the King only said with a serious air, while looking at the ground, 'He wishes to bring him back in a cage ! That would be a strange bird. . . .'

‘I believe the English are still there, but it appears that the Russians and Prussians have retired to the Rhine.’¹

¹ The Emperor Alexander, obliged by circumstances to join the allied armies, never allowed an opportunity to escape of testifying to the sympathy with which the French inspired him.

Viennet had been taken prisoner on October 10 before Leipzig. On the 19th, at the moment when the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia entered the town, they met a column of French officers to which he belonged. The Emperor Alexander told them that they should be well treated, that he called God to witness that he would have been the sincere and faithful friend of Napoleon, that Napoleon had wished to destroy Russia, that their ties were broken, and that peace with a man of such ambition was impossible. Seeing Lauriston led up, he went quickly towards him, spurring his horse, and asked with interest after his health. ‘You must,’ he said, ‘be in need of money. I will send you 10,000 roubles. Will that be enough?’

The officers, prisoners in the North, were then presented to Bernadotte. He deplored their fate, their position, and Napoleon’s ambition. But why did France confide herself to a Corsican? Were there no generals celebrated by victory born in France, born in the country of Henry IV.?

In the column of wounded a large number had wounds in the hand. Two months previously at Dresden the number of those wounded in the right hand, evidently self-wounded, was considerable. Napoleon called them together and encamped them separately.

He wished to make an example and decimate them. It was endeavoured to gain time to soften him. He was told that he must distinguish between those voluntarily wounded and those wounded by the enemy, and for that purpose consult men of art. Larrey, questioned, replied that in certain cases it was impossible to distinguish the voluntary mutilations, and that being thus in doubt he could not condemn. Great was Napoleon’s anger. He wished to have Larrey prosecuted, or at least degrade him and send him back to France. M. de Caulaincourt interposed, explaining what would be the effect. The Emperor understood, kept silent,

‘But,’ said he, ‘how is it that amongst the papers sent to me I so rarely find the “Morning Chronicle”?’

To this question I could not reply. I thought well to inform him that it appeared, according to the papers, that a Parisian had been condemned to pay a fine for having made a caricature concerning him. He asked me what it was, and I repeated what was in the paper. On one side was Louis XVIII. represented in the midst of his family, with the inscription below, ‘*C’est bien.*’ On the other side Napoleon amongst all his relations, with the inscription ‘*C’est mieux.*’

‘Pooh!’ he said, ‘what stupidity!’

When Buonaparte rides, he goes in preference into a valley crowned with verdure and pasture-land; the road is narrow and the spot solitary, and in a moment of sentiment and poetry he christened it ‘The Valley of Silence.’

Our solitary rider perceived one day, to his great surprise, a farmer’s dwelling. He promised himself to pay it a visit on the first opportunity. His arrival surprised the family, and all the women fled. Farmer Legg, the master of the house, came and received him at the door.

and later, fearing that Larrey would speak, he flattered him by calling him in his will the most honest man he had known.

Buonaparte dismounted, and, followed by Count de Las Cases, entered, sat down familiarly, and commenced to question :

‘Have you a wife?’

‘Yes, my Emperor.’

‘Have you any children?’

‘Yes, I have six.’

‘Have you much land?’

‘A hundred acres.’

‘All cultivated?’

‘No, only half of it.’

‘Does it bring you in much?’

‘No, but more than formerly; since your arrival, Emperor.’

‘How so?’

‘You know we do not cultivate corn in this island; we buy it, giving forage in exchange. We are obliged to await the arrival of the fleet, and our provisions are taxed. To-day, General, we have a premium on every article we take into the town.’

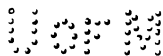
‘Where is your wife?’

‘She is timid, and you frightened her. She has run away with the children.’

‘Send and fetch them for me to see. Have you any good water here?’

‘Yes, sir, I have good water, and as good wine as you will find at the Cape.’

The good woman’s fears had had time to dis-



appear ; her husband begged her to show herself, and she entered with as much respect as astonishment. Napoleon, Las Cases, the farmer, and his wife sat round a table on which was a bottle of wine and four glasses. When the wine was drunk, the party separated.

The good man and his family had become quite reassured by the simple manners of their guest, so that his visits at last did not embarrass them at all. The little children often asked their mother,

‘ When shall we see *Boney* again ; when will he return ? ’

There was another farmer, named Robinson, who, like his neighbour Legg, cultivated some acres of garden ; his ground was divided into enclosures shut in by earthen walls, bordered with aloes and wild pear-trees.

In this modest dwelling, as in the other, there was the goodness and primitive simplicity which is characteristic of country life ; but the ornament of this house was a flower of rare beauty, a daughter of seventeen. Whether Buonaparte was attracted by the spectacle of this goodness and patriarchal simplicity, or by the picture of happiness offered by the family, or by the sight of the growing charms of the sylvan nymph, it is certain that his visits were very

frequent; so much so that the town friends of the family thought it their duty to warn them to take care of their daughter, and keep her from the great man's sight when he honoured them with his visits. He soon noticed these precautions, and ceased to visit Robinson's house.

CHAPTER XIV.

LEAVES OF HISTORY.

The St. Helena Memorial—I converse with the Emperor—
Pichegru's Conspiracy—A Crown in the Mire—The Duc
d'Enghien.

I HAD not been to Longwood for about six weeks, nor had I seen or heard from its inhabitants, when I met M. de Las Cases at a friend's house by chance. After having conversed with me on the subject of the new governor's arrival he said that his master had often regretted not seeing me, and had expressed his surprise at my absence.

'We have not set eyes upon him since the resurrection of General Gourgaud. We must have displeased him, or the admiral must have prohibited him from coming,' said the emperor.

I replied that such was not the case; but that I was, like everybody else, under the admiral's orders, and I had not dared to ask permission to go to Longwood without a motive.

‘But I much desire,’ said he, ‘to consult you about my son’s health.’

‘That reason suffices,’ I replied ; ‘I will go and find the admiral, who is at home at this moment, and I have no doubt of obtaining his consent.’ M. de Las Cases then, in the name of Napoleon, invited me to breakfast at Longwood at eleven o’clock on the morrow. It was raining heavily, which upset my arrangements somewhat, but, seizing an opportunity, I set out to fulfil my promise.

Breakfast time had passed when I reached Longwood, and the return of fine weather had induced Napoleon to take his usual walk in the garden. I believe he saw me arrive, but the hedges had prevented me from catching a glimpse of him. As I was two hours after breakfast time, and he was accustomed to remain alone in his room after that meal, I did not expect to see him, and not having anything new to tell him, I felt a sort of satisfaction in thinking that the moment when he would again overwhelm me with his running fire of questions was rather retarded than advanced.

I soon met Count de Las Cases, who said that, in fact, the great man had retired to his room for the present. He proposed to conduct me to him, and added :

‘When you have seen my son I will show

you some leaves of our history which will interest you, as the entire work would the universe if we had the patience to finish it.'

I must have told you that the Count de Las Cases has assured me that Buonaparte was seriously at work writing the history of his life.

He had told me also that the Egyptian¹ and Italian campaigns, as well as the epoch he calls *our hundred days' reign*,² or nearly that, were quite finished and that the intermediate history was far advanced.

I looked forward, therefore, to a most lively occupation of my morning, and I congratulated myself on the prospect of the sight of the manuscripts with which my curiosity was to be gratified, when my expectations were deceived by the receipt of a message from Napoleon, begging me to go to his room. As I guessed that the visit would not be an idle one for me, I begged M. de Las Cases to accompany me, in order that the

¹ It appears—this is an unpublished circumstance on the return from Egypt—that the Directory had sent Buonaparte an order to return; but he crossed the order. On his arrival Joseph informed him of it, and he requested to see the original written by Fain.

He preferred this circumstance to remain unknown with a view of making his return appear more extraordinary.

² During the 'Hundred days' Lucien said to Fouché, 'We are lost. Napoleon must be killed to save France and his family.' 'I think so too; but it is for you to arrange it,' replied Fouché, who willingly related the anecdote afterwards.

presence of a third person and his share in the conversation might help me to find time to prepare my replies.

Upon entering I saw Napoleon lying on a sofa, resting on his right arm with his left falling on the back of the sofa. A gauze curtain softened the light; he had before him a table covered with books. I distinguished some on the French Revolution. The heat had induced him to take off his coat and vest. As soon as he perceived me he rose, and said quickly and gaily in English :

‘ Ah, Werdin, how are you ? ’

I saluted him; he held out his arm and said, ‘ I have had a fever. ’

The state of his pulse and his gaiety left me no doubt that he was joking, and I said that all I hoped was that he would never be in worse health.

He gave me a slight tap on the cheek and led me to the middle of the room, as if he wished to speak to me privately. I repeated that I complimented him on his health, and the progress he appeared to have made in English.

‘ My health, ’ he said, ‘ I owe to the abstemious diet I am accustomed to. My appetite would allow me to eat at all hours of the day, but I am regular with my meals, and I always leave the table still hungry. Then I never drink

other than ordinary wine. As for my English, yes, I am progressing, and I can easily read the papers. I must admit they do not amuse me prodigiously. They are often inconsistent, and go too far. Some call me *tyrant*, others *monster*, while some call me a coward. I must admit I did not expect that insult; they cannot in any case accuse me of having avoided danger on the battle-field, of having fled before an enemy, or with having feared to face fortune's reverses. They cannot say that I was wanting in presence of mind in my battles or in the conclusion of an armistice between two contending armies. They find me wanting in bravery, perhaps, because I have not had the madness to poison myself, throw myself into the sea, or blow my brains out . . .'

I had resolved to speak to him with the greatest frankness, and you may believe I kept my word. He praised my good faith, and at the end of this discussion he asked me, to my great surprise, if I remembered Captain Wright.

'Perfectly,' I replied, 'and the general opinion in England is that you caused his death in the Temple.'

He responded quickly:

'Why should I have done it? He was perhaps of all men the one I should have desired to live. He was the most unexceptionable

witness of the existence of the conspiracy of which the magistrates were seeking for proof in and out of Paris, since it was he who had landed the chiefs of the conspiracy on the French coast.'

My looks betrayed the interest I took in his narration.

'Listen,' he continued, 'and you will understand me. The English brig commanded by Captain Wright was destined by your Government to land the traitors and spies on the western coast. There were seventy of them in Paris, but they worked so secretly and kept themselves so well hidden that, although Réal, who was at the head of the police, had given me this information, it was impossible to discover their names or the houses which served to shelter them. I received daily warning that they wished to take my life, and, without actually believing it, I was upon my guard. The brig had been captured near Lorient with Captain Wright, who commanded her; he was taken to Vannes before the prefect of the department of Morbihan. It was General Julien, who had followed me in Egypt, who recognised Captain Wright at first sight. The knowledge of this detail immediately came to Paris. Orders were given to interrogate each member of the crew separately, and to hand copies of the interrogations to the Minister of Police. This examination at first produced no result, but

finally some light was thrown on the question by one of the crew. He declared that the brig had landed several Frenchmen, amongst whom was one who was a very brave man, called Pichegru. This led to the discovery of the plot, which, had it succeeded, would have plunged France for a second time into all the horrors of a revolution. Captain Wright was brought to Paris and confined in the Temple. There he was to remain until all the necessary documents had been collected for the examination of the conspirators. French law condemned the captain to death, but that was the least important part of it. The great point was to secure the chiefs, and I regarded the English captain as a living proof which could not fail to confound them. I assure you, and I solemnly affirm, that Captain Wright died in the Temple, that he killed himself as was stated in the 'Moniteur,' and that the *date of his death was much earlier than that given to the public!*

He assured me that he had acquired positive proofs of this. He sought them at the time of Lord Carington's¹ visit to him in the island of Elba, and he added 'that that respectable man was quite satisfied with the explanations he furnished him on the affair.'

The details into which the ex-Emperor was

¹ It was impossible to decipher this name in the manuscript.

good enough to enter put me quite at my ease, and I continued to question him. I spoke to him with anxiety of the time Captain Wright had passed in the Temple previous to his death. To satisfy me in this respect Napoleon scanned many pages of Goldsmith's ¹ last work that Sir Hudson Lowe had sent him. I do not recollect its title, but it will not have escaped your memory—you who have everything relating to the French Government fresh in your mind. It was compiled from extracts from the 'Moniteur' during the Imperial government. Buonaparte finished by assuring me that he had not the least doubt that the information he had respecting Captain Wright was correct.

In scanning this work, he told me *that there were therein many things which were true, side by side with many errors and much carelessness*, and I well remember that his remark applied especially in respect of the battle of Marengo.

But he did not rest there, he wished to convince me thoroughly of the intentions he had always had; it was with this view that, to my great astonishment, he spoke to me of the death of the Duc d'Enghien. It is a subject that I should not have advanced. Napoleon became very animated, and rose several times from the sofa on which he was reclining. The warmth

¹ It was impossible to decipher this name in the manuscript.

with which he spoke and the attention with which I listened make me quite sure of faithfully relating what he said.

‘In that memorable circumstance of my life,’ he said, ‘I had appeared as the restorer of good order and peace in a kingdom rent by factions and inundated with blood. *The French nation had placed me at its head.* I had neither reached that position like your Cromwell nor like your Richard III. It was not the same thing. I found a crown on the ground, I picked it up out of the mire, and I placed it on my head. My existence was necessary to the maintenance of the tranquillity which I had just re-established and over which I had watched until that moment, employing the means best suited to the character of the nation.¹ At that epoch Réal (I believe it was he) came to speak to me every day of conspiracies which were being hatched; meetings were held in houses which he indicated at the

¹ The Marquis de Castellentini having been invited to dinner by the Emperor Francis of Austria, the latter related the following anecdote:—

Some time after the foolish marriage, with which Napoleon expressed the utmost satisfaction, the two Emperors were conversing on the revolution of '93.

‘It came from far,’ said Napoleon; ‘yet it would have been easy to prevent its great catastrophe if my uncle’s character had not been so essentially weak.’

‘I was quite stunned,’ added the Emperor Francis; ‘and much more abashed when, after a moment of reflection, I saw that he was alluding to Louis XVI.’

same time ; it was impossible to get hold of a clue, everything escaped the watchfulness of the police. General Moreau was suspected, and I was strongly advised to have him arrested. But I knew his character, his name was so esteemed, and his reputation so well established with the public, that I thought he had nothing to gain and everything to lose by conspiring against me. It was therefore impossible to suspect him, and I refused to have him arrested, saying to the Minister of Police, " You name me Pichegru, Georges, and Moreau ; give me the proof that Pichegru is in Paris, and I will have Moreau arrested immediately." A hazard as singular as it was incongruous led me to discover the whole plot.

‘ One night, being unable to sleep, I got out of bed and examined the list of names of the men suspected of conspiring. The fortune which governs the world offered me the name of a surgeon recently returned from prison in England. The age of this man, his education, and his previous life, all led me to suppose that it was not a fanatical devotion to the Bourbon cause which induced him to conspire against me, but rather the hope of gain. I gave orders to arrest him. A show of examination was made, he was judged guilty, and condemned to death, and informed that he would be executed

in six hours. This comedy succeeded as I had expected; fright caused him to avow everything. It was then discovered that Pichegru had a brother, a former monk, who lived in Paris. I sent gendarmes to his house, and was prepared to have all kinds of suspicion in case he should not be found in his usual domicile. The old monk was found, but when he saw that there was a question of arresting him his fright gave me all the information I desired. "I am treated thus," he said, "because I wished to hide my brother." The object of the conspiracy was to dethrone me, and at first my life was to be taken. The plot had been formed in London; the Count d'Artois was the chief of it. He was to have sent the Duc de Berry to the west, and to the east the Duc d'Enghien.

'Your ships landed all the conspirators in France; Moreau appeared to be in the plot.¹

¹ Moreau conspiring would only have been following the example set by Buonaparte. Besides, conspiracies were the order of the day amongst the generals of the Republic, and seemed to occupy the attention of some of them as much as the conduct of their armies. Who will ever explain the mysteries of the deaths of Hoche, Desaix, Kléber, and Pichegru? *Monsieur* had it from M. de Sémonville that his son-in-law, General Joubert, was neither Republican by taste nor instinct. He possessed courage, spirit, and resolution, and had departed for Novi, where he died combating with Souvaroff the plan of an '18th Brumaire' all arranged. The said plan was this: The Directory driven away, all the members of the Constituent Assembly still living were to be united, and *Madame* was to be called to the throne, so as to make a dynasty

The moment was as pressing as the danger ; I felt all its importance, and I resolved to turn the thunderbolt against the Bourbons, and that the noise of the thunder should be heard even in London.

‘My minister pressed me to have the duke carried away, although he resided on neutral territory. Yet I hesitated ; Prince Bénévento presented me the order twice, employing every means to persuade me.

‘It was only when I was quite convinced of its necessity that I decided to sign it. It was very easy to make the Grand Duke of Baden listen to reason. Was I to suffer that, on the borders of my States, plots could be prepared against me that one mile nearer justice would punish with death ?’ And he added :

‘Do you excuse either the principles of your Government, when it thought to be able to seize the French fleet on the sole suspicion that it might injure Great Britain ? It was continually repeated to me that my dynasty could never be established so long as the Bourbons existed.

without entering upon a counter-revolution by the Count de Provence and the Count d’Artois.

This plan had been concerted with Azara, the only foreigner who was in the confidence. Its execution necessitated a victory and an armistice.

In the opinion of M. de Sémonville all would have succeeded but for the death of Joubert.

Talleyrand did not vary as to this opinion; he was immovably attached to it. But I would not give in instantly, nor of myself. I examined this question with all the care and attention it merited, and I convinced myself of the necessity of violent measures. The Duc d'Enghien was in the conspiracy, and, although he dwelt upon neutral territory, my safety, public tranquillity, were sufficient to justify this so-called violation of the law of nations. I gave the order to arrest and try him; found guilty, he was condemned to be shot. His sentence was executed without delay. I would have made Louis XVIII. share the same fate had I been able. I declare that I found it necessary to turn the thunder against my enemies.

‘In your country I am also credited with the death of Pichegru.’

‘It is certainly the opinion in England that he was strangled in prison by your orders.’

‘What foolishness! what stupid absurdity!’ he replied quickly. ‘I ask you why I should cause to die in secret him whom the law was about to condemn publicly! For Moreau the position was different; if he had died in prison, there would have been no motive for supposing that he had killed himself; he was much liked by the people, as well as by the army. I could never have cleared myself of that odious imputa-

tion even had I been innocent. It was *necessary for that one that the justice of his death be solemnly consecrated by a judgment and a public execution.*'

He stopped a moment and I went on :

'There are perhaps persons in England disposed to believe in the necessity of the terrible violent measures that you employed from political motives ; but you will not find anybody to excuse the precipitation with which the young prince was carried off, judged, condemned, and put to death.'

He replied immediately :

'*I justified myself in my own eyes, and I repeat that I should have thought proper to have done as much for Louis XVIII. I declare at the same time that I did not receive any letter or message from the Duc d'Enghien after his condemnation.*'

It is stated nevertheless that Talleyrand had in his hands a letter from the Prince, addressed to Napoleon, and that people who believe themselves well-informed affirm that he took upon himself not to hand it to the Emperor until after the execution, when it could not serve any purpose for the writer. I have seen a copy of that letter in the hands of Count de Las Cases, who shewed it me as one of the justificative documents which was to be used in the history he

was undertaking, and that he was writing at the dictation of Napoleon himself.

In that letter the Prince begged for life; *he declared that the Bourbon dynasty was finished, that that was his opinion, and he offered to prove it; that he regarded France as his country, that he loved France as a private individual, as a Frenchman; that in the political order of things the crown was far from him, and it was impossible ever to think of it; that he had no thought of it; that he simply asked for life to consecrate it to the happiness of France; that as a Frenchman he was ready to accept any command in the army, and conduct himself as a good and loyal soldier, to submit himself to the laws of the government, in whatever hands it might be, and to take an oath of fidelity; and that if his life was granted him, he would consecrate it with all his recognised courage and fidelity to the defence of France against her enemies.* Such is the letter as it was shown to me, and it is that which Talleyrand is accused of not having delivered until after the hand that wrote it had been deprived of life.¹

¹ It evidently results from documents which have been communicated to M. Pasquier that Talleyrand was aware of and advised the project relative to the Duc d'Enghien.

CHAPTER XV.

LAND OF EXILE.

No useless Crimes—The Plague-stricken of Jaffa—El-harick—
Countess Landon's Disappointment—Doctors and Patients—My
Parting with Buonaparte.

NAPOLEON continued speaking to me of the House of Bourbon.

‘If I had wished to have a Bourbon, or all the Bourbons, in my power, I had only to say so. Your *jungleurs* offered to deliver me a Bourbon for a given sum—40,000 francs—but they would only engage to *deliver him dead or alive*. I wanted them alive. Circumstances relieved me of all sort of fear of being shaken on my throne or dispossessed of it. I recovered my tranquillity and left the Bourbons unmolested. It has never been my system to commit *useless crimes*, as it has been believed and said in England; what would such a propensity have availed me? When I arrested Sir George Lembeck and Sir Dreck, who corresponded with the Parisian conspirators, I did not have them put to death! . . .’

He ceased speaking, and as I wished to satisfy my curiosity as far as he would allow me, I continued the conversation. I said that of all the great enterprises that had marked his astonishing career, what had caused most surprise in England was his expedition to Russia, executed before the Spanish war was terminated, and while the latter appeared to enable him to attain his ends.

I stopped; he made no reply. Seeming not even to have heard me, he said something without any reference to my question, but in connection with what he had said on the subject of his never committing *useless crimes*.

‘Your people accused me of causing the death of my sick and wounded at Jaffa; be assured that had I committed so terrible an action, I should have been held in abhorrence in my army, and my soldiers would have ceased to obey me. There is no circumstance of my life that I wish more to make known than this. You have an officer, Sir Robert Wilson, who has referred to this with a prodigious quantity of details in relating my Egyptian campaign.’

He laid stress on the last phrase, appearing to mingle gaiety and irony, and he asked me if I had read Sir Robert’s work. I replied in the affirmative.

‘It is possible,’ he said, ‘that he wrote it

from the testimony of persons as credulous as himself; he does not speak as an eye-witness. Can you tell me whether Sir Sydney Smith, in his official reports to his Government, confirmed Sir Robert Wilson's testimony?'

'I do not remember, but I believe not.' My answer appeared to satisfy him, for he continued :

'I am sure he did not. Sydney Smith is an honest and impartial man.'

'Many Englishmen,' I said, 'believe that your hatred and jealousy of Sydney Smith had much to do with your treatment of that officer.'

He smiled with astonishment, perhaps at my having treated as equals two persons not equally celebrated.

'That is ridiculous,' he said, 'it is not common sense;' and he added :

'After the raising of the siege of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, the army retired on Jaffa; there was urgent necessity for this; it was impossible to hold out there even a few days against the forces Djézard Pacha could bring against me. I had many sick and wounded, and my first care was to evacuate my ambulance. I took all the carriages there were for this purpose, and sent a part of the sick to Damietta by sea; the others were placed upon the most commodious carriages, and accompanied the army across the desert. In one hospital I had seven men who,

according to the chief surgeon, Desgenettes, had the plague. He said the disease had made such progress that they could not live forty-eight hours.

‘What! there were only seven down with the plague?’ I cried.

‘I know you have been told quite another story.’

‘I assure you, General, that Sir Robert Wilson affirms that there were fifty-seven or seventy-seven sick or wounded. . . .’

He continued :

‘The Turks were very numerous; their cruelty had become proverbial in the army. Their custom was to mutilate and expose to all sorts of barbarities Christians taken in war, and all my soldiers knew it well. It was a humane motive which decided my conduct and led me to shorten the sufferings of those unhappy men. I assure you *there were only seven*. Their state rendered their transport impossible; I could not, as a resource, place them under English protection. I had a health officer called. I told him of the bad treatment which the Turks would add to all the sufferings which these poor invalids owed to the horrible disease of which they were victims, that I was forced to abandon the town, and I asked his advice. He hesitated some time; then replied that the unhappy ob-

jects of my paternal solicitude could not live more than forty-eight hours. The characteristic of real humanity, I said, is therefore to shorten the ills of those who suffer ; you must give these seven men opium ; in their position I would ask for it for myself. Contrary to my expectation he opposed my proposition, and it was not put into effect. In consequence I delayed the departure of the army one day. On leaving Jaffa, I left a strong rearguard, which remained until the third day ; at the end of these three days it departed, and I learned that the sick men were dead.'

'Then, General, they were not given opium ?'

'No, no,' he replied with assurance. 'The report simply stated that the men were dead at the time of the rearguard leaving Jaffa.'

I interrupted him here to say that Sir Sydney Smith, on entering Jaffa, had found one or two Frenchmen still alive.

'That may be possible,' he said ; and added that he had amongst his papers a letter from Sir Sydney Smith in which he spoke with admiration and praise of the successful accomplishment of the transport of the French sick and wounded from Acre to Jaffa, and thence across the desert. I observed on this occasion that we had in England a professor at Cambridge University, Doctor Clarke, who had spread a general doubt

on that part of Sir Robert Wilson's revelations.

'Doctor Clarke,' I said, 'has been in Turkey and Jerusalem by the route from Aleppo and Damascus; he has also been to Jaffa, where he remained some time. It is said that this learned man, whose word has great weight, contradicts Sir Robert in the accusation he brings against you. He really only said that he had never heard any mention of so horrible an event, and that, had it been true, he would certainly have been told of it during his stay.'

Buonaparte asked me :

'Did he speak to you of El-harick?'

'I do not remember it.'

'Well,' he continued, 'I will tell you some particulars about El-harick and the Jaffa garrison. You have doubtless seen that I had the Turks who were below Jaffa shot?'

'Yes; I have heard this massacre spoken of in England.'

'General Desaix had remained in Upper Egypt, and Kléber near Damietta. I had quitted Cairo, and crossed the desert of Dambu¹ to effect a junction with Kléber at El-harick.

¹ It was during this march that a beautiful engraved stone of inestimable beauty, found in the pyramids, was brought to Buonaparte. He sent it to Josephine, who had it mounted in a belt with other ancient stones and pearls.

The town was attacked and capitulated. Amongst the prisoners there were many of the inhabitants of the Thabor mountains and especially of Nazareth. They were set at liberty and begged to return quietly to their wives and children, and at the same time they were told to let their friends, the inhabitants of Naplouse, know that the French would never treat them as enemies if they did not join the Pacha against them. We started to march on Jaffa; Gaza, which is on the way, was taken. This town appeared at first sight of tolerable strength and its garrison was numerous. It was called upon to surrender. The bearer of a flag of truce, whom I sent to parley, had no sooner passed the moat, than they cut off his head, which was put on a stake and thus exposed to every insult in sight of the French army. At this spectacle the indignation of the soldiers knew no bounds. In their fury they demanded loudly to be led to the assault. I did not hesitate a moment to give the order; the attack was terrible; I never saw a like carnage; the place was carried, and all my efforts as well as all my authority were necessary to stop the fury of my soldiers; night alone put an end to that bloody day. The following morning, I was informed that five hundred men, the greater part of those inhabitants of Naplouse who were part of the El-harick garrison, whom

I had told to return quietly to their homes, had thrown themselves into Gaza, and were amongst the prisoners. The fact proved true; I gave orders to shoot the whole five hundred immediately.'

During the course of the conversation, I saw that he greatly desired me to believe what he was saying, and asked me continually if I followed him.

He came back to Wilson, asked me what I knew of him as a soldier, of the object of his work, if it had brought him much money? I said that I had heard him advantageously spoken of by the generals under whom he had served; that as for his work, it did him honour in England both as a soldier and a writer.

'Tell me, I beg you,' said he, 'for what motive did this officer figure in the escape of Lavalette, the declared friend of the man he has so gratuitously calumniated?'

I replied that I did not doubt but that his motives would have honoured his heart, that he had been able to find something hardy and romantic in playing the part of liberator, and that I did not imagine any calculation had anything to do with it.

By a strange hazard we had on board the 'Northumberland' a marine officer, son of Sir Robert Wilson.

I interrupted the conversation, and approached the mantelpiece to examine a small marble bust which appeared very well executed.

‘That is my son,’ he said.

The resemblance to his father was so striking that it was recognisable at first sight. On one side was an excellent miniature of the young prince, and a beautiful portrait of his mother.

Buonaparte complained of a pain in the great toe of his right foot. He explained what he suffered, and asked me if it was not gout. I asked him if gout was common in his family. He replied that none of his relations had had it excepting Cardinal Fesch, his uncle, who had suffered much from it. He recommenced complaining that he could not walk unless accompanied by an officer.

‘You know the island of St. Helena,’ he said, ‘and you must feel that a single sentinel posted on one of these mountains could keep me in sight from the time I leave my dwelling until the time I return. If your Government does not find one sentinel sufficient, it can put ten, twenty, an entire company, but at least take away that officer who is always at my heels.’

The Countess Landon arrived at St. Helena, coming from India with the English fleet. She lodged at Plantation House, the residence of Sir Hudson Lowe, the Governor. The following day

there was a ceremonious dinner in her honour, and in the most polite form the Governor sent a note of invitation to General Buonaparte, by the intermediary of General Bertrand. He hoped that Buonaparte would accept. This was the first invitation he had received. I do not know whether the observation was made to him that the politeness was rather to the countess than to himself, but I could see that at Longwood the invitation was regarded in that light.

‘Sire,’ said General Bertrand, ‘what reply does it please your Majesty to make?’

‘Say that the Emperor has no answer to make.’

During the conversation I said that all the foreigners who were in town would be delighted to see him if he would dine at the Governor’s. My little *apropos* was not well received, and caused me to witness the only movement of anger that the Emperor showed during my interviews with him. There was anger in his look, in his tone, and his action :

‘I will go and dine at the Governor’s in the midst of a line of soldiers ! apparently for fear that I should escape !’

After a few minutes he came to himself, and said quietly to me :

‘After all, it was not expected, I think, that I would accept the invitation. It is too late . . .

and I will not leave the ground that has been marked around me, since I cannot go out of it without being accompanied by an officer.'

The Countess Landon left St. Helena without having seen Buonaparte, and he knew how vexed she had been at the fact.

If I may hazard my opinion—but remember it is only my own opinion—I believe he was as vexed about it as she was.

He asked me some days later if I had seen the countess. I replied, Yes; that she had done us the honour of visiting the 'Northumberland,' and that, as was the case with all who visited our vessel, she had requested to be shown the room that he, Buonaparte, had occupied.

I thought that it would amuse him to know that it was a pleasure for strangers to go and sit in his arm-chair.

'And the countess also,' he asked, 'paid this honour to my arm-chair?'

I could not, unfortunately, assure him of the fact, not having been in the room while she was there. He was quite gratified at this universal desire to sit in his chair, and continued to question me.

'Would it, in your opinion, have been humiliating to the English nation for the Countess Landon to have come to Longwood? Would there have been any impropriety for that lady,

accompanied by Madame Bertrand, to have paid me a visit in the garden? Many English ladies returning to England have been to see me. If the Countess Landon had been fatigued by her journey, or the least tired, I should have felt it a pleasure to accompany her back.'

I simply replied :

'The Countess Landon is my countrywoman; if I have the honour of seeing her, and I find an occasion to speak to her, I shall not fail to inform her of the courtesy you have expressed towards her.'

Buonaparte once asked me a singular question, half willingly, half unwillingly; he said :

'*How many patients have you killed since you have been practising ?*'

I was at first a little surprised, but replied :

'My conscience does not reproach me with having done what is called killing anybody.'

He burst out laughing and added :

'Doctors can make mistakes. Sometimes they make too many, sometimes not enough. When you have treated a patient who has become worse, do you not sometimes say: "I ought to have bled him," or perhaps, "I ought not to have bled him;" or perhaps even, "If he had not consulted a doctor he would now be alive"?''

I did not reply, and he continued his questions :

‘Do you give the preference to English or French surgeons?’

‘To English.’

‘Why?’

‘Because they are better instructed in our schools.’

‘Who is your most celebrated physician in London? How much is he paid? Corvisart attends my wife, the Empress Marie-Louise. When my son was born I gave him 3,000 napoleons. I wished the Empress to be treated according to your system, but she objected. She was then in the middle of her pregnancy. . . . Are you as busy on shore as on board?’

‘I attend any sick persons I know.’

‘Do they pay you well?’

‘I never accept any fees in such cases.’

‘How much does your King give you?’

‘Two hundred and twenty pounds a year.’

‘You have been all your life at sea, have you not?’

‘Yes, nearly twenty years.’

‘Does your King give you a pension afterwards?’

‘At the end of ten years the King gives a shilling a day to those who retire; if they remain, the pay only increases after thirty years’ service.’

‘I do not think it is enough.’

‘I beg your pardon, General. . . . Besides, I cannot complain; I knew it beforehand and engaged on those conditions.’

‘Is living dear at St. Helena?’

‘Very dear; a stranger cannot live for less than thirty shillings a day.’

‘How do you manage, then?’

‘First of all I lodge with one of my intimate friends, and I have the resource of the ship’s provisions. But is it true,’ I said, bringing the conversation to its original subject, ‘that you were very ill on your return from Egypt?’

‘Yes, I was very thin and subject to a bad cough. I owe my cure to Dr. Corvisart, who bled me twice on the breast.’

‘I have been told that you were subject to eruptions on the skin at that time?’

‘It is your friend Goldsmith who told you that. I will tell you.’

I shall never forget the humorous manner in which he related this anecdote.

‘At the siege of Toulon, I was commanding a small battery of two cannons; one of your ships ran in shore, and with a broadside killed two gunners at my side. I seized a sponge which had fallen all smoking from the hand of the soldier just killed. These men had the itch, of which I found myself in possession of a virulent

form that developed itself in a few days. I took some baths, which succeeded. Five days after the same inconvenience appeared, stronger than ever. I presume the itch had penetrated the blood. I was completely cured, and I have never heard it spoken of since.'

The 'Newcastle' and the 'Oronte' appeared in sight of St. Helena June 19; I cannot express my joy. I directed my steps towards Longwood, where I arrived at ten o'clock. Napoleon, as soon as he knew I was there, sent to say he would breakfast with me in the garden.

'You come to say farewell?'

'Yes, General.'

'You will breakfast with us?'

He showed me a chair which was waiting for me, and the conversation commenced.

'Have you received news from your friends?'

'No; the vessels will only enter the port this evening.'

'Do you know the admiral?'

'It is Admiral Malcolm.'

'Are you pleased to return to England?'

'Very pleased.'

'That does not surprise me. You have no news?'

'The last ship from England brought some new works — "Paul's Letters" and Boyce's "Buonaparte."'

‘Do they resemble Helena Herris William’s work?’

‘It is far superior and much more authentic.’

‘Of what subject does it treat?’

‘The motives which led you to quit the island of Elba, and all that you have done from your landing at Cannes to your arrival on board the “Bellerophon.” You are represented as being subject to violent fits of anger, pacing your room with long steps, and daily giving signs of anxiety and discontent. There is the anecdote of General Salignac coming on behalf of the Chamber of Deputies to ask you to abdicate. There are also some curious particulars on the Battle of Waterloo. You will smile to see that nobody has been forgotten, even to Lacoste, one of your guides; he is represented as dying of fright.’

‘Dying of fright! why?’

‘From the hail of balls in which he found himself; it is said that you reassured and consoled him with much coolness, telling him that it was more honourable to die with a bullet in the breast than in one’s bed. He is made to be dissatisfied at having been so badly recompensed for the dangers of the day, since you only gave him a single napoleon.’

‘They would have done as well to say that I gave him 500 napoleons.’

‘Mr. Boyce appeared to have taken great care in collecting information on the two armies.’

‘How many does he state the French army to have been?’

‘He fixes it, according to an officer’s report, at 66,000 men.’

‘I had 71,000. What strength does he give the English army?’

‘Counting the Germanic legion he says that there were 30,000 English, and 68,000 in adding the Belgians, Hanoverians, and Brunswickers.’

‘How many Prussians does he give Bülow?’

‘About 50,000, I believe.’

‘And how many were they on the evening of Blücher’s affair?’

‘I do not know, but he says that the Duke of Wellington was very pleased to see his old friends arrive, and that there was only Blücher who was happier than he that evening.¹ . . .’

¹ The day of the battle of Waterloo an officer had been sent by General Grouchy early in the morning to the neighbouring villages to gather victuals. That officer returned to say that he had found Prussians who had prevented him from advancing. M. de Grouchy concluded that it was Blücher’s troops marching to join Wellington, and it appeared to him so serious a thing that he galloped full speed to join the Emperor. He found him at ten o’clock with Soult, to whom he related the news. Soult advised him to inform the Emperor himself. The Emperor listened, and then said, ‘Which is the idiot of an officer who made you such a report? The Prussians are very far from there.’ M. de Grouchy

I never had an interview with Napoleon without desiring to know what he thought of our celebrated generalissimo. I thought the moment favourable, and told him that the English much wished to know his opinion of the military talents of the Duke of Wellington.

‘They expect from you a praise which cannot but flatter Wellington.’

He remained silent. I believed at first that he would explain himself later, but he remained obstinately silent. This was the second of my questions which he did not answer.

‘There is also,’ I continued, ‘another work that has attracted attention from the celebrity of the author’s name—the Abbé de Pradt.’

I was confounded when I heard a laugh and a general exclamation.

‘Ah! the Abbé de Pradt!’

It appeared that this person was the humblest of Napoleon’s very humble servitors; he was amongst the subaltern diplomates, but he

returned to his brigade, and, informing the officer of the imperial observation, he declared that he must go and make some prisoners. The officer started with a few volunteers; M. de Grouchy marched to support him. They soon took two foot-soldiers and a hussar; M. de Grouchy hastened to conduct them to the Major-General.

The Emperor had them questioned, and it was probably consequent upon their declaration that they belonged to Guttien and Schmidt’s brigades that the Emperor gave orders to Monton to march to cover his right. It was then about two o’clock.

possessed qualities which, in the time in which we live, make their mark.

‘He was clever and sprightly,’ said Napoleon. ‘I took him with me to Spain, and as I had to make war against the monks, the abbé was alone worth a whole battalion against the “hooded ones” (*capuchons*). Las Cases will tell you fifty amusing anecdotes about the abbé. Can you tell me what has become of him?’

‘I do not know at all. He also gave his little relation of his return from Warsaw after the Russian campaign. “The Review” in England did not spare the abbé for having said that the conquest of Russia was inevitable. “One ought not to believe one man alone on the subject; and this man, who is he?” said “The Review.” No less than the abbé.’

Buonaparte did not often laugh, but this history, the recollection of the abbé, perhaps both together, made him burst out laughing.

This was the last time I saw Buonaparte. When I took leave of him he rose from his chair and said:

‘I wish you a pleasant voyage and good health.’

I was treated with much attention and regard by all his little court, as well during my stay as during this farewell visit.

Napoleon Buonaparte died in St. Helena on

May 5, 1821,¹ at eleven minutes to six in the evening.²

¹ The same day—May 5—the Count de Grote wrote to the King of England, who followed attentively the progress of his prisoner's illness.

An ecclesiastic, who left St. Helena on March 18, assured an acquaintance of mine that Buonaparte was then quite used up, that his liver was attacked, and that, according to the opinion of his physician, he had not more than two years to live.

² Referring to the singular contrasts in Napoleon's mind, M. de Sémonville related at a dinner at M. Pasquier's on Saturday, November 13, 1831, the anecdote of the Count, which I had heard from Montholon's own lips shortly after his return from St. Helena. His disposition to superstition was enlarged upon as well as the religious impressions which had remained from his early education and his meridional imagination.

M. de Sémonville told us the following:—Some days before Napoleon's death, Montholon being in his bath, Bertrand entered and said, 'To what ridicule are you exposing the Emperor? What is this mummery? I have just seen the chapel all prepared, and the priest at the altar for the forty hours' prayers.

It was not I who ordered it.'

Marchant was called and questioned.

Marchant replied in a confused manner 'that he had taken it upon himself,' and added a sign which indicated the real author of the order.

During this time Montholon had dressed himself. He went to the Emperor's apartment, Bertrand remaining at the door.

The Emperor was in bed with the curtains drawn. Montholon asked him if he wished the prayers countermanded, informing him of Bertrand's remarks. 'What does that foolish Bertrand want? Let him leave me alone. If he does not believe, what is it to him that others have faith? If a mother was praying for her son, would he go and disturb her? Does he know whether the prayers that we are offering here will not be a consolation for a mother? And, after all, who knows the ties that unite this earth to the Divinity?' Bertrand heard and remained confused. Portalis remembered the same sentence—'Who knows the ties that unite earth and heaven'—during the discussion about the Con-

cordat. They remembered that moment, and there was a division respecting the difficulties of re-establishing religion and the service thus rendered to society.

Everybody round the First Consul was irreligious, boasting of irreligion. 'A superior mind,' I said at the time, 'knows how to pierce the atmosphere surrounding it.'

Sémonville has related that on returning from Holland the First Consul fully discussed his projects with him.

'I have had extracts made,' he said, 'of the secret registers kept by the clergy. I must acknowledge that there were as many benedictions as marriages, and as many baptisms as births; religion is therefore always powerful' (Mounier, MS. i. p. 37).

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER DEATH.

Napoleon's Death—Talleyrand indifferent—*Sic transit gloria mundi*—Poison—The Emperor's Remains.

THE news of Napoleon's death was very differently received and appreciated, not only in the different European courts, but even by private individuals. The 'Black Cabinet' furnishes us with extracts of letters giving the exact moral appreciation of each political centre as well as that of the impression produced thereby.

From M. Stafford to the Count de Carlisle, London.

Paris, July 9, 1821.

I think I may please you by giving you some details as to the impression produced here by the news of Buonaparte's death.

First of all the telegraphic dispatch announcing the event arrived, and was communicated at a dinner at one of the Minister's—Pasquier I believe. The Duc de Richelieu set out immediately to inform the King, who had just arrived at St. Cloud. Here is what I have learned about the affair.

Lady Davy arrived with the news about nine o'clock. Lord Stafford went to communicate the news to Talleyrand, to whom it could not be indifferent, considering the numerous relations that he had formerly had with that famous personage. Pozzo di Borgo, who was a long time one of Buonaparte's greatest enemies, then came also to see Talleyrand and observe the effect produced upon him.

Talleyrand appeared more than surprised; then he affected to speak of Buonaparte as if he were speaking of an entirely indifferent subject.

Madame de Coigny said without restraint that those to whom the event would cause most pleasure were his old friends, who would no longer have to fear another 'Hundred Days' reign.

To Castel-Cicola it was the most cordial balm. 'Let us suppose,' he observed, 'that the English ministers had changed, and in their place those who had declared against Buonaparte's detention. Imagine Lord Grey and others giving him more liberty; that he had escaped to America, and that he eventually had returned to set all Europe on fire and deluge it with blood, and tell me if it is not great news?'

Notwithstanding his death, I believe that he is still feared.

Several of the King's former friends and some old emigrants appeared very much affected by an event which was nevertheless supposed to assure tranquillity, and the more they were spoken to about it the more they sighed. When I understand this better I will write you about it. In short, Buonaparte's death, to tell the truth, produced a great sensation, which in actual circumstances was curious and very interesting

to notice. If, after all, the news should prove false, that would certainly produce an impression of a new kind, and at least as curious to observe.

Talleyrand does not believe that Buonaparte has left any memoirs. He says that he could not have written them; 'nevertheless,' said he, 'he might have dictated something, but it is doubtful.' I wish you could see the expression of the different physiognomies; nothing more amusing. We shall see the effect produced on the public, and later in society, here. To sum up, it is a great event, and I hope it will not be denied, although some people doubt it already.

M. de Souza to his Son in London.

Paris, July 9, 1821.

Like you, my dear son, I have had no reason to like Buonaparte, since he has been the cause of our present state; but death should extinguish all resentment, and posterity will judge him doubtless more impartially than we, and will point him out as the greatest man of ancient and modern times; history will paint him as superior to Cromwell, to Charlemagne, and Frederick. The rapidity of his conquests, his elevation to the head of a great empire, his military genius, his profound knowledge of men, and his prodigious ability to make use of them to his own advantage, and nevertheless to make them serve the public good, his civil code, and all the institutions that were created during his reign, the influence that he exercised in Europe, his alliance with the Imperial House of Austria—all these things will be for the contemplation of ages to come. All the documents of history will be necessary to recall to our children

that a simple artillery lieutenant became of himself the master of the world; that he created and overthrew thrones; that his fall was more rapid even than his elevation, presenting him separated from his family, expiring upon a rock, and only in the arms of two friends. We must cry: *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Extract of a Letter from Mlle. Elga to Mr. Goldsmith, her Father, in London.

Paris, July 19, 1821.

. . . What do you think of the death of Buonaparte, the *arch despot*, as you call him? It has not caused a great impression in Paris, except at Laffitte & Co.'s, where they had very long faces when mamma was there.

I send you a piece of poetry on the subject of Buonaparte's death; it is by the Chevalier Lawrence, who came to see us.

Believe me, &c.

M. Fazakerly to W. Ord, Esq., M.P., London.

Paris, July 12, 1821.

Who would have said eight years ago that Talleyrand would have been found at a meeting at Paris with Pozzo di Borgo, and that at the news of the death of Buonaparte he would neither have manifested astonishment nor interest? That Talleyrand would have contented himself with saying that his father died at about the same age? And is it not more extraordinary that the news has been published in the streets, and that scarcely

anybody has been seen to look from the windows to listen to what was cried? News of the death of the Emperor of Madagascar would not have been received with more indifference. Here is certainly matter for those who like to give themselves up to meditations. Denon was much affected, and I am sorry to see that there exists amongst his friends the Buonapartists spies who endeavour to insinuate that poison had something to do with Buonaparte's death.

This idea seems corroborated by letters from St. Helena, which say that one or two domestics are ill. Suspicions fall upon some Italians who were sent some time ago from Rome. But it is not surprising that such rumours are spread; it is to be desired that Bertrand may arrive to contradict them.

Talleyrand said the other day that since Charlemagne nobody had exercised more influence upon the fortune and the opinions of the world; that he was the greatest man he had ever known. Napoleon's great errors, according to his idea, were the wars with Spain and Russia and his quarrel with the Pope. As for the others he committed, they were neither irreparable nor numerous, seeing the circumstances in which he was placed.

Is it not strange to have lived while that prodigious man ran through his career, to have witnessed events which from their number and importance ought to have occupied several centuries, and not feel very old?

But I know I am touching on a delicate question, in respect to which we have not exactly the same opinions; therefore I abstain from any further reflections.

M. de Noguera to Mr. Collon, London.

Paris, July 16, 1821.

. . . M. de Talleyrand said the day before yesterday at Lady Holland's that the Emperor's memoirs would not be by himself, for he was not in a state to dictate a letter; and he repeats this fine phrase especially at the Tuileries. When he was gone, M. G., who was present, was asked from what motive M. de Talleyrand spread such a foolish report. 'Ah,' replied M. G., 'it is because by his modesty he wishes to destroy beforehand all the praises which he expects to find of himself in these memoirs.' In any case one must be very foolish to say so much ill of so great a man, who had been so unfortunate, and whose body is scarcely cold.

From Madame de Souza to the Countess de Flahault.

Paris, July 19, 1821.

. . . What do you think of those cunning men who have buried the body of the patriarch poisoned at St. Helena?

Extract from a Letter addressed to the Count Munster in London by his Sister.

Bordeaux, July 21, 1821.

The news of Buonaparte's death has not caused a great sensation here; he has been morally dead for a long time. The companions of his misfortune will be very glad to quit St. Helena's sad rocks. Bertrand is accused of not having always acted in a disinterested manner; but for this his conduct in not abandoning his

benefactor in his misfortune only merited praise. I am very curious to read Buonaparte's memoirs. Madame de Staël's posthumous work does not treat this extraordinary man too well. She had much reason to complain of him. Now the tormentor and his victim repose in the tomb.

*Extract of a Letter from Lady Malmesbury to the
Marchioness de la Coste, addressed to the care of the
Marquis de Verac, peer of France.*

July 28, 1821.

You ask me, my dear friend, for details respecting Buonaparte; I see that you have not had them in your papers. He died quietly, and although it is thought he must have suffered much, he did not once complain.

During the latter stages of his illness he was persuaded that it was the same as that of which his father died—cancer in the stomach; and in fact this was proved to be the case on the opening of his body.

He made a will, but I do not know its contents. If he has not bequeathed large legacies to Bertrand and Montholon he was very ungrateful. I hope the King will recall them as a recompense for their devotion. Such characters as they can never be dangerous, and he has recalled *many of another kind*. Much care has been taken to bury him in the spot he had desired, and all sorts of precautions used. He was buried fourteen feet below ground, with strong masonry beneath and above him. I cannot understand the necessity of this, for who would go and exhume him at St. Helena, and for what purpose?

He was buried with all the honours due to a general-in-chief, and followed by the governor and all the dis-

tinguished persons in the island. All his followers are daily expected. What joy for Madame Bertrand!

We ought to be glad to be rid of the enormous expense he caused us, amounting to nearly *ten millions of your pounds per annum*. But it gave the Ministry an opportunity of distributing numerous positions, and *they will regret him from that point of view*; but, as a scarecrow, I do not see what use we could have made of him, for it was quite certain that his enmity towards us must always be his strongest sentiment.

Extract from an unsigned Letter to the Duc de Grammont, addressed under cover to the Prince de Léon in London.

Montgermont, July 24, 1821.

. . . . Imagine Lafayette's impudence! He made a proposition to the Chamber thus formed: 'That Buonaparte having been Emperor of the French, he could not be buried in a manner worthy of his rank anywhere but in France, and that consequently his body should be claimed, honours due to his rank should be paid, and mourning be worn for him.' I do not know what effect this proposition produced, but I wonder Lafayette was not torn to pieces.

Count de Grote's Report to the King of England.

Paris, July 26, 1821.

Sire,—Amongst the petitions presented to the Chamber was one from General Lafayette, signed by several soldiers and electors, which solicits the intervention of the Chamber with our Government in view of obtaining the body of Buonaparte for transportation to France.

The premature and improper departure of the Deputies produced at least this good, that, for the present at least, no attention can be paid to this scandalous petition, and later on it may probably be completely ignored.

From M. Schubart, late correspondent of the 'Times,' to Mr. Murray, at the 'Times' office in London.

Paris, July 26, 1821.

. . . The first news of Buonaparte's death caused a great sensation here and even produced a sort of excitement; but people are beginning to get calmer. Many persons still believe that he has been poisoned, and I think it will be difficult to disabuse them of the idea. A great many pens are now busy writing the memoirs and the life of the celebrated man.

Police Report of August 14, 1821.

. . . All the persons arrived from St. Helena have written to their relations that they are waiting for passports from the French Government in order to return to France, and that they hope their request will not be refused.

M. Marchand says at the end of a letter, 'I have read in the English papers that Napoleon had named me Count; but it is not true, nor has there ever been any question of it.'

Police Report of September 29, 1821.

. . . General Gourgaud is about to start for Munich to ask Prince Eugene for 50,000 francs. He bases his demand upon the assertion that the Prince must

have 4,800,000 francs at Napoleon's disposal. M. de Lavalette secretly confirms the fact of the Prince having received that sum for safe keeping. It appears that Eugene only admits of 800,000 francs, which have been entirely used by the successive demands from St. Helena.

According to all appearance this will cause some noise and scandal amongst the members of Napoleon's family and the principal officers of his household.

Besides this, it has been learned from a secret channel that M. Laffitte must still have two millions belonging to Buonaparte.

Doctor Antomarchi has seen Flahaut, Gourgaud, Sebastiani, Lavalette, &c., while here. He was to have dined with General Sebastiani the day before yesterday, but he left for Rome the same day.

What he said to Sebastiani agrees perfectly with what he said at the Prefecture of Police when he was questioned there.

MARIE-LOUISE.

CHAPTER XVII.

UNWORTHY.

**Bad Mother, Bad Wife—Political Marriage—‘ Promptes Amours ’
—The Casina dei Boschi—An administered Duchy—The
Museum of Souvenirs—Flight from Paris—The Treasury
emptied.**

Few characters in history seem to me so despicable as that of Marie-Louise. Absolutely void of force, lacking in personal initiative, and heartless, of a cowardly feebleness, obeying unreservedly an imperious desire for material pleasures, she was, as has been said, equally beneath her prosperity and her misfortunes; she was not able, in fact, to be either empress, mother, wife, or widow.

She had preserved her Austrian sympathies while on the throne of France; when everything fell around her she obeyed her father by

disowning her husband, abandoning her son, and furnishing the Court of Vienna not only with every information for which she was asked, but even numerous documents and precious papers belonging some to the State, some to Napoleon.

Thus, as we shall see later from an act drawn up by M^e Chodron, the Crown notary. When he was ordered to verify the state of the Treasury on April 7, 1814, he found nothing left. Everything had disappeared—money, papers, and even the Crown diamonds. Marie-Louise had taken them away with her, and, to regain possession of them, she was obliged to be followed and caught.

She fled from Paris on the approach of the Allies, leaving everything in confusion, careless alike of the glory of France, of that of her husband, and of the future of her son. She allowed herself to be separated from them without a protest, and the only political act of importance which she found courage to accomplish was her public protest in 1815 against Napoleon's return.

What a difference between the two princesses of royal blood who espoused Napoleon and his brother Jerome! The Princess of Würtemberg, after having shared with the latter the splendours of the Empire and the throne of West-

phalia, wished to share equally his exile and his misfortune. In vain the king her father offered her to return and partake of his royal grandeur; she would never abandon him who had really become the husband of her heart only when he was overwhelmed by the weight of adversity.

‘You bound me to his fate against my will when he was powerful and happy,’ she said; ‘now that misfortune has overtaken him I do not intend to abandon him in a cowardly manner.’

Jerome and his son, the Prince Napoleon, had the rare happiness of being united to women of exceptional virtue. Will Providence, which in this respect favoured the father and grandfather, guide the sons in their choice?

It has been pretended that Marie-Louise’s marriage was imposed upon the Emperor Francis of Austria as one of the secret clauses of the Vienna Treaty. I do not believe it. It is easy, after the fact, to credit the *secret articles* of a treaty with anything historians please to imagine and affirm; they cannot be denied, because proofs are wanting. These statements soon become historical truths if those in power have an interest in allowing them to become accredited, either because they increase their power or flatter their ambition.

It appears very improbable that Napoleon had conceived the idea of espousing an archduchess when he signed the Austrian treaty of peace. But when, the marriage having been celebrated, it was publicly reported that that was one of the conditions of the treaty, the Emperor allowed the report to pass uncontradicted ; he had no interest in weakening the ideas of his omnipotence, which had gone so far as to impose upon a father the union of his daughter to a conqueror already married.

Mounier relates the following anecdote on the subject :—

I have read somewhere that M. de Sémonville was the first to have the idea of the marriage with Marie-Louise. I asked him the truth of this, when he replied :

‘The last time there was a supper at the Tuileries, *while Josephine reigned*, I there met Floret, who said to me, “Is it true that this is the last supper at which the Empress will be present?”

“Yes.”

“It is quite an event!”

“Immense for all, for us, and for Europe.”

“You are going, then, to throw us into the arms of Russia?”

“Without doubt, since you will not have us.”

“Where do you learn that? I undertake to assure you that you would not be refused,” &c.’

‘I went immediately to communicate this conversation to M. Maret; he informed the Emperor of it the next morning. It was immediately decided to follow the indication, and Laborde was charged to go and make overtures at Schwarzenberg.’

Floret had been secretary of the Austrian mission at the Hague while Sémonville was ambassador in Holland. From that sprang the intimate friendship between them. Sémonville made him a man of mind.

The regency of the empire with which Marie-Louise was invested during the years 1812, 1813, and 1814 was but a title; her absolute nullity would have prevented her from exercising the rights thereof. Therefore, keeping the Austrian Court informed of all that was passing in France, servilely executing its orders, she sought in no way to second her too warlike spouse in his efforts. And so soon as the dark clouds came to hide the star chosen in the firmament as the faithful witness of his victories, the Empress forgot her empire, the wife her husband, the mother her child, and Marie-Louise only thought of pleasing the major-domo that her august father had sent her. The love of the Count de Niepperg became her life's ambition.

It is to be supposed that the good Austrian princess was unable to escape from the magnetic attraction exercised upon her by this Count de Niepperg; and, empress as she was, or rather had been, she did not the less submit to its vulgar influence.

When Marie-Louise retired to Parma, the sovereignty of which had been conceded to her as a life possession at the Vienna Congress, as a recompense for services rendered to her country, her keeping in the background, and her docility, she led the life of a rich woman of the upper middle class. She inhabited the *Casina dei Boschi*, at the foot of the Apennines, and thus spun out in the country, without regret and almost without recollection of the past, the days rendered happy by the hand of love.

To describe in a few lines the appearance then presented by the Duchy of Parma, I again refer to my father's journal. The descriptions of impartial and independent eye-witnesses have always a special relish and authority.

M. Niepperg, *generalissimo of the troops of the duchy*, private counsellor appointed by Austria in the service of the daughter of its sovereign in the interest of Marie-Louise's happiness, fulfils equally well his signal mission and his secret one. He governs Marie and the State to the satisfaction of the one and the indifference of the other. He is affable and very accessible. An

inhabitant went to beg permission to expatriate himself, his ideas leading him to desire to trade, and his country offering no chance in this respect. The audience was granted as soon as demanded, and during the interview M. Niepperg questioned him to discover if he had no other motive, then said to him :

‘You are quite right. The country will always be miserable because commerce is not protected. Flight is the best policy when one has any industrial ideas. I wish you a good journey ; in your place I should not act otherwise.’

That was not bad from the mouth of one who governed.¹

At the Verona Congress, Marie-Louise and the Grand Duke were enjoined to return to their respective homes. The applause with which they were received formed a shocking incongruity to the ears of the other sovereigns. The same thing happened to

¹ The general opinion was that the duchies were badly administered. It was, amongst others, the opinion of Count Goltz, who wrote to the King of Prussia on July 8, 1818:—

Sire,—The Marquis Alfier de Sostegno spoke to me again on this occasion of the marriage proposed between one of the daughters of H. M. Sarde and the young Infante, son of Marie-Louise, to express the strong desire of his Court that the august allied sovereigns would use their influence with the Austrian Court in order that this young prince, who will soon come of age, should, as soon as possible, take possession of the duchies of Parma, Plaisance, and Gustalla. He pointed out to me at the same time that those countries unhappily suffered greatly from the provisional administration of H.M. the Archduchess Marie-Louise, that that princess's interests could be fully satisfied by a pecuniary indemnity, and that every public consideration seemed to render such an arrangement very desirable.

Marie-Louise when she followed her father in Tuscany, three years ago, in 1824. She was unable to accompany him farther in consequence of the difference in the receptions.

This ex-Empress spends largely on her travels from habit. For the six horses she uses she pays a 'sequin' each; her magnificent father pays for his four at the tariff prices. I have this from a good source.

She dispenses her empty promises very adroitly. He, on the contrary, is dry and deceptive. All this and many other things produce their effect.

Of the palace, or rather the house of Marie-Louise, the only part shown is what is called the lumber-room. It is approached in a garret by a *disornata scala*. It is there one finds all the souvenirs of her glory, of her past power. Everything else is forgotten by this woman without character, without force or elevation, that woman only woman in the most silly acceptation of the word, who is yet learning to-day to dance!

What noble characters are dead, ignored for want of an opportunity of showing themselves! But what opportunities were ever more favourable than those offered to this sovereign?

Living oriflamme, will she feel it to-day? Do remembrances of the past still haunt her, weakening and making her as thin as I saw her this morning?

No, an obscure love suffices for her. That sole sentiment fills her life, and it is but troubled by the fear of exciting the easy jealousy of her invalid. And finally, so that nothing should be wanting in this baseness, she crowns her work by marrying M. Niepperg!

In the lumber-room is the toilet-table of H.M. the

Empress of France, Queen of Italy, which the town of Paris presented her on the birth of her royal child. This toilet-table has a material value of more than five hundred thousand francs; a cheval glass, an arm-chair, a toilet-table, a wash-hand stand, a perfume casket, and the cradle of the child who, born king, is to-day an Austrian subject.

All these different objects are of most precious workmanship, in silver-gift, gold, agate, mahogany, velvet and silk. I am afraid that Messieurs Perrier and Fontaine, the imperial designers of these sumptuous knickknacks, had a malignant thought in designing the ornaments which embellish the cradle. Two Genii decorate the foot, that of strength and that of justice. The former turns his back to the royal doll, then the hope of France; the second, with his scales so little in equilibrium, well represents the justice of sovereigns—all on one side, nothing on the other.

I try in vain to understand how Marie-Louise, after her ever strange conduct, can derive pleasure from these witnesses of past grandeurs, of a marriage which placed at her knees one of the most brilliant geniuses ever mentioned in history, and at her feet all the kings of Europe. From that, to become the wife of General Niepperg, the fall is great.

The complacent *Modenese* who brought me here assures me—and the guardian confirms it—that when the Emperor of Austria passed through his daughter's small States on his way to Rome he visited, like so many others, the curious lumber-room, and said in amazement:

'*Louise, you have some beautiful things there. They are valuable, they weigh.*'

This brings forward the mercantile character of her father, whom Marie-Thérèse had reduced to the rôle of a furniture broker. He it was who in the wars of France in Italy against Austria supplied them with grain.

There is in the museum a Hercules in bronze in a pugilistic attitude, and beside it a small Victory, equally in bronze, raising a shield. A stupid and awkward courtier thought it very ingenious to insert Marie-Louise's portrait in the middle of this shield. Whoever will explain this enigma will render me a service, unless it refers to the glorious conquest of the formidable General Niepperg.

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Marie-Louise is passionately fond of the theatre; she goes every evening. The hall used up to the present time is very ugly. If she wrongs her people in this way she indemnifies them in another. She generally travels during three months of the year, and that never costs her less than twelve million pounds Parma money, which is equivalent to three million francs—money drawn from the State never in any way to return.

The third duchy of which Marie-Louise has the appanage, the first two being Parma and Plaisance, is Guastalla.¹

Guastalla is a miserable little town, containing about three thousand souls; and, like all the towns of her small States, it is the refuge for beggars from the provinces.

¹ It was Parma that Decius Brutus chose as a hiding-place after Cæsar's assassination.

At San Petronio there is a chapel, bought by that simpleton De Bacciocchi, who had it rebuilt and re-decorated at great expense to serve as a resting-place for the ashes of his faithful wife. The inscription will be curious.

The chapels of a church belong to the vestry board, who sell them to the noble families, who have them decorated, shut with a railing, so that they become veritable private property. Formerly this business was very good, it has fallen off now. Although known to be very rich, Bacciocchi only paid about three thousand francs for his chantry in San Petronio.

Austria's colours are yellow and black; those of Marie-Louise rose and white. What novelties Niepperg must find to say about this!

When Marie-Louise quitted France almost all she claimed as belonging to her was granted her without any difficulty, and a list was made of this same furniture, a part of which was one day to figure in the Parma Museum. Here is the list:

List of furniture belonging to the Empress Marie-Louise, drawn up by the guardian of Crown furniture.

The toilet-table and its appurtenances.

The cradle with its trimmings, &c.

An iron bedstead with beds and trimmings, brought from Vienna.

Another iron bedstead, with a part of its accessories, including lace bed-trimmings, given by the Emperor Napoleon to the Empress Marie-Louise.

Four pieces of cachemire from presents made by the Persian ambassador.

Since packing these objects, the following articles, having been used by the Empress Marie-Louise, were sent to the store-rooms :

1. *By the Concierge of Compiègne Palace.*

A small mounted mirror to place upon the knees.

An easel.

A rich embroidery stand.

A breakfast service in porcelain.

These articles are inscribed on the inventories of furniture for 5,978 francs.

2. *By the Concierge of Fontainebleau.*

A piano brought from Vienna.

According to the list drawn up by the guardian of State furniture, the objects in the use of the Empress Marie-Louise at the Tuileries and at St. Cloud, and which were asked for, are :

At the Tuileries.

An embroidery stand.

A spool holder.

A harp.

An easel.

A hand screen.

These objects have been furnished from the Crown furniture, and are worth together 8,220 francs.

From St. Cloud Palace.

A pianoforte by Erard in form of a harpsichord, a new mechanism belonging to the Crown furniture, valued at 5,000 francs.

Further, there were articles used by the Empress.

At the Trianon.

Two pianos.

A harp.

An easel.

An embroidery stand.

A cheval glass.

At Meudon.

A piano.

When Marie-Louise fled she took with her not only the Crown diamonds, but several vans full of money and Napoleon's papers.

The following declaration, of which I possess a copy signed by M. Chodron, establishes the fact that at nine o'clock in the morning of April 7 the treasury safes were empty; that the account-books had disappeared; and that in the strong boxes where the Crown diamonds were kept there was only a jewel-box, also empty.

Signed Declaration establishing the state of the Crown Treasury.

April 7, 1814.

The year one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, on Thursday, the seventh of April, at nine o'clock in the morning :

At the request of M. Charles Henry Roux, Advocate to the State Council, named temporarily Treasurer of Extraordinary Crown Domains, by a decision of the Provisional Government, dated the sixth of April current, M. Roux living in Paris at No. 28 Rue Notre Dame des Victoires.

Claude-François Chodron, notary of Paris, accompanied by two witnesses hereafter named, went to the Tuileries Palace, and into the offices of the General Treasury of the Crown and of the Extraordinary Domains.

M. Roux, who had also proceeded to the offices, and who was present, stated that the Government decree naming him provisionally General Treasurer of the Crown and of the Extraordinary Domains, instructed him to take immediately all necessary steps for the preservation of the funds, effects, registers, and papers belonging to those two treasuries, and required the said M. Chodron to proceed to make an inventory of the safes, and a summary examination of the registers, titles, papers, and documents which might be found belonging to the said treasuries, and to receive the statements of the divers persons belonging thereto, with a view of establishing as far as possible the actual state of the said treasuries, and he has signed in the margin opposite the present minute after hearing it read.

And the said M. Roux was immediately taken into the cabinet of the general cashier, by Messieurs Joseph Lamon, book-keeper to the cash department of the said treasuries, living in Paris at No. 60 Faubourg Poissonnière; Jean Jules Gaujac, assistant book-keeper, living in Paris, No. 8 Rue St. Marc; Antoine Hippolyte-Victor Malibran, living in Paris at No. 28 Rue des

Canettes; all four present, after each individually had taken oath in presence of the said witnesses to represent faithfully and exactly everything belonging to the Treasury.

In this cabinet were found four chests in oak, three of which were joined and placed opposite the window; the first called the Crown chest, the second safe for the bonds of the two Treasuries; and the third that of the Extraordinary Domains; the fourth imbedded in the wall beside the fire-place, called the safe for the Crown diamonds. At this moment appeared also Claude Armand Lemoine, door-keeper of the Crown Treasury, living on the premises in which we were, who, after having taken oath before the said M. Chodron in presence of the said witnesses to represent faithfully and exactly all that to his knowledge belongs to the said treasuries, presented the keys of the said four chests, which he declared to have been handed to him by M. Dubuisson, under-cashier to the Crown Treasury, on Tuesday, March 29 last, at seven o'clock in the morning.

On opening the said four chests nothing was found inside except some empty boxes, and in the Crown diamond chest a large case in green morocco marked 'belt enriched with diamonds,' which when opened was found to be empty.

On each side of the three closets at the back was a stand of eighteen cardboard boxes, which were found empty; at the bottom of each of these stands is a closet in which nothing was found.

In this same room is a bureau of mahogany with drawers and cardboard boxes; nothing was found therein, excepting, in the left drawer, sundry keys

partly labelled; in this same room is a bureau, *à la tronchée*, the drawers of which had been opened, and in which also nothing was found.

In the two following rooms, which are the offices of the under-cashiers of the Treasury and the Crown, and the Extraordinary Domains, search being made in the drawers of the bureaux, in the boxes, cupboards, and on the shelves, nothing was found but useless papers and rubbish, but nothing to furnish any information.

In two small cellars entitled reserve coffers search was made in the safes, but nothing was found.

During the proceedings the said Lemoine declared that to his knowledge about a month previously the sums in gold and silver belonging to the said treasuries had been placed during the night upon twelve open waggons, which had been taken into a court of the Carrousel stables, where they remained until Tuesday, March 29 last, whence they were taken away at seven o'clock in the morning.

That it is also known to him that on Wednesday, March 30, at noon, several sacks full of gold and silver were taken from the safe of the said Treasury; that he knows not where they were carried; but that he believes they were placed in a thirteenth waggon which followed the others; and he signed in the margin against his declaration after having heard it read from these presents.

In an office on the 'entresol' lighted from the Rue de Rivoli, which is that of the book-keeping and the formation of the accounts of the Extraordinary Domains, appeared M. Thomas Louis-Marin de Verbois, chief of the said office, living in Paris at No. 367 Rue St. Honoré; after taking oath before M. Chodron, in

presence of the said witnesses, to faithfully and exactly represent the titles, deeds, and documents dependent on his office and belonging to the said Treasury, he on the demand of M. Roux declared that about six weeks previously he had handed to M. Vallée, director of accounts of the said Treasuries, the Imperial decisions and decrees relative to the operations of the Treasury of Extraordinary Domains, as well as sundry registers of receipts and expenditures; that the documents which remained in his possession were *justification* of the receipts and disbursements made for the Extraordinary Domains, since its formation until March 31 last (with the exception of those concerning the operations of the sinking fund office for account of the Extraordinary Domains), which documents remained in the hands of the said Marin de Verbois, who acknowledged having them; and after hearing it read he signed in the margin opposite the present minute.

In an office on the fourth floor lighted from the courtyard, known as the Office of the Second Section, appeared, on the requisition of M. Roux, M. Louis François-Marie Legros, entrusted with all operations establishing the receipts of the Crown Treasury, of the private domains, of the formation of the general books, and the private accounts of the debtors to the Crown, and with all the correspondence relating thereto, and with the verification of the expenditure documents; who, after having taken oath before M. Chodron in presence of the said witnesses to represent faithfully and exactly the registers and papers belonging to his office, declared that he had in his possession all the registers, lists, materials, and documents of expenses to verify as far as regards his department, and that nothing

had been abstracted, the same being still in the possession of the said Legros, as he acknowledged; and after hearing the present minute read he has signed in the margin opposite thereto.

In another office, also on the fourth floor, lighted from the Rue de Rivoli, entitled Account Office, appeared M. Jean Joseph Mélan, chief of the said office, living in Paris at No. 38 Rue de Richelieu, who, having taken oath before M. Chodron and in presence of the said witnesses to faithfully and exactly represent the registers and papers appertaining to his office, declared that he had in his possession all the documents of verified disbursements relating to the accounts of the Crown Treasury and the private domains up to the thirty-first of October, one thousand eight hundred and thirteen, which documents continued to remain in the possession of the said Mélan, as he acknowledged, and after hearing it read he signed in the margin opposite the present minute.

In another office, on the same floor, lighted from the courtyard, called the Copying Office, appeared M. George Chrétien Baumann, living in Paris at No. 18 Boulevard des Italiens, chief of the said office, who, after taking oath before M. Chodron in presence of the said witnesses to present exactly the deeds and papers appertaining to his office, declared that he had in his possession the copies of the journals, and the balances of all the Crown Treasury officers, since the commencement of M. de la Bouillerie's management up to the end of last February, which documents still remain in the possession of the said Baumann, who declared that the ledgers, journals, and values books had been taken away from his office in the night of the twenty-eighth to

the twenty-ninth of March last; and after hearing it read he signed in the margin opposite the present minute.

In an office on the third floor, lighted from the courtyard, adjoining the apartment of M. de la Bouillerie, appeared M. Emmanuel Wanacker, living in Paris at No. 12 Rue Helvétius, book-keeper to the Extraordinary Crown Domains, together with M. Lahure, who, after having taken oath before M. Chodron in presence of the said witnesses to faithfully represent the papers of his office, declared that the books constituting the accounts of the Extraordinary Domains up to the thirtieth of December, one thousand eight hundred and thirteen, were taken from the said office in the night of the twenty-eighth to the twenty-ninth of March last; that there remain in his hands and those of the said Lahure the first accounts of one thousand eight hundred and thirteen as well as several documents having served for the completing of the accounts, which documents still remain in the possession of the said Wanacker and Lahure, as acknowledged by the said Wanacker; and after hearing it read he signed in the margin opposite the present minute.

Also appeared M. Nicolas-René Mogé, concierge of the Tuileries Palace, where he lives, who said that the bureaux, tables, and other furniture and effects being in the locality occupied by the Crown and Extraordinary Domains Treasuries, form part of the furniture of the said castle, and that he is charged with their guardianship; that nothing has been abstracted, and that he still remains in charge thereof in virtue of his said office; after taking oath before M. Chodron in presence of the said witnesses that his statement was

faithful and exact, and after hearing it read he signed in the margin opposite the present minute.

The whole done in presence of M. Adrien Marie Lemaitre, Inspector of the General Crown Treasury, living in Paris at No. 31 Rue Helvétius, and of M. Joseph Nicolas Renac, book-keeper to the Crown Treasury, under the direction of M. Baumann, living in Paris at No. 24 Marché des Jacobins, both summoned witnesses called in the absence of a second notary.

The foregoing was attended to in a double vacation from the said hour of nine in the morning until that of five in the evening ; this done, and nothing more being found to say or declare on the present declaration, it was brought to a close at the request of M. Roux, to serve and be worth what is right ; and the said M. Roux signed with the said Lamon, Gaujac, Malibran, Bault, and Lemoine, and with the said witnesses and the said M. Chodron, notary, after having heard it read.

Below is written : Registered in Paris the eighth of April, one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, folio 38, squares 1 and 2 : received one franc and ten centimes, including the subvention : Signed, Gauné.

(Signed) CHODRON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CROWN DIAMONDS.

Seeking the Crown Diamonds—The Reserve Cellars—Millions travelling—The Empress's Budgets—A two-faced Historian.

EVERYTHING, then, had been carried off during the night, and the Baron Louis, General Commissary of the Finance Department, was informed by Dupont (of Nemours), General Secretary of the Provisional Government, that the treasure and the diamonds were near Blois.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.

To his Excellency Baron Louis, General Commissary of the Finance Department.

April 12, 1814.

I have the honour to forward your Excellency a letter which Colonel Despinay has just sent to the Prince of Bénévento. This letter, dated to-day, relates to the deposit of the Crown diamonds, which according to M. Despinay are at the house of Madame de Coindé,

near Blois. It is Madame de Véne, Rue Chapon, in the Marais, who received the letter of advice.

I have the honour, &c.,

DUPONT (DE NEMOURS),
General Secretary of the Provisional
Government.

*To his Highness the Prince of Bénéveto, President of
the Provisional Government.*

April 12, 1814.

My Lord,—On my return from accompanying his Royal Highness, *Monsieur*, I had the chance to discover that the Archduchess Marie-Louise has left her treasure in the same place as the diamonds, with Madame de Coindé, near Blois. It is Madame de Véne, Rue Chapon, in the Marais, who has been advised thereof. I hope, my lord, to bring it to you; and the Count de Ferrière, former ship's captain, who belongs to that country, might be charged as one of the mission deputed to recover the Crown diamonds and the horses.

There is not one moment to lose for this operation, my lord. It appears from this letter that the Archduchess has made a move. If your Highness approves of the project, I would beg you to date it yesterday, in order that it may appear to be an operation commenced before *Monsieur's* arrival. That could not fail to please him.

My lord, you instructed me to present you this project, and to give you the details as to the whereabouts of this precious deposit. To-morrow, between

eight and nine o'clock, I hope to hand you the letter of advice.

I am, with a high admiration
of your Highness, &c.,
DESPINAY.

Action was necessary: the Baron Louis wrote in his turn to the Commissioner of Buildings, begging him to do all that was necessary in order that the Crown should recover possession of its jewels.

Paris, April 13, 1814.

Be good enough, my dear friend, to listen to the Count de Ferrière, who as Government Commissary went to join the authorities at Chartres, and who offers to go and reclaim a deposit of diamonds made by the Empress with a Dame de Coindé, near Blois.

Yours devotedly,
LOUIS.

Everything was done according to the desire expressed by M. Despinay. And, in order to put '*Monsieur*' at ease, the decree of the Provisional Government, ordering the Director of Domains to do all that was necessary to recover possession of all that belonged to the State, was dated with this view April 13, 1814. Here it is, with M. de Vitrolles' letter of advice :—

Paris, April 13, 1814.

The Provisional Government enjoins the Director of Crown Domains to take necessary measures to recover the horses, carriages, wines, books, diamonds, jewels,

and all other effects that have been carried away or abstracted from the royal households, and not to allow any that have remained to be removed.

PRINCE DE BÉNÉVENTO.

DUKE DE DALBERT.

GENERAL BOURNONVILLE.

ABBÉ DE MONTESQUIOU.

FRANÇOIS DE JAUCOURT.

For the Provisional Government,

DUPONT DE NEMOURS,
Secretary-General.

A True Copy.

BARON DE VITROLLES,
Provisional Secretary of State.

To the Director of Domains and of the Crown.

Monsieur le Baron,—The Provisional Government, by its decree of the 13th of this month, of which I have the honour to send you a copy, having enjoined you to take the necessary measures to recover the horses, carriages, wines, books, diamonds, jewels, and all other effects which have been carried away or abstracted from the royal households, and not to allow anything therein remaining to be removed, I believe I am fulfilling the intentions of the Government, and those of his Royal Highness *Monsieur*, the Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, in leaving to your discretion the care of replying what you judge most proper to the request made to you by the Duke de Vicence, in the name of Napoleon, that the horses, equipages, the libraries of the Tuileries and St. Cloud, as well as his wine-cellar, might be returned

to him, confining yourself, nevertheless, to the tenor of the before-mentioned decree.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

BARON DE VITROLLES.

This was leaving to the Director of Domains the choice of the terms in which the refusal of Buonaparte's request was to be couched. In fact, the man who the day before was the arbiter of Europe was not granted the books and the few bottles of wine he asked for his personal use.

The libraries in the Emperor's cabinet at the Tuileries and in the palace of St. Cloud were of small importance ; that of the Tuileries about a thousand volumes, that of St. Cloud eight or ten thousand, amongst which, however, were certain works very precious and very scarce. As for the wine, it was part of a small cellar in the Tuileries known as the *reserve cellar*. It was composed of old wines presented by divers persons, and some other choice growths, among others 1,210 bottles of Tokay presented by the Emperor of Austria to his son-in-law, and a cask of Rhine wine, also a present from Marshal Kellerman. The whole were valued at about 60,000 francs.

Let us see now how Imbert de Saint-Amand, the historian who has gained so high and so

justly merited a position, relates the episode of the diamonds,¹ relying upon Meneval.

The night of the 8th to the 9th of April was entirely employed by the Empress and the persons surrounding her in making preparations for the departure which was to take place the following day. The 9th of April, early in the morning, M. de Meneval proceeded to his sovereign's dwelling.

He found her anxious as to the manner in which the journey would pass off. She had the Crown diamonds brought to her, and did not know well what to do with them. Knowing she would have to pass some Cossack posts, she feared the pillage of her carriages; she thought of wearing the jewellery, not doubting but that her person would be respected. There remained the Imperial sword in which was mounted the famous diamond called the *Régent*, but the blade was cumbersome. M. de Meneval wished to separate the blade from the hilt. Not having at his disposal any instrument with which to execute his wish, he placed the blade upon one of the andirons of the fireplace in the Empress's apartment, and broke it. He hid the hilt under his coat, and returned to his carriage, not without trembling for the safety of his precious burden. It was ten o'clock in the morning. Marie-Louise, accompanied by her son, the Kings Joseph and Jérôme and their wives, as well as by Madame *Mère*, left Blois, and took the route for Orleans, which she found lined with a double row of spectators, who simply looked on, remaining as if absorbed in a mournful silence.

¹ *Marie-Louise et l'Invasion de 1814*, pp. 293 and 299.

There then occurred at Orleans an incident as painful for the Empress as it was shameful for the Provisional Government. Marie-Louise, in leaving Paris, had carried away the remainder of Napoleon's personal treasure, consisting of eighteen millions, and in plate. To this treasure was added the Crown diamonds. Of these eighteen millions, the last remains of the Emperor's personal savings, some few millions had been sent to Fontainebleau, either for the payment of the army or for the expenses of the head-quarters; and according to Napoleon's orders Marie-Louise had put about two millions in the vans of the fugitive court. The Provisional Government was in want of money; what did it do? It contrived to seize this treasure, under pretext that it was the property of the State—a thing absolutely false.

To preside over the seizure it chose a personal enemy of the Emperor's, M. Dudon, that the sovereign had been compelled to expel from the State Council.

M. Dudon, bearer of a decree from the Provisional Government, dated April 9, proceeded to Orleans and carried off the treasure. Nothing was respected, neither the plate, which was the personal property of the Emperor, nor the snuff-boxes and rings enriched with diamonds and destined for presents, nor Napoleon's clothes or linen, nor even his pocket-handkerchiefs marked with an N and a crown.

The emissary of the Provisional Government did not stop there. He seized what little plate had been brought for the service of the Empress and the King of Rome; he did not leave one single silver fork, and went so far that the Empress was obliged to borrow silver and even crockery from the bishop with whom

she was living, for use during the two more days she spent in that town. General Schouvaloff's aide-de-camp, whose interference was asked in vain, did not offer any opposition to the seizure.

As for the Crown diamonds, they were sold on an inventory with scrupulous exactitude. Nothing was missing, said the Duke de Rovigo, but the *Régent*, which was generally kept separate on account of its great price, and the facility with which it could be hidden or stolen. Every one was ignorant of the fact that the Empress carried in a work-bag the hilt of one of the Emperor's swords in which the precious jewel was set. They came to render her an account of what had taken place; she immediately took out the *Régent* and handed it over. The diamonds belonging to her personally were with the others; she did not even ask if they had also been taken away.

Two conclusions must be drawn from what M. de Saint-Amand says :

1. Marie-Louise might believe she had the right to take the treasure, and place during the night eighteen millions in waggons, and take them away with all the Emperor's personal effects, his papers, accounts, plate, &c. ; but she had certainly no right, and in acting thus infringed all rules of prudence, to take away the Crown diamonds pell-mell with her own jewels.

The *Régent* had not been bought and paid for by France to travel in a work-bag.

2. M. Dudon was bearer of a decree of the Provisional Government dated April 9. Now this

Government having only been warned by M. Despinay on the 12th, the decree in question was antedated, and constituted what is vulgarly called a forgery.

But the Provisional Government was obliged to do something to honour *Monsieur*, who, according to M. Despinay's own expression, '*could not but be pleased that the operation was supposed to have been terminated before his arrival.*'

Although Marie-Louise was obliged to live and die at Parma like any commoner, she had none the less certain expensive tastes—the only characteristic trait which revealed her Imperial origin, and she did not regard expense when her pleasure was in question. She kept a company of comedians, and while the Emperor was dragging out a miserable existence in solitude beyond the ocean, she had comedies played for her every evening. At certain periods of the year the company became a strolling one, and went strolling in the towns of Italy, where it was announced as *the troupe in the pay of Marie-Louise*.

Here are some figures from the personal budget of the ex-Empress during her short stay on the French throne. It must be remembered that at that time money had a greater value than in our days.

M. de Vitrolles states in a letter of April 28, 1814, that there were then 2,800 persons, re-

ceiving together *six millions* of salary, belonging in France only to the house of Buonaparte.

Budget of 1812.

	Francs
Salaries of maids of honour, ladies of the bed-chamber and of the drawing-room, and first gentleman usher .	348,000
Salaries and office expenses of the principal secretaries, privy purse, and maids of honour	33,000
Wardrobe and Queen's privy purse	600,000
By later decree	80,000
Wages of chambermaids, wardrobe-women, bedchamber-women, footmen, hairdresser, men and women of the toilet and dressing-room	47,660
For purchase of diamonds and jewels intended for presents	660,390
For purchase of laces	187,134
For quadrille costume for H.M. the Empress (February 11, 1812)	24,756

The household of the King of Rome, then one year old, was counted in the same year's budget for the following sums :—

	Francs
Salary of housekeeper	40,000
„ two under-housekeepers	24,000
Principal secretary	6,000
Office expenses	6,000
Physician	15,000
Surgeon	12,000
Three chamber-women	9,000
King's wet-nurse	2,400
Clothing and maintenance of wet-nurse	5,000
Wet-nurses retained	2,400
Overseer of ditto	1,500
Three rockers	7,200
Two wardrobe ladies	3,000
Three „ women	3,000

	Francs
Two ushers	7,600
Four chambermen	13,600
Clothing for ushers and chambermen	4,200
Steward	3,000
Carver	1,800
Two wardrobemen	2,160
Clothing „	800
Empress's guard	61,000
Maintenance of wardrobe, clothing, &c. of the royal children	20,000
House retained for wet-nurses	13,000
King's privy purse	33,990
Unprovided expenses	30,000
Gratuity to retained wet-nurses and to the keeper of their house	15,000

The pages cost 258,000 francs.

I do not speak of the accessory expenses, of the considerable purchases of all sorts, which naturally brought the expenses to a right royal and imperial figure. Firing was charged for 1812 at 416,000 francs; and the steward's services, and wines which were under the control of the Grand Marshal, were alone one million of francs.

Was Marie-Louise alone responsible for her attitude towards the unhappy Emperor? Was she conscious of her cowardice? Was she too insignificant, and too unthinking, to take any decision herself, or too weak to resist bad advice? These points are answered by the letter I give further on, addressed by M. de Bausset, Prefect of the Palace, to the Baron Mounier. I produce it the more willingly because, if not altogether

to Marie-Louise's credit, it relieves her from a certain portion of responsibility for her actions.

The letter is besides interesting from several points of view. It gives an appreciation of the sentiments Napoleon inspired in his followers, excepting the few devoted ones who followed him to St. Helena's rock. It proves equally how little reliance can be placed on those who write histories, and how according to them the manner of thinking of the public and private man differs.

The reader will judge of this for himself on comparing M. de Bausset's letter with an extract of his memoirs relating to the same events :—

Rambouillet, Thursday morning,
April 14, 1814.

My dear Baron,—I am assured that it is to you that the service of Grand Marshal has been confided, and that it is to you in that position that I can give my adhesion to the actions of the Provisional Government.

Born under the Bourbons' reign, attached to their dynasty by my ancestors' services, I am, like them, a good Frenchman; you must therefore regard my adhesion as frank and sincere. I deposit it in your hands, with a promise to be faithful thereto, no matter what may be the personal result for myself.

I have served during the *interpolation*, which has just disappeared for ever, with a zeal which has not flagged during ten years. My actual position at Ram-

bouillet is a consequence of my fidelity to unhappiness, and of my respect for all that is endearing and affecting in the simple and modest virtues of the Empress Marie-Louise ; but very shortly all these duties will be fulfilled, and I may be permitted to think a little about myself.

Do me the honour of writing me whether I have been thought of in the provisional arrangements of the Royal Household, and in what position, and whether many of the officers of the last household will be named. Speak to me freely.

It is probable that propositions may be made to me from *beyond the Rhine* ; but I cannot forget myself so much as to renounce the hope of being employed in my own country, where the immense landed property belonging to my wife, independent of my own feelings, ought to keep me for ever.

Nevertheless I require an adviser at this moment : my mind has been singularly agitated of late, and it is not to-day only that the fear of humiliation and scorn have caused feeble humanity to commit follies.

If I were retained in the Royal Household I should regain my rights, and a position to which my birth gives me justly founded claims.

I expose to you therefore my desires and hopes with all the confidence engendered by my friendship for you, and in that which you have so often shown me.

Get me named one of the Marshals of the Court (for that ridiculous name of Prefect of the Palace cannot exist any longer) ; I have a certain right to it. Supposing M. de Lucay's health caused him to retire, I should become the senior. I do not wish to decline. This will be the means of giving me a strong and appropriate position, in the midst of all those Frenchmen

who, on returning with Louis XVIII., will not fail to seek to drive us away.

But, above all, write me promptly.

We are here expecting the Emperor of Austria; few of her Majesty's officers accompanied the Empress Marie-Louise.

This interview will, I hope, give back the Empress Marie-Louise to her family for ever, and place an eternal barrier between the island of Elba and the principalities of Parma and Plaisance.

For some days past I have been occupied fortifying the hopes of the Empress's heart and combating the return of a foolish sentimentality. A conversation of some hours that I had last Monday at Fontainebleau furnished me powerful arms to untie these knots of a *conjugalité* which I consider expired.

I have even contributed to the coming here without waiting orders or consent from Fontainebleau. Besides, that conversation I had with the Emperor gave me the strongest proofs of a carelessness hidden under the name of philosophy, and a curious confidence *in that fatality which regulates everything, and from which nobody can escape. Sad decline and little worthy of exordium.* That man had for a moment all the good fortune of Mahomet, as well as his audacity and quackery.

Farewell, my dear Baron; all that I say to you is *therefore to inform you* that all that interests me will be regulated by your reply; that I beg you as a favour to hasten for my private information. I shall be eternally obliged to you whatever may be the result. It will be you who will regulate all my proceedings.

My first action of adhesion is to again take the ancient title of the elder branch of my family, of which

I am the chief. I sign then with all the friendship that I have shown to you,

The MARQUIS DE BAUSSET,
Ancient Prefect of the Palace.

If this letter from M. de Bausset, who from Baron of the Empire became again suddenly Marquis of the ancient régime, proves what he qualifies as a *silly sentimentality* in the Empress; if it produces an interest in favour of the woman—seen to be morally abandoned—it could not excuse the rapidity of her amours, nor explain how, nine days afterwards—April 23—she was in the arms of Niepperg.

It must not be forgotten either that this letter was written by an ancient Prefect of the Palace to an ancient secretary of the Emperor. The latter's violent character—irritable, head-strong, and sometimes cruel, notwithstanding his undisputed great qualities, which obtained him some exceptional devotion—explains the little affection he had inspired in the majority of those whose service brought them into personal contact with him.

The Emperor often forgot himself so far as to allow himself to be carried away to strike people, and it was admitted amongst his attendants that there was but one of his secretaries whom he had not kicked.

Here is a copy, word for word, of the passage in M. de Bausset's memoirs relative to the conversation he had with the Emperor on Monday, April 11, and to which his letter refers.

In this private letter he taxes Napoleon with *charlatanism*; in his 'Memoirs' he declares that he was impressed by his bearing, and *that he had never seen him so great.*

. . . The 11th of April I started for Fontainebleau at two o'clock in the morning, and was not obliged to show my passport, as nobody asked to see it. On the road I saw numbers of people proceeding in great haste to Paris. The last I met was the General Hullin. It was nine o'clock when I arrived at the Palace.

I was introduced to the presence of the Emperor without delay; I presented him the Empress's letter.

'Good Louise!' he exclaimed after having read it.

He questioned me much about her health, and that of her son. I begged him to favour me with a reply, expressing my desire to take with me that consolation of which the Empress was in such heartfelt need.

'Remain here to-day; this evening I will give you my letter.'

I found Napoleon calm, tranquil, and decided. His soul was strongly steeled—*never perhaps had he seemed grander to me.* I spoke to him of the island of Elba. He knew beforehand that he was to be given this little sovereignty. He called my attention to a book of geography and statistics lying upon the table, and containing all the details and information he desired to learn respecting that residence.

'The air there is healthy,' he said, 'and the inhabit-

ants excellent. I shall not be too badly off there, and I hope Marie-Louise will not find herself too badly off either.'

He did not ignore the obstacles that had just been placed to their reunion at Fontainebleau Palace ; but he flattered himself that, once in possession of the Duchy of Parma, the Empress would be permitted to go with her son and settle with him in the island of Elba. . . . He caressed this idea ! He was never to see again these the objects of his tenderest affection.

I retired when the Duke of Neufchâtel entered the Emperor's cabinet.¹

About two o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor was walking on the terrace running parallel with François I.'s gallery ; he sent for me and asked me fresh questions about the events which I might have witnessed. *He was far from approving the decision arrived at of obliging the Empress to quit Paris.* I spoke to him of the letter he had written to his brother Joseph.

'The circumstances were not the same,' he said ; 'it was necessary to decide according to the fresh circumstances. The presence alone of Louise in Paris would have been sufficient to prevent the treason and disloyalty of some of my troops. I should still be at the head of a formidable army, with which I should have forced my enemies to quit Paris and to sign an honourable peace.'

¹ Berthier had just sent his adherence to the new Government. He demanded permission to proceed to Paris on personal business ; he promised to return the following day. 'He will not return,' said Napoleon to the Duke of Bassano. 'What, sire, could that be Berthier's farewell ?' replied the loyal and faithful minister. 'Yes ; I tell you he will not return !' In the night of the 19th to 20th Napoleon experienced a last disloyalty. Two persons who had constantly followed him abandoned him for ever.

I thought well to say that it was much to be regretted that he would not sign that peace at Chatillon.

‘I never believed in the good faith of our enemies. . . . Every day there were new demands and fresh conditions. . . . They did not wish for peace . . . and then . . . I had said to France that I would not accede to any condition I considered humiliating, even should the enemy be on the heights of Montmartre.’

I ventured to observe that France, limited as she would have been, would not less have been one of the finest kingdoms in the world.

‘I abdicate and do not yield.’

Such was the reply he made me with remarkable serenity. During that audience, which lasted more than two hours, he stated his opinion of some of his lieutenants, and expressed himself with energy about one of them; . . . but in speaking of the Duke de Tarente he added these words to the just praise he had bestowed upon him:—

‘Macdonald is a brave and loyal warrior . . . it is only in these latter circumstances that I have been able to appreciate the whole nobleness of his character; his intimacy with Moreau had prejudiced me against him, . . . but I did him injustice, and I much regret not to have known him better.’

Passing then to other ideas:—

‘See,’ said he, ‘what is destiny! at the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, I did all I could to find a glorious death by disputing foot by foot the country’s soil. I exposed myself even recklessly. The bullets rained around me, my clothes were riddled with them, and not one could strike me,’ he said with a sigh. ‘A death which I should owe to an act of despair would be a

cowardice. Suicide neither agrees with my principles, nor suits the rank I have occupied upon the world's stage. *I am a man condemned to live,*' said he, with another sigh.

We took several turns on the terrace in a sad and profound silence. 'Between ourselves,' said the Emperor, with a smile full of bitterness, 'it is said *that a living blackguard is better than a dead Emperor.*'

The tone in which he pronounced these few words made me think that the equivalent of this old adage might well be this, *There are but the dead who do not return.*

Finally I spoke to him of different persons I had met on the road from Paris. The last name I pronounced was that of General Hullin.

'Oh! as for him he will always arrive too late to make his peace with the Bourbons.'

Saying these words, which I relate faithfully and without comment, he returned to his apartments. I have not seen him again since.

Who could admit without having the proof before his eyes that the same man, before the same facts, could have two so opposite manners of judging? It must be concluded from this that too much care cannot be exercised in believing the 'memoirs' of those who, too often, appreciate events according to their momentary interests.

Napoleon's agony lasted five years. His last thoughts, his last words, were for Marie-Louise

and his son. One would have said that after the extraordinary events which were crowded into the relatively short life of this man—an existence phenomenal from all points of view, such a one as the next twenty centuries will doubtless not behold again—one would have said that fatigue, disillusion, and disgust had withered every sentiment in this great fatalist, leaving only living in his heart the images of his ‘*Good Louise*’ and his cherished son.

When the news of his death reached Parma Marie-Louise evinced neither trouble nor chagrin: and the *Records of Parma* show how far meanness and fear were carried when there was a question of a mass for the repose of Napoleon’s soul: an act of propriety which it was almost impossible to avoid with decency.

Metternich and Niepperg gave orders that the name of *Napoleon* and his title of *Emperor* should not even be pronounced; the service took place for the husband of her Majesty the Duchess of Parma.

All the faults that Louis XVIII. had committed or allowed to be committed had caused renewed hope in the hearts of a large number of Napoleon’s partisans. The police watched their manœuvres actively, and this force was the better composed from having in its pay several superior officers of the *Grande Armée*,

who affected with their friends an excess of Buonapartism, and once masters of their secrets and their hopes hastened to betray them. Some amongst them received 2,000 francs a month for this nice work.

Napoleon captive at St. Helena, and guarded in such a manner that all attempt at escape seemed impossible, the eyes of the faithful naturally turned to the Duchess of Parma.

The secret societies which covered Europe were in their first vigour, and an occult association was naturally created in France with a view of bringing back Marie-Louise and her son.

This association had members in Germany, in England, in Italy, &c. I think it interesting to glance over the police reports, which permit us to establish what were at this period the different aims of the societies whose assistance was sought by the partisans of Marie-Louise.

CHAPTER XIX.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Origin of the Secret Societies—Christian Freemasonry—The
 'Carbonaria'—The Unity of Italy—Universal Affiliation—
 Resurrection of the Roman Empire.

It is, I believe, impossible to fix the date of the formation of the first secret societies.

Men, comprehending their weakness when isolated, and the power of union, have been obliged, almost from all ages, to assemble themselves in groups with a view of ameliorating their common lot. These meetings became secret when their interests were contrary to those of the governments to which they were subject.

In the most primitive ages we find human agglomerations subjected to more or less occult impulsions; it is not without some probability that Freemasons trace their origin to the construction of Solomon's temple. There were united in the works masons, brothers of sundry trades, companions, and masters.

When, at the end of last century, the societies

were suppressed—efforts to re-establish which, without their abuses, are being made in our days—the artisan left to himself, without any control, considered himself a free man; but soon with the feeling of his liberty he had that of his weakness. Then the number of adepts of the already existing societies increased, and a large number of new ones were formed. Their members were recruited amongst the isolated, those weak in mind or body, and the seekers of adventures, and these masses became, in the hands of clever chiefs, powerful means of action.

The grand-masters were the spirit and soul of these armies, of which the brothers, the companions, and all the mob were the soldiers and the body. The first gave an impulsion, the second obeyed without knowing to what end or in what direction they were to move.

1793 caused as many passions as new interests to spring up, and all those who felt themselves capable of playing a *rôle* of some sort worked to their profit the ancient and the new societies.

There still exist to-day a large number of associations more or less secret; but in France the form of the republican government giving free access to all ambitions, the real chiefs abandon the direction of their troops to junior officers, whose duty it is to make all efforts tend to the gaining electoral victories. It may be

said to-day, if all the secret societies are included under the same generic expression, that 'Free-masonry' is nothing but a vast electoral organisation.

The whole importance of its organisation at the commencement of the century, and the use to be made of it, had not escaped Napoleon's genius; he therefore obliged his aides-de-camp to become grand-masters. Considering also Christians as a vast association, which, although not being secret, did not the less perform its ceremonies in mystery as soon as it was persecuted, he thought that he must hold in his large hand that mass of believers which represented the majority of the nation. He seized the Pope, their grand-master, imposed laws upon him, made him his servitor and partner, with whom he exchanged between times the gentle appellations of '*comediante, tragediante*.'

The concordats were hastily settled, religion came into the bargain, politics paid the costs of the action.

After Napoleon, Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe made more or less use of the secret societies; but it was again a Buonaparte, Napoleon III., who sought to dam up this great living force of the social body for his own projects by imposing upon it chiefs forming part of his councils.

The first half of this century has, then, witnessed the birth of a large number of political leagues, and I wish to cast a general glance on some amongst them, especially upon one of the most celebrated, the *Carbonaria*.

The *Carbonari* worked with courage, perseverance, and abnegation towards a determined end—the unity of Italy. They attained their ends after sixty years of labour, and realised to its fullest extent the programme they had imposed upon themselves by placing the crown on the head of a prince of the House of Savoy.

The title of *Carbonari* was first adopted by the *lazzaroni* of Naples in 1798, while the French, under the orders of General Championnel, were masters of the kingdom. The chiefs of this confederation detested the French, and assembled in caves and lonely places, under the disguise of charcoal-burners, with a view of organising their means of resistance, and there plot secure from molestation by the authorities.

From 1805 to 1809 the *Carbonari* were very restless; they even made at these two dates most favourable overtures to the Austrian Government. But they were betrayed in their negotiations by certain men in the Austrian Cabinet, in the pay of France. An ambassador in Paris, M. le Comte de M., showed the French Government the plans and the names of

the most active agents. Napoleon had some of the leaders arrested.

In 1812 and 1813 the Italians, wishing to conspire against Napoleon's power, found the title of charcoal-burners (*charbonniers*) did not accord with the grandeur of their projects, and in order to increase their prestige they took the title of *Unionistes* of Italy.

Their aim was to free Italy and to unite it under one government. Rome, Naples, Piedmont, and all the small States, forming together a population of more than eighteen million souls, were included in this project of organisation: whence the name of *Unionistes*. Since that epoch the Italian patriotic league has never ceased to exist, and has always preserved a strong vitality. Its plans have several times been communicated to the different European Cabinets, and notably to that of St. James.

At the commencement of the Russian campaign the 'Unionists,' taking advantage of the absence of the French and Italian troops, became more active, and made an arrangement with certain *Philadelphes* of Paris—a very vivacious republican association, especially diffused in the army, which proposed to overthrow the Imperial Government.

It was resolved, as a fundamental principle of this vast association, that France and Italy

should be independent of each other, and that two consuls, one civil and the other military, should be placed at the head of each government. These governments were to be representative.

It was in pursuance of this plan that the 'Philadelphian' General Mallet's conspiracy was organised, and not at all, as has been advanced by sundry historians, with the view of restoring the throne of France to its so-called legitimate heirs.

In case of success the 'allies' were to be offered peace, with the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees for French frontiers, and a tribute was to be paid to Austria in order to obtain her protection.

Napoleon's empire was at that time all-powerful, and the Austrian Government would not fall in with these views. Had she then accepted them, Italy would have from that time *fatto da se*, and shaken off the yoke imposed by Napoleon. The motives advanced by the Vienna Cabinet were that Austria had 'imprescriptible rights' over Italy, and that she would not be forced to recognise any particular form of government for the Peninsula.

When Mallet's conspiracy was discovered, the action of the Unionists was momentarily paralysed. But the secret association extended

over the whole surface of Italy ; Piedmont, Valtellina, Venice and Calabria, Rome and Milan, had their *vente*, meeting-places of the Carbonari ; and, constant in their aim as in their efforts, the Unionists thundered forth against Austrian domination, the hatred they had for Napoleon and everything proceeding from him.

This end was always the freeing of Italy, the uniting of the several governments in one, with Rome for its capital. They maintained a desperate fight against everything which might hinder the realisation of their hopes, conquered foot by foot the independence of the holy ground of the country ; and as one of their body, Napoleon III., after having made use of them, did not hurry himself to keep his 'Carbonarist' engagements towards the common family, Orsini and Pietri were ordered to go to Paris and kill him—an event which was almost consummated before the opera at the time of the 'bomb' incident, when two bullets pierced his hat.

Napoleon III., reminded of his engagements, waged war upon Italy, and powerfully contributed in 1860 to the realisation of the dream for which so many hearts had beaten. Our misfortunes, our disasters of 1870, finally consecrated Rome capital.

At the time when the Carbonari formed themselves into a distinct society, Europe was

covered with numerous political sects. In Italy some were clerical and conservative, others unitarian, others of an 'intransigente' anti-clericalism; but the end unanimously pursued was always the national unity.

The sect of 'Consistoriaux' recruited its adepts from among the clerical conservatives. They also desired the unity of the country, but to submit it to the nobles and the priests; some of the chiefs smiled at the idea of reinstating the Inquisition. The 'Adelphians' were the 'intransigents' of the period; little inclined to superstition, they placed at the head of the federation a prince of the house of Savoy, who engaged in return to combat the Pope, to dispossess him of his States, and to inaugurate a liberal government.

'Adelphians' could be counted in every class of society; but it is worthy of remark that the people and the nobles were very little represented. The great majority of the 'companions' belonged to the upper middle class (*bourgeoisie*), to the *mezzo-cetto*, and, strange as it may seem, to the clergy. When they joined the Carbonari a large number of the officers of Murat's army were initiated into the mysteries of the Carbonaria.

Murat pursued them vigorously, as well in his army as in his States, until 1814; then when

in 1815 he wished to arm Italy against Austria, he sought their support, as well as that of the other associations which followed the standard of Italian independence. But it was too late.

During a number of years the chiefs of the 'Adelphes' were chosen amongst the ministers of the Court of Sardinia. The Dukes of Modena, being the grand-masters of the *Consistoriaux*, naturally combated the *Adelphes*, and, thanks to Metternich, who served them as a go-between, they kept the Austrian Court informed of their actions.

As for the King of Sardinia, his ministers were more royalist than himself; although destined to wear the crown of Italy, he did not the less protect the *Consistoriaux*, in an underhand manner, and unknown to them, but by agreement with the Duke of Modena. This was a matter of taste.

In Rome there were members of the different sects acting as high functionaries, princes of the Church, and even in the Pope's antechamber. When the advocate Domassi was arrested by order of the Roman Government—an important capture, for Domassi was one of the chiefs of the anti-clerical party—it might have been supposed that no dungeon would have been too obscure for him, nor any chain too heavy.

On the contrary, in Rome, Monseigneur Pacca,

Governor of the Eternal City, gave him his own palace for a prison ; every regard was had for him and every attention shown him, a fact which might appear the more astonishing, as Metternich kept the Roman Court minutely informed of all he learnt respecting the Carbonari, and sent to Monseigneur Pacca himself extracts of the reports which were addressed to him.

The Carbonari were then very well organised, and if they were unable from the commencement to put their programme into execution even to its minutest details, if they were obliged to pass by the halting-places of 1860 and 1870, it was because account must be taken of unexpected events that human wisdom was unable to foresee.

Italy was to have been divided into eleven regions, having for chief towns Rome, Naples, Cosenza, Modena, Florence, Bologna, Genoa, Venice, Milan, Turin, and Ancona.

The grand-masters, sole depositaries of the secret plan, sought points of support in all the European Cabinets which they supposed likely to serve them in their vast and patriotic undertaking.

It is instructive, and seldom given, to be able to glance at one of those documents of the occult diplomacy of those fantastic societies. They after all had nothing really fantastic but the puerile mode of initiation destined to strike the imagination of common mortals.

Here is a document which was communicated very secretly to Lord Castlereagh in 1813; it could doubtless be found in the cabinet of Carlton House. It proves how clearly defined was the end pursued by the Carbonari from that time.

What they desired in 1813, in 1820, and in 1830, they still desired in 1860 and 1870. A strange fact, and one characteristic of the unforeseen events, is, that organised to free Italy by overthrowing one Napoleon, it was to another Napoleon, whom they contributed towards placing on the throne of France, that they owed in a great measure the realisation of their hopes.

The following 'project of decree,' drawn up in the *venta* of Bologna and sent to England, was handed to Lord Castlereagh by the Count Comelli de Stuckenfeld, a former Austrian officer, who had taken service in the French army at the time of the first invasion of Italy. It was to have been, and in fact was, presented to his Majesty George IV., then Prince Regent of the United Kingdom.

Decree.

We, George III., by the grace of God, King, &c.,
&c.

Considering that Austria, who alone formerly by her preponderance could keep within its boundaries a

people whose ambition is without limit, and resist in order to overcome all obstacles, has not up to this day made any movement, although she is herself surrounded by the common enemy :

Considering that the Court of Vienna has deceived all her allies and neighbours in forming an alliance which dishonours itself and compromises several States which it had provoked to take arms :

Considering further that France owes the increase of her power to the inaction of the Italians, who are owners of the country most advantageously situated in the whole world for the formation of a formidable empire :

Considering also that Portugal, Spain, Holland, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, and Russia, must be from their topographical situation the allies and friends of an ingenious but unhappy people :

Considering that if the Italians have assisted in the invasion of their country by the French armies, it was only upon formal promises, and in the hope of uniting under one common standard to shake off the Austrian yoke, and to rid herself of a crowd of little princes who, instead of reigning with kindness and justice, have only committed acts of ill-nature in keeping up in their small States a system of inactivity and interior division :

Considering that, seeing themselves tyrannised and enchained by the same people that had declared itself their deliverer and the protector of their liberty, the Italians have united amongst themselves in such a way that there only exists in Italy one single party, that of the Union :

Considering that Austria herself, informed of this general opinion, and reduced, besides, to have some real

apprehension as to her own existence, has appeared to adhere to the Italians' desire; that she can no longer command or protect that nation; that, if in recent proclamations she called the Italians to arms, she has never replied to the principal question, evading the point by vague replies and crafty expressions, because she always has the mental reservation of exercising her sovereignty over all the Peninsula:

Considering again that the *statu quo ante bellum* with regard to Italy would have no other effect than to place her again under Austria's yoke, and in consequence make her the buffer between France and the Austrian Empire, who in disputing the possession of that beautiful country will again drag Europe into bloody and interminable wars:

Considering, finally, that the prayers which have reached our throne are the frank expression of nine-tenths of the Italian population: they agree with the great interests of our Crown, and alone can restore the political balance in Europe and maintain peace:

Our Privy Council consulted and heard, we have decreed, and do now decree what follows:—

Art. 1. Italy shall be free and independent.

Art. 2. That Empire shall be limited by the three seas and the Alps.

Art. 3. Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, and the seven islands, all those situated on the coasts of the Mediterranean, the Ionian, and Adriatic Seas, shall form an integral part of the Roman Empire.

Art. 4. Rome shall be the capital of that Empire and the residence of the Cæsars.

Art. 5. Their armorial bearings and colours shall be those of the Romans their ancestors: an eagle with out-

spread wings, holding in one claw a golden sceptre, and a sword in the other, at the head an imperial crown, and resting on the globe, emblem of the world.

Art. 6. Immediately after the evacuation of the country by the enemy, the General States shall be convoked, and the people, together with the Roman army, will elect an Emperor. This sovereign shall be chosen from the reigning houses of Sardinia, Naples, or England, and they will establish for the rule of Italy a constitution which shall appear the most likely to create the happiness of the people.

Art. 7. There shall at the same time be named a Provisional Government, composed of a Consul Governor, a General Consul, a General State Secretary, Ministers of War, Finance, and Navy, a Grand-Judge, a Home Minister, a Foreign Minister, and a General Inspector of Police.

Art. 8. To this end are named :

Consul-Governor—the Marquis Asconti Visconti.

Consul-General—General Count de Comelli de Stuckenfeld.

Secretary of State—Duke of . . .

Minister of War—Prince Pignatelli Moliterno.

All the others shall be chosen by his Britannic Majesty, and, if it pleases him, he may choose amongst the ministers and high dignitaries of Sicily.

Art. 9. The army shall be composed of 50 legions, of which 42 shall be militia and 8 regular. Each legion shall be composed of 5,000 men in time of peace, and 7,500 in time of war. Each legion to be composed of infantry and cavalry according to the *ordonnance* which shall be presented to us to this end by the General Consul.

Art. 10. Division of secondary powers in the community.

Art. 11. Division and organisation of the army by the Consul-General. He will likewise direct all military operations. 50,000 men of the regular troops, and 25 small war-vessels will be kept at his disposal; the former to aid and propagate the revolution, and the latter to facilitate the operations.

Art. 12. There shall also be formed a Committee of 150 chiefs of section and 50 members, a President and Vice-President, with a view of preserving and extending a secret correspondence on all points.

Art. 13. All the islands mentioned in article 3 and actually occupied by British troops form from this day an integral part of the Roman Empire, and the generals and officers who command there in our name will hoist the red and white flag until the arrival of the Roman garrisons.

Art. 14. With the exception of Istria and Friuli, all the Illyrian provinces ceded to France by the Court of Vienna shall form the Kingdom of Illyria, which shall be given to the house reigning in Sicily as an indemnity for that island, if it cannot be otherwise properly indemnified. This new kingdom must in any case form a barrier between the Roman Empire and the Austrian monarchy.

Art. 15. Secret article not set out in the treaty, but with a confidential reference; the English Government alone has knowledge of it.

Art. 16. German Tyrol, occupied to-day by Bavaria, shall be ceded to Switzerland in exchange for Italian and Valtellinian bailiwicks, which, forming a third barrier, will complete the separation of the Roman States from other European States.

Art. 17. There shall be an offensive and defensive alliance between Rome, Illyria, Portugal, Spain, and England, and those of the other Powers which shall have contributed to the liberation of Italy.

Art. 18. The present decree shall be published and posted over the whole extent of the United Kingdom, and in every place where the British flag waves. It shall be signified to all allied Courts by the medium of our ambassadors, who will add the Roman colours to our own, ordering the commanders of our forces on land and sea to receive everywhere any troops, vessels, and subjects of the Roman Empire who may present themselves in our ports, camps, or garrisoned places, with the object of asking to be transferred to the head-quarters of the Roman army.

The Prince Regent was about to sign. When Austria defected to Dresden, the ambassador of the Italian Union of the Carbonari in London despaired of obtaining a solution favourable to the interests of his country. It was only from this moment that he considered it impossible to obtain the royal signature to this projected decree, which had been so warmly received by the ministers.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

Piedmontese Carbonari—The International—A Patriotic Manifesto—*Vaterland*—For and against France—Dupe's Devotion—From Bad to Worse.

THE confederation of the Carbonari was not less powerful in Piedmont than in Naples and Rome. Turin was its headquarters. One of Prince Camille Borghèse's first chamberlains was the chief of this *venta*. The banker Nigra, Sciolla Revello, the Milanese consul Cometti, del Pozzo, President of the Imperial Court of Genoa, le Sarde Azuni, Judge of the same Court, the attorney-general Lagrave, the attorney Ferrari, Messieurs Buongiovani, Mansuero, Viganego, Bisso, Balbi, and Doctor Vacanezza, were the chiefs of the *venta* in Genoa, although nearly all in the pay of the French Government. Doctor Amarea presided at Savona, and the justice of the peace Vassallo at Ancona.

The Carbonari at Piedmont were charged with the French societies which shared their

principles of advanced liberalism. They sought to establish a double confraternity between the Turin *venta* and the French *Philadelphes*.

In the reception to the first grade the Italian adept was asked the following questions :

Q. Chi siete ? (Who are you ?)

A. Emilio. (Emilio.)

Q. Dove siete ? (Where are you ?)

A. Nelle tenebre. (In darkness.)

Q. Chi vi libererà ? (Who will liberate you ?)

A. Il fuoco. (Fire.)

Before admitting the candidate to the second degree he was asked :

Q. Da dove venite ? (Where do you come from ?)

A. Dal Monte Ida. (From the Mountain Ida.)

Q. Che cercate voi ? (What are you seeking ?)

A. ALHON.

Q. Da chi rinascere te ? (By whom will you be born again ?)

A. Dall'oro e dal mercurio. (By gold and mercury.)

One is astonished to remark in the third degree, which is but the first of the higher grades, a striking resemblance between the questions asked and those of the Prussian *der Tugendbund*; in the preceding degree there are also to be found some sentences of the *Epopée* of *Illuminism*. From this it must be concluded that all these societies formed but one in the higher degrees,

and that the Carbonari had not perhaps for sole object the liberty and independence of Italy, but that they took part in the attempt at organisation, several times renewed, of international socialism.

This confederation of all tongues and all nations formed the European fraternal coalition secretly opposed to the Holy Alliance of Kings. In France one of its sub-titles was : ' Society of European Patriots.'

It was in England, in the island that has been named the classic land of liberty, that the delegates met, and where their machinations had full scope. All the secret societies have constantly kept emissaries in London, and Lord Sidmouth with his Alien Bill did nothing to hinder them from meeting. The higher officers of the English police were themselves members of the association, whose efforts tended without ceasing to the universal affiliation. The Neapolitan priest Minichino represented the Carbonari in London. The Spanish priest Monteyro represented the Spanish *Guelfes* ; Count F. and Baron M. were the ambassadors of the Prussian *der Tugendbund* ; Colonel Ellen represented the *Lithuanians* ; and around these different chiefs were grouped the Sicilian Romeo, the Silesian Waltorf, the Ragusan Beltera, and the Pole Stanilaski.

These emissaries did not leave London except when there was some movement to excite, or to organise some revolution in Europe. When those of Naples, Spain, and Portugal broke out, each of them was at his post. We shall see later that the European Fraternal Society was not unconnected with the unity of the German territories. As regards Poland, her generous aspirations after independence, with all her efforts, have been unable to free her land from the iron yoke imposed upon her by Russia.

International politics were discussed in secret conventicles. England was represented by the *Frères noirs*, the *Whigs Ludd*, and France by the *Philadelphes*. Here is a specimen of the language that the Carbonaria used in addressing its members. This proclamation was published in Italy, and Count Comelli was charged to hand the proofs to Lord Castlereagh. It would be difficult to find more energetic terms to express the sentiments of hatred which foreign domination inspired in the breasts of the Italian patriots.

Address to Italians.

Since the century of Charlemagne we have always been deceived, sometimes by the Germans, sometimes by the French. Nevertheless these generous peoples pretend that we are traitors, they who since they have ceased to be our tributaries have never, on any single

occasion, respected their treaties, their words, or their engagements; they who play at acts of perfidy that they commit one towards the other; they, these Frenchmen and Germans who have gone farther, who in their bad faith have surpassed the Vandals, the Saracens, the Moors, and the most barbarous nations; they who since the fall of the Great Empire have done nothing but desolate and ravage Europe. Without going so far back, can we not cite more recent proofs of their bad faith and their baseness?

What shall we say? Why, after having covered Europe with blood and carnage, have they inundated it with divers manifestoes, all proclaiming the independence of nations? And when they had succeeded in their underhand conspiracies, in their odious plots, had they not the impudence to reply to us that they did not mean by that to say that we should be free to adopt the constitution which we had chosen?

Unprincipled villains! would it not have been better to say that the white chains we wore should be dyed black? But even that comparison is too good for us.

Iniquitous men!

Our chains had been until that day too light; we were nearing the moment when they would fall from decay; we were about to be rid of them. . . . And those that you wish to load upon us to-day are as heavy as your understanding, as hard as the tempering of your arms, as rude as your characters are barbarous and uncouth.

Infamous men! Tyrants of the Danube!

What difference can you find between yourselves and the man you formerly called tyrant, oppressor, and despot?

He wished to invade every country ; he desired to subjugate everything to his iron sceptre ; he wished to possess everything—but he proclaimed it openly and without reserve. He intimated it a thousand times to Europe armed against him—and if he had known better how to take his precautions, if he had known men well enough to surround himself only with courageously devoted agents, he would infallibly have succeeded in his projects.

But you, miserable unprincipled villains, in covering yourselves with an iron mask, did you not seek to hide yourselves from us, to veil your black hypocrisy, your detestable avarice ? For you are at the same time as sanguinary as cruel, and still more thirsty for riches than he, whose want of foresight, rather than your arms, precipitated him from the zenith of his grandeur. And if you do not, like him, aspire to the universal empire, it is because you have felt all your inferiority. You would like to extend your fields of carnage as far as he, who more than once has prostrated you humble at his feet, and who, instead of pardoning you as he did, might have exterminated you to a man.

We ask you now whether an open state of war is not preferable to these secret ambuscades, against which none can be upon their guard, except it be a few wretches of the same stamp as yourselves, because they always suppose in others the same designs as those you cherish in the bottom of your venal souls ?

Rise then, friends and countrymen ; make haste—arm yourselves ! Strike the iron while it is hot, and do not give your limbs the time to stiffen. There can only be one opinion, and the supposition of a division is impossible.

Independence or death! this is the sole vow of the Italian nation.

No! we ask you no longer, Are you for the Germans? Are you for the French? Are you for this or that religion? The eagle has become our god, the red and white flag our colours, and legions our only element. No more paternal tenderness, no more filial affection, no more attachment to our neighbours. Let hatred, rage, and vengeance replace in our hearts all other sentiments of nature! Floods of blood will extinguish these passions.

What we have predicted will soon be confirmed if those barbarous despots persist in attempting to subdue us; if they continue to abuse our rightful laws and our confidence; if by their continual perfidy they persist in chaining us down, and push us to the last extremity. It will be on them and not on us that will fall the avenging thunder and the malediction of future races.

After having powerfully contributed to the salvation of Germany and of her princes by inspiring the different Germanic nations with all the energy of which they had need to shake off Napoleon's yoke, the secret societies became, after his fall, the subject of much anxiety to the Governments they had so well served; they had lost none of their influence, and, cherishing still their projects of reform, they menaced naturally a large part of those existing, or at least the form under which that existence manifested itself.

They worried most particularly those Govern-

ments whose promises, made in the time of peril, they had to call to mind, unforeseen obstacles having prevented their realisation.

Without going back to Weisshaupt, who with the Baron de Knigge founded in Bavaria the first political society that Germany had seen since the middle ages, it may be confidently stated that it is from the ruins of this society—dissolved and judicially pursued by the Elector Charles Theodor—that sprung the *Schwarzen Brüder*, the *Schwarzbund*, the *Tugendbund*, and finally the *Bürgerschaft*.

In the south of Germany, Baden, Wurtemberg, and above all Bavaria, the societies specially sought to destroy the decrepit power of the old Germanic Empire, by attacking the small princes and the members of the equestrian order, and all their surroundings; they sought to spread the system of unity and to form 'the German country.' They worked without intermission to attain their end. They were powerful auxiliaries in Bismarck's hands, and helped him to found the German Empire. Under their impulsion, the war of 1866 enabled Prussia to recognise her force, and to prepare for the grouping of all the small German nations around her. The blood so abundantly shed in 1870 was to cement their divers interests and assure their unity.

Napoleon I. believed himself to be the universal and unique mover. He was but the unconscious instrument of occult patriotic influences. In reducing the number of small principalities from *two hundred and eighty-four*, to *thirty-one*, he prepared for his nephew's imperial crown to be lost in the battle-field of Sedan. M. de Bismarck took it up and placed it upon the brow of the new Emperor of Germany.

In the north, Prussia, Hanover, Brunswick, Hesse, and their dependencies, owed perhaps entirely their power to free themselves from French domination to the society of the *Bürgenschaft*. This society was then called *Tugendbund* (Association of Virtue).

The *Bürgenschaft* was divided into two parts, or principal opinions. Their aim was common, to overthrow the established order of things. The one proceeded by means purely material and human ; the other based its doctrine on religious principles, and formed a class of fanatics, the more to be feared as all repressive measures taken against it appeared iniquitous and impious. It was equally dangerous to treat this sect with severity or to show it indulgence.

The life, activity, and strength of these societies sprang from the exaltation of the German youth, so prodigal of its devotion to

what it believes to be the good of the country, and so respectful to the solemnity of an oath.

Opposing interests were represented by an association of patriots on this side of the Rhine, founded at the beginning of the century, whose task was to excite all sorts of disturbances in Germany, and by that means to become again part of France.

Although its principles and its language resembled those of the societies referred to above, it worked, in view of favouring the union of the left bank of the river to the monarchical France of the Bourbons, with as much energy and earnestness as it had formerly shown in demanding its reunion to Republican France.

The reason for such a state of things must be sought in the country's interest, and not in any political system. Surrounded by custom-houses on all sides, nothing could be imported or exported without being eaten up with duty. The consequence was to keep the country in a sort of misery and render all commerce impracticable.

But these allies of France were in a small minority. The national sentiments manifested themselves from time to time by pamphlets, in which the sectarians freely intimated their aspirations, and loudly expressed wishes which

more than half a century later were to be granted by the 'Iron Chancellor.'

I will only cite one of these pamphlets, published by Arndt at Leipzig in March 1831: *Die Frage über die Niederlande und die Rheinlande*.

It intended to prove that all Germans must unite against France, who wished to extend her dominion as far as the Rhine, under pretext that that was the natural frontier.

'Rivers' (said the author) 'are not frontiers. What distinguishes nations is their language, and tongues are checked by such obstacles as mountains and seas and deserts. Germany's limits are the Jura, the Vosges, and the Ardennes, that they were wrong not to take back again in 1814-15.'

An Preussen hat es nichtg elegen, dass den Franzosen damals für lange Zeit nicht Zaum und Gebiss angelegt ist ; dass Metz und Strassburg mit Elsass und Lothringen jetzt nicht deutsche Länder sind.¹

This policy, sixty-six years old, is still that for which all German hearts beat in unison, and which might well one day provoke of itself the famous *Revanche*.

The author to whom I have just referred forcibly paints the French in the darkest colours. They are 'frivolous, covetous, and proud.' The

¹ It depended only upon Prussia for the French to be restrained and subjugated for many years to come; that Metz and Strasbourg with Alsace and Lorraine are not to-day German countries.

only quality he recognises in them is military courage.

France and the neighbouring countries were, at the time of which we speak, strewn with Buonapartist agents, seeking to establish communications between the directing committees of a large number of secret societies and the scattered members of the Imperial family.

The police archives are crammed with reports on this subject, and information furnished by trustworthy persons. Devotion towards the Emperor and his dynasty generally manifested itself in an inverse ratio to the advancement of his former companions.

All those—or nearly all—who had been loaded with favours by the master accepted the new state of things in a most philosophic manner. In fact, what rest had they? Yesterday they had dangers to face and victories to gain. . . . To-day there was nothing to do but please the King and parade at court. For those whose ambition was not thus satisfied, and who were only stirred by heartfelt interest, their recollections, and the tenacious hope of a restoration, moved them to an extreme resistance.

The small, though weaker, are naturally much more numerous than the great. Decazes was for a time so preoccupied as to what might happen eventually, that he thought of placing

the Duke of Reichstadt on the throne of Buenos Ayres, and thus avert the effects by removing their cause.

This combination, as has been shown by the letters and despatches I have produced respecting the Duke Decazes, excited the anger of the English. It was in fact very convenient for them to be able to influence the transaction of European politics, by the weighty knowledge of their power to release Buonaparte when it suited them. On the other hand this royalty of the Duke of Reichstadt at Buenos Ayres might strike a serious blow at their commerce, that dear commerce for which they sacrificed everything, even to honour and their promises.

But the Duke of Reichstadt was not to reign, either in Buenos Ayres or in Paris. The chess-board of European interests was too complicated to think seriously of taking him out of his obscurity: and his death, to which an intelligent poison was doubtless not foreign, freed the two fearful monarchs from a constant menace.

The secret societies acted notwithstanding; their hopes and interests were in ebullition. Marie-Louise alone treated things calmly and with indifference; Neipperg watched with his cyclopean eye at the gates of her States, and rigorously prohibited the entry of any one suspected of Buonapartist sympathies. The few

persons who approached her did not find her animated by such sentiments as they would have desired.

The Prince d'Eckmühl, Caulaincourt, General Sébastiani, Braunau, and some others belonging to the ancient Imperial Guard, such as General Teste and General Janin, were at the head of the conspiracy. Without, however, any positive assurance thereof, they counted upon Russia's aid to sustain the interests of Marie-Louise and her son. They knew that the Emperor Alexander had had several interviews in Paris with French generals and Cardinal Fesch, and that he had stated that, had he entered the capital before the other allies, things would have been differently arranged, since he took the interests of Marie-Louise to heart.

An apothecary, who had married the daughter of a Corsican woman in the service of Madame Lœtizia, centralised all the private correspondence of the partisans of an Imperial restoration in the Rue St. Honoré. As a natural consequence, he received that of Marie-Louise. He took charge of all letters sent to him, and sent them by way of Grisons and Switzerland.

At Ferney, about three miles from Geneva, there was a group of refugees who were working hard for the return of Napoleon II. Amongst these were the Generals Dupas, Beauchâteau,

and Chastelard. As some exterior sign of recognition was necessary amongst the members of this group, they nearly all wore in the button-hole of their dark blue clothes a small bunch of *herbe Louise*. Besides this they had to carry as a rallying sign a piece of parchment upon which was the impress of a seal of the Emperor's arms.

Other generals, and a large number of notabilities not living continually at Ferney, were equally active servants of the cause. Amongst them were d'Arnaud, Count de Lescarène, Baraguey d'Hilliers, Michel Braume, Morand, Morlan, Janin, Meunier, and Gros. Finally, another emblem used by those faithful to Marie-Louise was a four-leaved shamrock.

The police was kept informed of their movements by a traitor whose name I do not think right to state. Madame Cecilia Monti d'Arnaud, signalled as one of the fanatics of the party, was arrested. The Director of Police of the Lombard-Venetian kingdom was instructed to interrogate her. She made him the following avowal :

I commence by stating that nothing I have done or said which may have given umbrage to the Austrian Government has been prompted by any idea of disturbing the tranquillity of her Imperial Majesty's States, for which I feel all due respect, but simply to contribute to the happiness of that unfortunate France that I look upon as my second country.

When Marie-Louise reigned in France she gave me so many proofs of her goodness, that I should consider myself wanting in the sacred sentiment of gratitude did I not preserve towards her the respectful attachment with which her many favours had inspired me. I must frankly avow that it is with this purpose in view that I desired to let her know that all good Frenchmen were devoted to her cause. She would only have had to present herself at the frontiers of the kingdom to have been received with open arms; provided always that her august father had accorded her his sovereign support; for if Marie-Louise's return to France is desired, all good Frenchmen wish that it may be brought about in a regular way, and in concert with the Imperial Court of Vienna, in order to prevent any disturbance.

I was induced to take these steps by many powerful persons who are now degraded. Amongst others were Prince d'Eckmühl, Caulaincourt, Duke de Vicence, General Sébastien, Braunau, General Teste and General Janin. At the time of my departure for Italy they all recommended me to see the Archduchess Marie Louise, if I could accomplish it, and to learn whether she would for once listen to the prayers of so many Frenchmen who had sworn the most profound attachment to her, by coming to reign amongst them as regent of her son, who shared with herself the affection of all good Frenchmen.

I was unable to put this project into execution, on account of the obstacles placed in my way, and the persecutions I had to suffer from a most dangerous society which now infests Italy and other parts of Europe. I am speaking of the Carbonari.

I came to Italy in the month of January 1815.

Shortly before leaving I was summoned by General Soult, then Minister of War. He said that I was in a position to give further proofs of my attachment to the Imperial family, since it was certain that Napoleon would soon have left the island of Elba and have returned to France. He added that Joachim, King of Naples, had arrived in the island *incognito*, with the aid of Lord Bentinck, there to treat with Napoleon. It had been arranged that that prince should place his army on the frontiers of the kingdom of Naples until he received further orders from France. The marshal doubted Joachim's good faith. He ended by saying that I ought to go to Italy to watch his conduct, because he had put himself at the head of the Italian Carbonari. He added that for that purpose he had sent other persons into the Ferrarois, who were to await their orders and instructions from me, &c. &c.

To sum up, not only did Marie-Louise do nothing to encourage the efforts of her partisans, but she took care to keep the Vienna Court informed of all their manœuvres. She even sent to Vienna the confidential letters which it had been thought necessary to address to her.

She consoled herself at Napoleon's fall—or rather at her own—in the arms of Neipperg. She consoled herself at Neipperg's death in the arms of M. de Bombelles, whom she married secretly shortly after her son's death. She must have been, as I said in commencing, a most despicable character, for any one to have dared to write her

such letters as the following. I extract it from the registers of the 'Black Cabinet.' It shows the opinion of her intimate friends on the feelings she professed for Napoleon.

Letter from Lady Burghersh to the Duchess of Parma.

Madame,—Before leaving Paris I had the satisfaction of receiving your Majesty's kind letter. It caused me to weep with emotion and gratitude for the affection it deigns to show me.

I remained in Paris some days longer than I wished on account of a violent bilious attack, which gave me a great deal of pain and left me thinner than ever.

We arrived safely in London last Friday, and I had the pleasure of finding all my family in perfect health. But the recollection of my poor dear cousin embitters all the joy that we should have to find ourselves together.

George bore his long voyage quite well, although he was sea-sick. He is wonderfully strengthened and improved lately, and everybody greatly admires him.

I had written thus far when news was brought me of the event which took place at St. Helena on the 5th of May last. All that can in any way influence your Majesty's fate cannot fail to interest me. Therefore I should much wish at this moment to be able to join you.

One *must* not rejoice at an event of this kind; but as nothing interests me more than your Majesty's tranquillity and happiness, I hope I may be permitted to foresee for your Majesty a future in which there will be more of one and the other than you have known until now.

I commence impatiently to desire news of your Majesty, and, notwithstanding all the happiness I feel at being again amongst my family, I think with joy of my return to Italy. I can truly say that it is solely to have the happiness of again seeing your Majesty.

By the first courier leaving I will send you the paints and the dresses, and I hope your Majesty will honour me with other commissions.

With a thousand heartfelt wishes for all that can render your Majesty happy, and console you for all the sacrifices you have made up to the present time, I beg you to receive my respectful homage, &c.

The event over which *one must not rejoice*, but at which some joy was undoubtedly felt all the same, was the death of Napoleon. When this news reached Marie-Louise, she was in the seventh month of her pregnancy by Count de Neipperg. She had not waited therefore *until God had released her from her earthly bonds, to console herself for all the sacrifices she had made until then*, to the great admiration of her maid-of-honour—sole homage that history reserved for her.

My task is finished. Will the result be commensurate with my efforts?

If I have been the means of calling forth a more accurate judgment of certain historical facts and persons, my end will have been fully attained. I think it right to state that if the

reverse side of history gives evidence of a brutal realism it does not the less point a high and consoling moral.

It is not always morbid curiosity that leads the public to seek revelations which, however true they may be, are detrimental to the memory of those yesterday its masters. On the contrary this feeling is both human and justifiable. The discovery of unworthy weaknesses, and of the backslidings still more revolting amongst the great and powerful, can only encourage us to raise our heads and to increase the measure of our self-respect.

If the impartial reader receives these revelations favourably they will be followed by others. There are still many documents in my possession which have never been published, and of which the foregoing are but an instalment.

COUNT D'HERISSON.

JUNE 1888.

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